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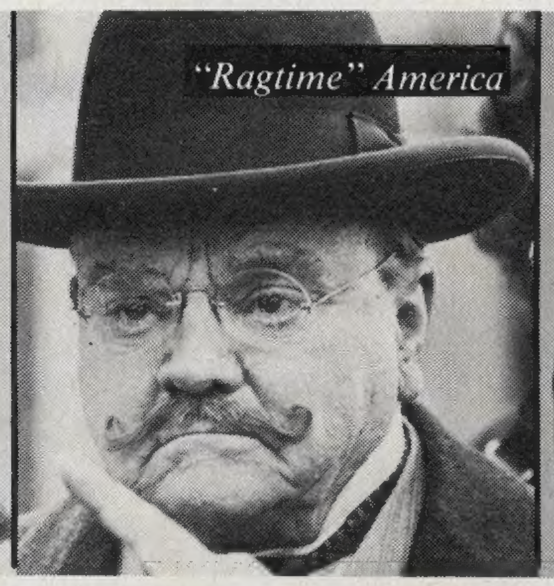

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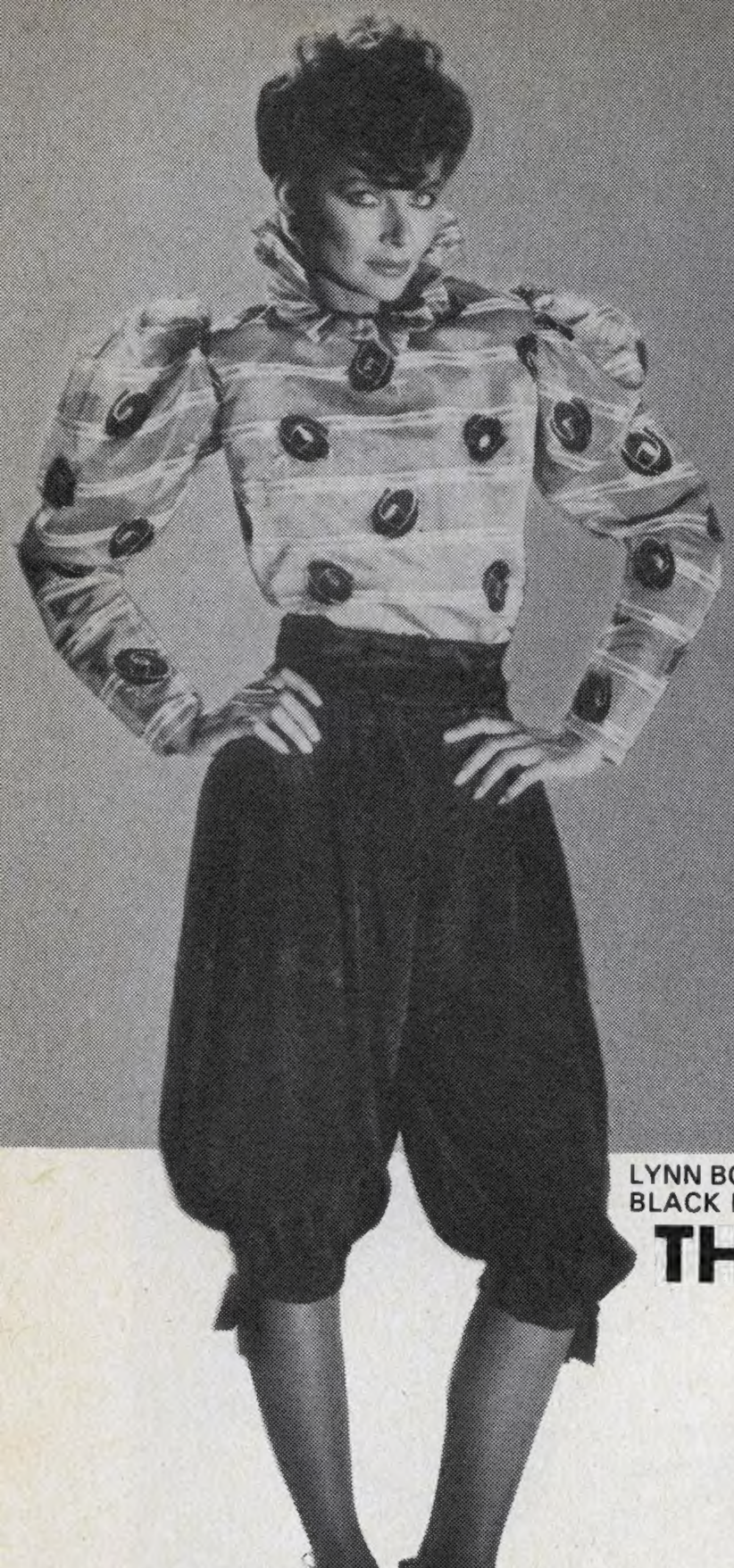

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Your Letters

Era: the time draws near

Vogue has taken, together with other magazines, a pro-ERA position. Now is the time to make your support actively felt, with only one more year remaining to get it ratified.

Readers who want accurate information on this subject can write for a reprint of a pamphlet entitled "Answers to Questions About The Equal Rights Amendment" from the National Woman's Party, 144 Constitution Avenue, N.E. Washington, DC 20002.

Readers can also write the Chambers of Commerce of unratified states in an economic boycott. The five most hopeful: Florida, Illinois, Missouri, Virginia and North Carolina.

The Mormon Church has almost single-handedly blocked passage of the ERA in Utah, Arizona, and Nevada, and even excommunicated a member, Sonia Johnson, who supported the ERA.

The Republican Party supported the ERA for forty years prior to the last presidential election, and Ronald Reagan himself supported it at one time, calling it "morally unimpeachable," until his wife talked him out of it. Your readers can write her, too.

Without the ERA, we women and our daughters will be in a deteriorating position. I have been driven out of my house to actively work for it since the November elections by acute anxiety over the prospect of my and my daughter's future if we should fail to get the support of the three additional states needed to ratify it. Please make your support active too.

Claire A. Luhrs
Hewitt, NJ

(Continued on page 250)

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Fitness Now

Two successful women talk fitness/beauty... what's top priority in their lives

ACTRESS BESS ARMSTRONG, FRESH NEW STAR OF "THE FOUR SEASONS," TALKS ABOUT EXERCISE AND MOTIVATION

ANDREA ALBERTS

"To get into shape without being absolutely fanatical about it," actress Bess Armstrong (above), rotates her exercise routines. Whether at home in LA or on location filming a movie, Armstrong manages to bicycle, work out on weight-resistance equipment, and fit in sports.

"Motivation is a very real problem when it comes to keeping up a regular fitness program, and I constantly have to fool myself—'trick' myself—into shape," says twenty-seven-year-old actress Bess Armstrong. "I try to exercise on a daily basis; the only way I can do this is to change my routine so I won't get bored—the minute I get bored, I blow it all away. For instance, I may plan to work out on weight-resistance equipment for a month, then switch to 'dancercise' classes. I walk, play tennis, swim, hike. As far as diet is concerned, whatever I do eat, I eat in moderation; rarely, a heavy dinner—because late at night the food has nowhere to go and turns into fat. I eat a substantial breakfast and lunch; usually, a salad and glass of wine for dinner. Exercise classes are so painful and boring, why should I go out and put the weight right back on again? Occasionally, I have a sugar binge—who doesn't?—and indulge that desire when it happens rather than repress it; the urge to eat sweets remains regardless of the number of raw vegetables I eat. I feel good at my present weight [113 pounds] . . . I don't plan my life around exercise. . . I plan for it in my daily schedule." (Bess's next movie, Paramount's *Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again.*)

Energy Plus

"Unaggressive but competitive" is how champion horsewoman Leslie Burr, twenty-five, *below right,* describes herself and her commitment—since age four—to her sport. One of the youngest people ever to win national honors, Leslie was invited, two years ago, to ride on the U.S. Equestrian Team. Leslie will compete in the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden this month in one of the few sports that exemplifies sexual equality: men and women compete against each other. Prime reason why training—eight hours a day, fifty-two weeks a year—is stiff.

For competitors, energy is a prime requisite, as is weight: lightness provides an advantage for speed. The former, for Leslie is attained with adequate sleep; the latter, by eating seafood, never red meat, for protein requirements. Like most women today, Leslie makes sun protection a major concern. Next to her crop and her gloves—"I never ride without them; they protect my hands from calluses"—there's always sun block and lip protectant. Payoff: good skin for a woman who has spent a great deal of time outdoors, most of her life.

On the "field," Leslie's biggest consideration, besides competition and strategy: her hair. "The last thing I want," she says, "is to be distracted by strays!"

If you travel on business, your exercise program needn't stop. Some hotels have minigyms; a hotel concierge can recommend a nearby place, too. In Chicago, try Rena's Gym ... offers classes to improve flexibility, cardiovascular strength, endurance. To sign up: (312) 944-6663.

Leslie Burr, *below,* at last year's Nationals; she won four ribbons and—with U.S. team—the Nation's Cup.

Photos, *top:* Hair, makeup by Angel Adorno; photographed at the NYC Sports Training Institute. Fashion details, next to last pages

There are fashions in fragrance.
And then, there are certain fragrances beyond fashion.

Lauren, by Ralph Lauren.

Introducing Les Miniatures. New little black numbers filled with tremendous colours to subdue, soften, shape, blush, highlight, incandesce and to inspire.

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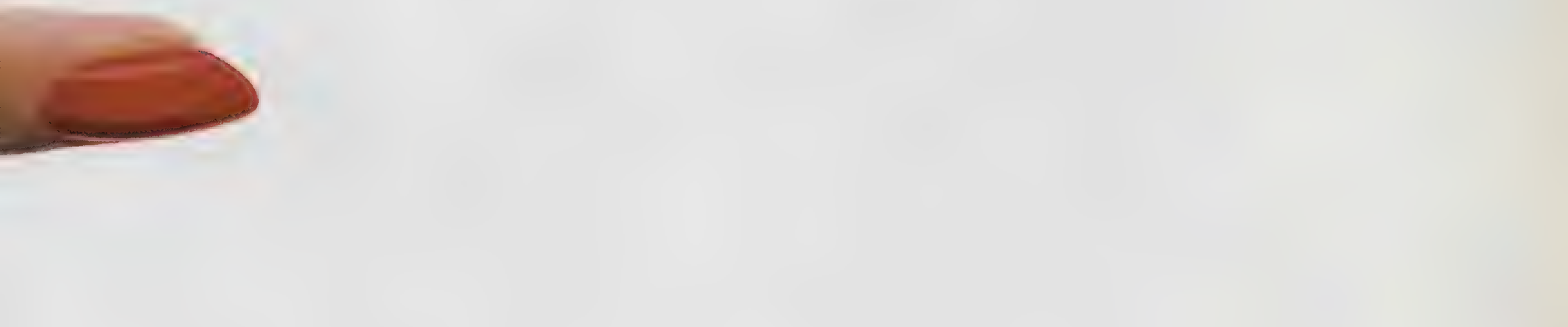

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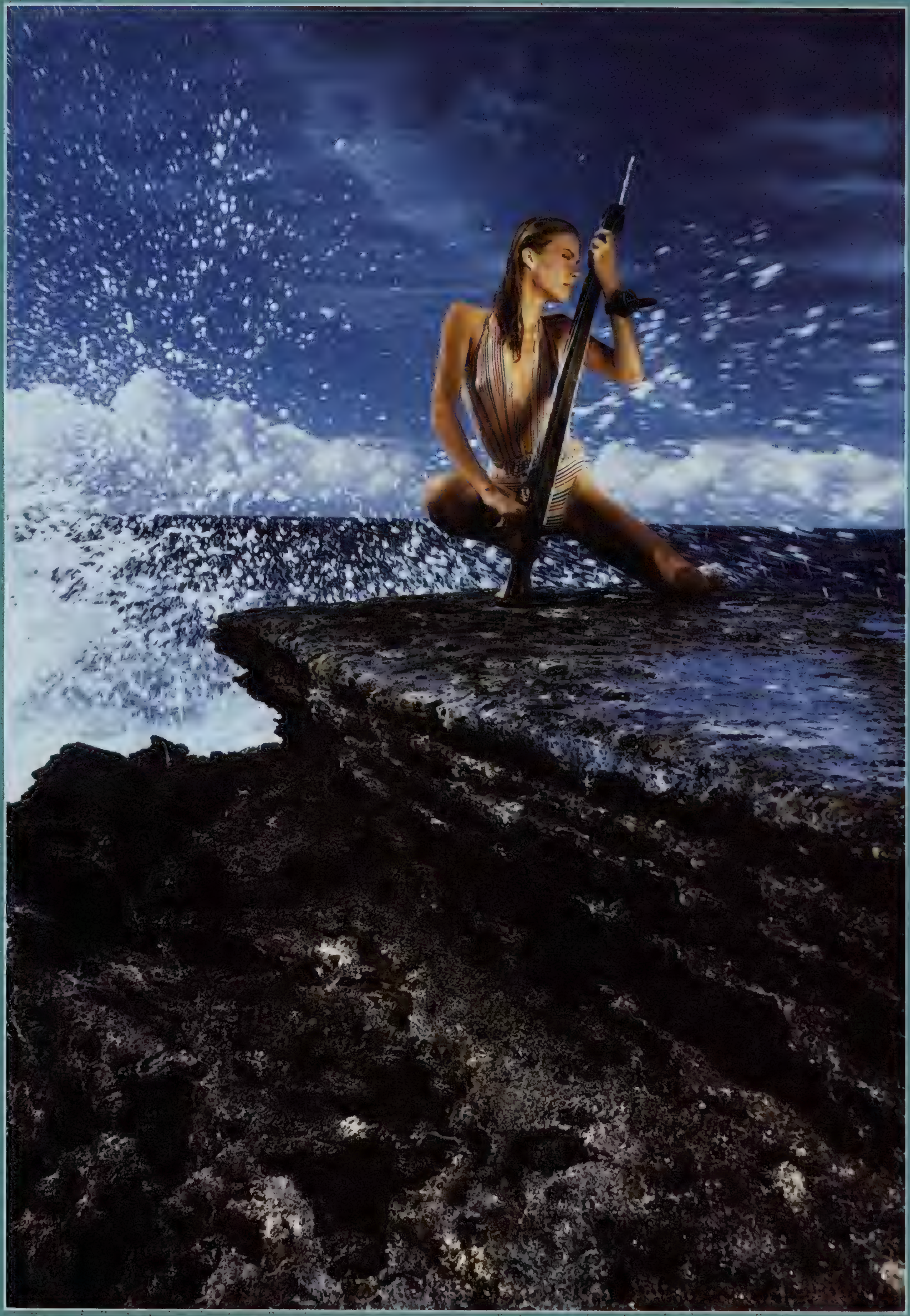
HAWAII

28



Oahu

Honolulu, the harbor city where business and culture thrive. At its southside, Waikiki—the legendary beach resort. Its landmark, Diamond Head. And here, the swelling lava tube far, far below Blowhole Lookout.

Diva

Plissé plunge. Fun and flirty in multi-bright stripes. The deep V-top, poly; the botton, nylon-spandex. 6 to 12, 76.00.

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HAWAII

82

Hawaii

"The Big Island" 4,038 square miles to explore and enjoy Hawaiian Cattle ranches plantation towns orchid gardens mountains black sand beaches and active volcanoes like Mauna Loa Center Where you can walk along Devastation Trail

Gotlex

On-target tone This shape to watch actively A 'cold' shape comes in short with real w/arm-benders 6 to 14 $8.00

bloomingdale's

HAWAII

22

Oahu

Home island of a windy stretch, Kailua Beach Park is the perfect place for windsurfing regattas and the sprays of hue blue water.

Oleg Cassini

Bare bikini. Stripes and diamonds obviously a girl's best friend. Slate khaki/red nylon-spandex. 6 to 14, 27.00.

Portions reproduced from artwork by Maxwell Productions Photographic Art Enterprises, Inc.

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HAWAII

82

Maui

From Mark Twain's travels to today, Haleakala Crater is a "sublime spectacle." Seashore cliffs and plains. Lush mountain terrain. No less amazing than here on Wailea Beach as the sun sets it all off!

Gideon Oberson

Sculptured strapless Marbelized mitered stripe with Midas touches. S-M-L 72.00.

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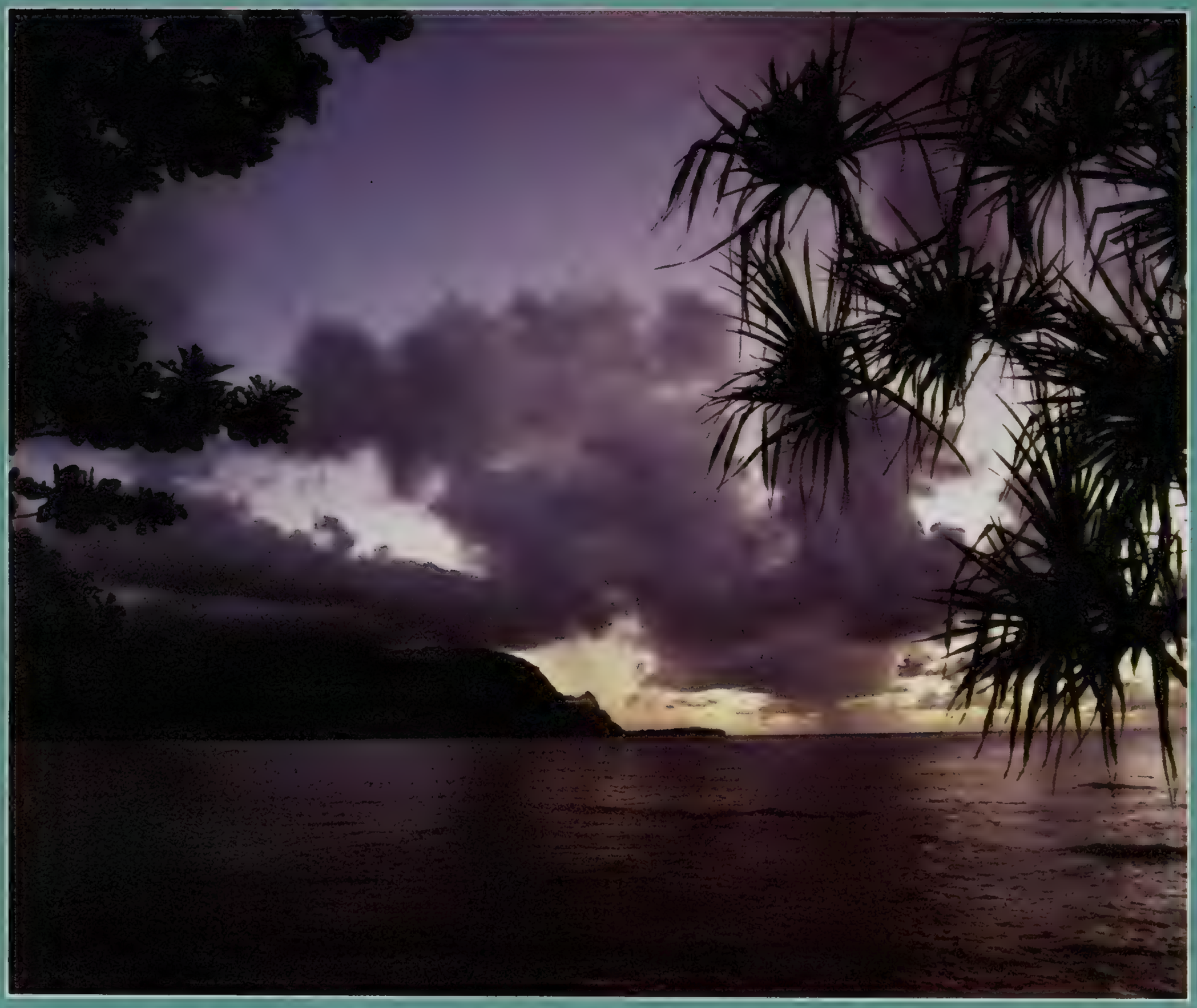
HAWAII

82



Kauai

"the (almost) island." Where verdant greenery, ancient lore, rainbows, and miles of virtually untouched coastline vie (to astounding) for your attention.

And so, the islands of Hawaii live. Live! An incredible gathering of history, now set for a brilliant future. Everything you'd expect—plus more. We loved our visit; we want you to love yours. So go. Enjoy. Be surprised. It's wonderfull. Made comfortable and so very efficient by friends like these—all who made our adventure such a pleasure.

UNITED

We like to remember it at our Airlines-to-Hawaii United carries more visitors to the Islands than any other airline. Especially plus! Because Hawaii is United's "little corner of the world."

WESTIN HOTELS

Complete resorts, every one. Right down to friendly smiles—and service. We were lucky enough to stay at two of these grand hotels— the Ilikai Honolulu and Westin Maui.

SHERATON HOTELS

11 great hotels on 6 great islands. From luaus to cruises, beaches to surfing resorts— superb accommodations Hawaiian-style. We recommend the Sheraton Moana Surfrider and the Royal Waikikian, the Big Island

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Sightseeing and car rental leaders in all of Hawaii. The complete system you'll appreciate as much as we did. Call 800-367-2360 (or ask your travel agent).

And most important, we've brought back a message from all the people of Hawaii—this is the Year of Hawaii. The Isles of Smiles. Sending out un-mailed invitations to everyone, everywhere to come visit now. This little corner of America in the South Pacific is beautiful.

bloomingdale's

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Torrid Victorian movie with a twist . . . folk-art fanfare . . . droll novel on mid-life male

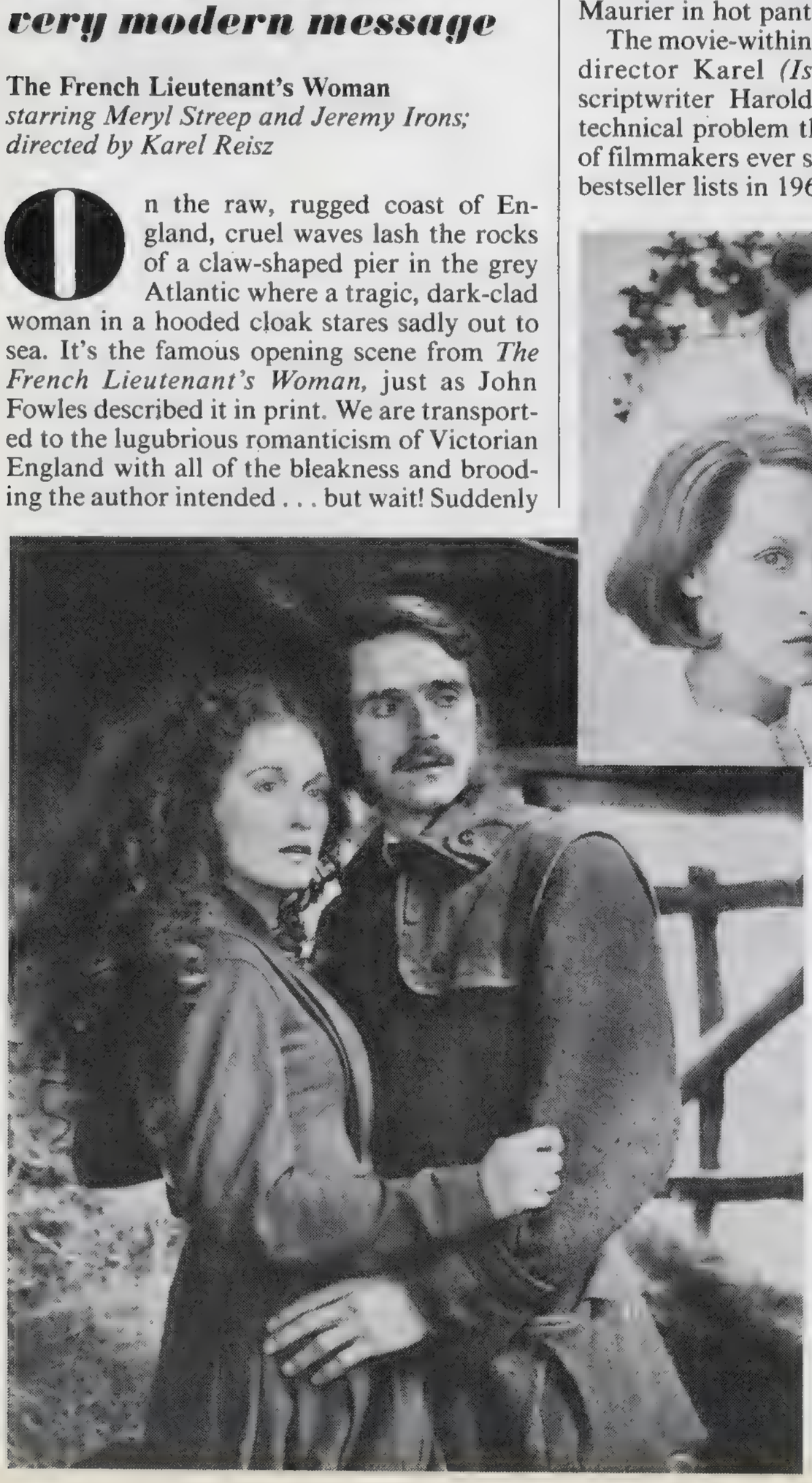
movies
BY REX REED

Mysterious movie-within-a-movie and its very modern message

The French Lieutenant's Woman
starring Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; directed by Karel Reisz

On the raw, rugged coast of England, cruel waves lash the rocks of a claw-shaped pier in the grey Atlantic where a tragic, dark-clad woman in a hooded cloak stares sadly out to sea. It's the famous opening scene from *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* just as John Fowles described it in print. We are transported to the lugubrious romanticism of Victorian England with all of the bleakness and brooding the author intended . . . but wait! Suddenly the windswept coast of 1868 is invaded by something that looks like a movie camera. It *is* a movie camera, and arc lights, wind machines, grips, electricians, sound engineers, and a whole damned army of extras in pork-pie hats. And, just as suddenly, we realize we're being goosed. It's not *The French Lieutenant's Woman* after all; it's Daphne du Maurier in hot pants.

The movie-within-the-movie idea is the way director Karel *(Isadora)* Reisz, aided by scriptwriter Harold Pinter, tries to solve a technical problem that has defeated a parade of filmmakers ever since the novel first hit the bestseller lists in 1969. Fowles wrote two endings. That's fine for book readers eager to indulge a favorite author's every literary pretension, but a movie is something else. A movie simply cannot end twice. Reisz and Pinter resolve one snafu (two endings, one happy, one sad) and create another (the dual stories end in total confusion). On one hand, we get the plot about Sarah Woodruff, the mysterious, sullen sensualist who deliberately chose a shameful reputation to exempt herself from the oppressive restrictions imposed on other Victorian women, and Charles Smithson, the young aristocrat who succumbs to her charms so totally that he abandons his fiancé, sacrifices his social position, and surrenders his decency and self-respect for one night of ecstasy in Sarah's arms. Intercut with jarring irregularity, a second plot emerges about contemporary movie folks making a movie of *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* replete with wake-up calls, location shooting, rehearsals, studio cars, and a romance between the stars. In the Victorian plot, it's the man who isn't free, although the tortured lovers eventually live happily ever after. In reality, it's the actress who has a husband she's reluctant to abandon and the actor who becomes obsessed, following her back to London when shooting ends in Dorset. She leaves him to find her own freedom. This cutting in and out of period allows the movie to illustrate ironic contrasts and similarities between the morality of two different eras, but it's an annoying conceit that destroys the illusion of the book and makes the audience irritable.



Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons do a double take as Victorian lovers, left, and modern lovers, above, in "The French Lieutenant's Woman"

Critics go ape over Meryl Streep, and I wish I understood what all the fuss is about. Bony and angular, with milky white skin and enormous hands and feet, she doesn't exactly light up the screen with any conventional sense of requisite charisma. She's a gifted actress but she doesn't seem to have much sense of humor, and there isn't a shred of what Ann Sheridan used to call "oomph." Fowles describes his heroine with words like "irresistible" and "alluring." What a role this would have been for Vivien Leigh or Gene Tierney. Sarah is described in the novel as moody, ambiguous, a total enigma of a woman who drove Charles mad with lust. A woman thus capable of reducing respectable men to outlaw status should be played on the screen by an actress with sex appeal. Streep just seems depressed and exhausted. She's too icy for my taste; stab her and, instead of blood, you'd get club soda.

I admire Pinter's ironic asides, his lean dialogue, his flashes of profundity, but I'm not sure I find myself in tune with either the message (what is it?) or the pretentious style (who needs it?) of this literary *döppelganger* of a movie. It's studious and stolid when it should've been a lot more fun. The stiff result only gives moviegoers another chance to echo a complaint they've already voiced for years: the book is always better than the movie.

art
BY DAVID BOURDON

A beloved painter and his noble subjects —the royal pets

Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.
Philadelphia Museum of Art; through January 4, 1982

Edwin Landseer was the most successful and popular painter in mid-nineteenth-century England, famous for his animal paintings, mostly of noble dogs and heroic stags. The English traditionally excel at animal painting, but Landseer had an exemplary knack for portray-

("What's News" continued on page 72)

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BONWIT TELLER

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

ing not just the external appearance of animals but their personalities and characters as well, making his pictures truly portraits.

Many of his paintings graced the royal quarters of Buckingham Palace, while engravings based on his pictures embellished the walls of less aristocratic homes. Landseer's art epitomized Victorian taste, meaning that he was overpraised in his lifetime and unjustly neglected ever since. This comprehensive exhibition of 109 paintings, as well as dozens of drawings and prints, is the first Landseer show ever held in this country.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Putting on the dog: with paintings like "Alexander and Diogenes," 1848, lionized Victorian artist Sir Edwin Landseer proved that he knew how to "pull the heartstrings of an adoring public."

Born in 1803 into a family of artists, Landseer got off to a precocious start, sketching farm animals when he was only four or five. He frequently drew the exotic creatures at London's menageries and he eventually had his own ever-changing menagerie of horses, deer, sheep, foxes, and an eagle, not to mention all the dogs that kept him company in the studio. At an early point in his career, he dissected the carcass of a menagerie lion, articulating the skeleton. The experience proved useful later on when Landseer received his only sculptural commission: the famous quartet of twenty-foot-long bronze lions at the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square.

Landseer reached his creative peak in the 1830s, when he was inundated with commissions to paint portraits of prized dogs and horses. One of the more momentous commissions occurred in 1836, when the Duchess of Kent asked him to paint a portrait of Dash, a vivacious King Charles Spaniel, for the seventeenth birthday of her daughter, Princess Victoria. The following year, Victoria, now Queen, commissioned Landseer to record for posterity a few more of the royal pets. The result is "Her Majesty's Favorite Dogs and Parrot," a cleverly composed, altogether endearing group portrait of Hector, a soulful greyhound, Nero, a proud Scottish deerhound, Lory, the nutshell-scattering parrot, and of course, darling Dash, enthroned on a cushion. Queen Victoria called it "the most *beautiful* thing imaginable." Over the years, she purchased thirty-nine of his paintings, as well as many drawings and etchings, and, in 1850, knighted him.

Royal patronage helped disseminate Landseer's reputation, but no one had to tell him how to pull the heartstrings of an adoring public. One of his greatest triumphs is "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" (1837), a lachrymose scene set in a rustic dwelling with a grieving collie resting its head on the coffin of its master. Richard Ormond, who wrote an excellent text for the show's accompanying catalogue, states that the picture "transposes an image associated with human grief—the inconsolable lover lying on the bier of the beloved—for one of canine devotion. . . . The scattered boughs suggest that the human mourners have gone, leaving alone in his despairing vigil the one being who really cares."

In the end, Landseer paid dearly for his success. The strain of maintaining his career and social position led to a nervous breakdown as early as 1840. He spent his last harrowing years half out of his mind. He died in 1873 and was buried with fitting pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, with Royal Academicians as his pallbearers. Flags flew at half-mast and, in Trafalgar Square, mourning wreaths hung from the jaws of Landseer's lions.

The show travels to the Tate Gallery in London in February.

Lucas Samaras Pastels
Denver Art Museum; through December 27

Most widely known for his ornate mixed-me-

("What's News" continued on page 75)

Caped coat by Comme des Garçons.

BARNEY'S, NEW YORK

Barney's announces TOKYO, the new Shop for the designers of Japan:
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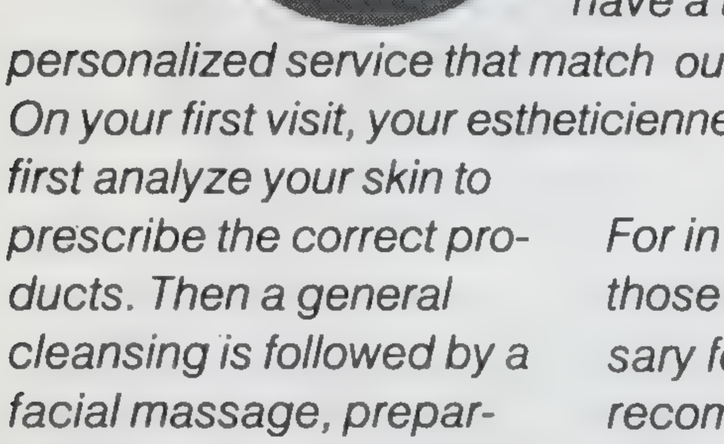

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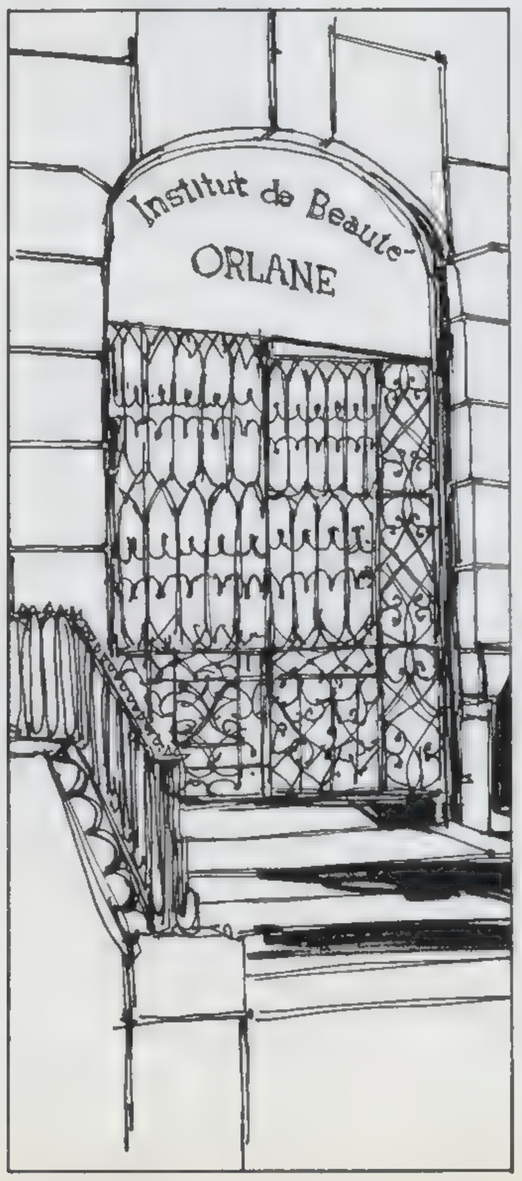

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

dia constructions and narcissistic Auto-Polaroids, versatile New York artist Lucas Samaras is also a designer of fantasy furniture, a seamster of fabric paintings, and—as featured in this exhibition—a mesmerizing pastelist, whose bright-colored crayon drawings are dense with private meanings and charged with disquieting overtones. The pastels are among the most intimate and psychologically revealing of the artist's works, prefiguring virtually all of his obsessive images and preoccupations in other media.

Samaras drew most of his pastels between 1957 and 1965 and then, after a nine-year gap, produced a tour-de-force suite of one hundred pastels in 1974. The present exhibition concentrates on both the early and later periods.

Pastel is a chalky medium that lends itself to impressionistic, painterly effects, as demonstrated brilliantly by Degas, Cassatt, and Redon in the late nineteenth century. Samaras' pastels are covered, edge to edge, with impressionistic blotches of powdery pigment and pointillist dots, but the overall effect is of expressionistic fantasy. His pastels are usually small, approximately twelve by nine inches, drawing the viewer close to participate in an intimate encounter. Many are drawn on dark paper, which contributes to the eerie, nocturnal mood and heightens the luminosity of the slashing colored strokes, which glow like neon tubing in a night fog.

The subjects can be grouped in traditional categories (figurative, still life, abstraction) but are rife with ambiguities: male/female couplings (lovemaking? rape? murder?), women wading mysteriously along dark shores, floral still lifes that suggest glow-in-the-dark hallucinations. The Symbolists and Surrealists pioneered this sort of Never Land with its aura of morbid, erotic languor, but Samaras establishes a realm of his own, sizzling with spectral colors and free-floating desires.

The show travels to Coral Gables, Florida; Madison, Wisconsin; Minneapolis; Portland, Oregon; Corpus Christi, Texas; and Boston.

books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Chronicling the perils and pleasures of the mid-American male

Rabbit Is Rich
By John Updike (Knopf)

John Updike's sprawling new novel, *Rabbit Is Rich*, dazzlingly reaffirms Updike's place as master chronicler of the spiritual maladies and very earthly pleasures of the Middle-American male. It is 1979 and Harry ("Rabbit") Angstrom, the genial ex-basketball player of Updike's *Rabbit, Run*, 1960, and *Rabbit Redux*, 1971, now in his mid-forties, is running his prosperous Toyota dealership in Brewer, Pennsylvania, and dodging the bewildering assaults of middle age. Now, Rabbit has ". . . patches of burnt-out gray cells where there used to be wild lust and dreaming and wide-eyed dread; he falls asleep, for instance, at the drop of a hat."

Dodging the assaults of middle age: "Rabbit Is Rich," John Updike's wistful new novel

("What's News" continued on page 78)

where to eat now

La Cascade

JADE ALBERTS

Now in November, it is requisite, when lunching, to find, during the rigors of seasonal shopping, a restaurant so conveniently located that you can literally drop in. And when that place is unique physically and also offers some very good things to eat—bonanza! La Cascade, an offshoot of Délices La Côte Basque, is in that luxurious Manhattan phenomenon Olympic Tower. And what redeems the restaurant's (I am talking about the snug lower-level half) best coffee-shop look is, grand surprise! an immense waterfall: you look out, while you lunch, take tea, or dine, at a great cascade, ceaselessly falling, curiously lulling. There is no other restaurant quite like this in Manhattan. But what's to eat? Good whole-wheat bread and butter; a ratatouille tasting subtly of the Near East—I think coriander does it; a dish of Quenelles de Brochet Nantua, the pike, a suave essence haunted by a presence of lobster. The desserts—a glory! Marvelous crunchy cookies, splendid macaroons and that miracle cake named for the Délices itself—a confection of chocolate mousse, meringue, almonds, coffee cream! Tip: you can dessert at tea time, or just munch a buttery brioche while the waterfall soothes you into believing that you have all the time in the world until Christmas.—Leo Lerman
One Olympic Tower, NYC 10022 (212) 935-2220. Monday–Saturday

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Photo: Aldo Fallai

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ALL IT TAKES TO HAVE STRONGER, LONGER, LOVELIER NAILS IS A LITTLE HORSE-SENSE.

From its improbable beginnings at the racetrack—where many of the young women grooms used it to strengthen the hooves of million-dollar thoroughbreds and found it worked wonders on their own nails, as well — Barielle™ Nail Strengthener Cream has now become a small legend in the beauty-care business.

Not a harsh coating nail-hardener. Nor merely a polish. Barielle is a gentle, penetrating massage cream. Formaldehyde-free, nonstaining to clothes and linens.

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Now reconciled with his wife, Janice, Rabbit lives with her in the dark, crowded house of his formidable mother-in-law. He muses over the vagaries of the Japanese car market, the threat of Skylab dashing itself to earth, the undercurrent of violence he sees in the long suburban gas lines, and sex. Rabbit's real and imagined sexual encounters—with the wives of his golfing buddies from the local country club, with the women who work in his billing office, with his own elusive wife—have a kind of guileless and ingenuous eroticism about them. Especially delicious is Updike's description of Rabbit's childish delight in making love to his wife amidst a pile of gold coins he has proudly bought as an investment.

Rabbit's resolution to track down the girl he believes to be his illegitimate daughter from a past love affair, coupled with the decision of his sluggish son to live at home with his seductive hippie girl friend and join the family business set off a paroxysm of unexpected events—some wildly comic, some agonizingly painful—that decisively unravel Rabbit's smug suburban complacency and help to provide his ultimate salvation.

Rabbit Is Rich is Updike at his best—the thoroughly enthralling odyssey of middle-aged man forced to come to terms with his own mortality.

King of the Confessors
By Thomas Hoving (Simon and Schuster)
Behind the stone walls of the great museums exists a mysterious and astounding world—the powerful and sometimes clandestine network of international art dealing. *King of the Confessors* is one man's account of his journey through this bizarre world in pursuit of the exquisite twelfth-century Winchester Cross, one of the great treasures of medieval art, for the collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Thomas Hoving, former Met director, was an assistant curator at The Cloisters, the Museum's medieval branch, when word began to seep through the international art world in the 'fifties that this rare carved ivory cross was quietly being offered for sale by an eccentric and secretive Yugoslavian collector named Topic Mimara. Hoving was skeptical of the cross's lack of documentation and Mimara's refusal to have it photographed but was intrigued by its unusual inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Confessors," which led him to believe the cross could not be a forgery.

The twists and turns of Hoving's passionate three-year pursuit of the cross and his frustrating dealings with the mysterious Mimara read like a riveting detective novel and, at the same time, expose the tangled workings of the international art field and the world's museum establishment.

After trying to track Mimara down in Tangier and Munich, Hoving finally arranged to meet Mimara at his Zurich bank vault where he was forced to sit through a dizzying parade of outrageous fakes before Mimara pulled the cross from the safe. Says Hoving, "I became enclosed in a pocket of silence. . . . I knew I was in the presence of one of the most powerful and splendid monuments of art I had ever contemplated. . . . I knew, at that moment, I

("What's News" continued on page 82)

What becomes a Legend most?

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Fortunoff. The Source to connoisseurs of the rare and beautiful. A treasury of classic jewels, contemporary designs. Here, a sampling from our vast diamond jewelry collection.

2A. Exquisite diamond bracelet, 60 diamonds total 3.60 carats, 14 karat gold woven mesh bracelet. $3350.

2B. Elegant styling from France. This diamond and 18 karat gold choker dazzles with 207 diamonds, weighing 12.50 carats. Available in both white and yellow gold. $12,500.

2C. Grace your wrist with an all diamond bracelet, set in 14 karat white or yellow gold. 44 diamonds total 6.50 carats. $6500.

2D. Ovals of diamonds that, like love, have no beginning and no end. Our foxtail choker necklace in 14 karat gold. The 49 diamonds weigh 3 carats. $3250.

2E. Diamonds, diamonds, diamonds! Our fiery center brilliant, .85 carats, flanked by rows of more diamonds, weighing .35 carat. Set on a band of 14 karat gold. $2650.

2F. Graceful rows of diamonds centered with an oval stone. The dome shape highlights all 38 diamonds. Total 1.25 carats. $1800.

2G. A glamourous diamond cluster highlights your hand. 2 carats of diamonds set in 14 karat white gold. $1600.

2H. For important days, momentous nights. The 27 diamonds total over 2.50 carats for a dramatic look anytime. $2250.

2J. Marquise-shaped diamonds form an exciting diagonal design in this 18 karat gold ring. The 9 diamonds total 1.85 carats. $3000.

2K. Give the classic gift to someone you treasure. A single diamond for each ear, set in platinum. The pair total 1.50 carats. $4000.

2L. The versatility of a pin or pendant in a classic star shape. 1.50 carats diamonds, set in 14 karat gold. $1250.

2M. Dramatic pavé diamond earrings in 14 karat gold. Total diamond weight, 3 carats. $2250.

3A. Pavé diamond watch on 14 karat gold rope bracelet. 17 jewel Swiss movement and 1.35 carats of diamonds. $1875.

3B. Highlight your wrist with this 14 karat gold bangle bracelet, accented with three rows of diamonds that total 2.25 carats. $2700.

3C. 1.50 carats of diamonds sparkle from this great geometric bangle bracelet. 14 k. $1300.

3D. Striking diamond hoop earrings in 14 karat gold. 46 diamonds weigh 1.85 carats. Clip or post backs. $1900.

3E. This ring features an oval center diamond, surrounded by rows of diamonds set in 18 karat gold. Total diamond weight, 1.75 carats. $3500.

3F. Bold geometric pavé diamond center, framed in gold, on a herringbone chain. Diamonds weigh 1.65 carats. $1750.

3G. The tailored ring for all occasions. 36 diamonds weigh 1.50 carats, set in 14 karat gold. $1500.

Fortunoff store locations:
681 5th Ave., at 54th St., N.Y.C.
Westbury, L.I., 1300 Old Country Rd.
Paramus, N.J., Paramus Park Mall

Outside NY State, call 800-223-2326.
NY call (212) 758-6660 x242 or
(516) 832-9000 x3451. Phone orders accepted.
Mon. thru Sat. 9AM–6PM. Sun. noon to 5.

"I always start my letter to Santa with a request for something really glorious, like diamonds!"

Lauren Bacall

For their eternal beauty, flattery and enduring value, diamonds are a girl's best friend. So be a love...give her diamonds from The Source.

4A. Glamourous diamonds frame the face of this quartz Swiss watch. 14 karat gold mesh band. $975.

4B. Precious moments timed in diamonds and 14 karat gold. Pavé diamond face watch. Gold multi-strand rope bracelet. Swiss quartz movement. $1000.

4C. You'll fall in love with this brilliant heart formed by 50 diamonds weighing 2 carats. 14 karat gold foxtail chain. $1600.

4D. Diamond cluster earrings set in 14 karat white gold. Diamonds total 1 carat. $650.

4E. A loop of 1.50 carats of diamonds graces this 14 karat gold herringbone chain. $1100.

4F. Classic double wedding band, with 1 carat of blazing diamonds. 14 karat gold. $875.

4G. Romantic diamond wedding band, totaling 1 carat, set in 14 karat gold. $680.

4H. A double row of diamonds crown this 14 karat gold twisted foxtail chain bracelet. Diamonds total 1.50 carats. $1600.

4J. Heart-to-heart flexible bracelet with 18 diamond hearts, weighing .60 carats. Set in 14 karat gold. $675.

4K. Three brilliant diamonds, form a heart shape that tops this 14 karat gold band. Total diamond weight .85 carats. $1100.

4L. Diamonds on the diagonal grace this elegant dinner ring. 8 diamonds total 1 carat. $700.

4M. A swirl of diamonds accent this 14 karat gold ring. Diamonds weigh 1 carat. $975.

4N. Marquise-shaped cluster cocktail ring set in 14 karat gold band. Total diamond weight 1 carat. $700.

5A. A dozen diamonds accent this Deco-style geometric necklace in 14 karat gold. $875.

5B. Bold 14 karat gold earrings with center diamond strip. Clip or post backs. $400.

5C. 14 karat gold octagonal bangle bracelet, paved with .75 carats of diamonds. $825.

5D. Pavé diamond companion bangle bracelet glistens with 1.10 carats. 14 karat gold. $1175.

5E. Leaf earrings dazzled with diamonds, weighing .60 carats, set in 14 karat gold. $500.

5F. Dramatize diamond earstuds with these sparkling diamond bar jackets. Studs total .30 carats, $275. Jackets, .35 carats, $325. Set, $600.

5G. Diamond ear studs. 14 karat white gold. Diamonds totaling .18 carats $150 (this pair enlarged to show detail.)

5H. Brilliant basics. Diamond ear studs, weighing .50 carats. Set in 14 karat white gold. $500.

5J. 14 karat gold circular hoops set with 1.20 carats of diamonds. $800

5K. Pavé diamond hoop earrings, feature .80 carats of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $700.

5L. Pavé diamond centers shine from 14 karat gold love knots. Diamonds weigh .55 carats. $600.

All merchandise in this catalog is shown actual size unless otherwise noted.

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Westbury, L.I., 1300 Old Country Rd.
Paramus, N.J., Paramus Park Mall

There's nothing like a precious gemstone to enhance a woman's special beauty. Fortunoff has assembled a splendid array of rubies, sapphires and emeralds. What woman wouldn't love them all?

6A. A royal gift. Diamond queen bee, set in 14 karat gold with .50 carats of diamonds. $450.

6B. Precious diamond and 14 karat gold bee with your choice of rubies, sapphires or emeralds. Each, $200. **6BB.** Matching all-diamond bee, not shown, $270.

6C. Sapphires and diamonds sparkle from this 14 karat gold herringbone bracelet. $250.

6D. Elegant sapphire and diamond cluster earrings, set in 14 karat gold. $450.

6E. Fabulous sapphire necklace features 13 diamonds. 14 karat gold chain. $475.

6F. A marquise-shaped sapphire enhanced with 10 diamonds. 14 karat gold ring. $375.

6G. A deep blue sapphire encircled by diamonds makes a dazzling ring. Diamonds total .50 carats. 14 karat gold. $600.

6H. Sapphire and diamond ring. Wide 14 karat gold band. $300.

6J. Lovely emerald and diamond cluster earrings, set in 14 karat gold. $230. **6JJ.** Also available with rubies or sapphires. $230.

6K. Elegant emeralds and diamonds on a 14 karat gold herringbone chain bracelet. $500.

6L. Emeralds and diamonds sparkle from this 14 karat gold ring. $325.

6M. Romantic emerald and diamond cluster ring, in 14 karat gold. $185.

6N. Chevron-designed necklace with emeralds and diamonds on a 14 karat gold herringbone chain. $275. **6NN.** Also available with rubies or sapphires, $275 each.

7A. Delicate diamond and 14 karat gold bangle bracelets accented with sapphires, emeralds or rubies. With .50 carats of diamonds, $500 each.

7B. A striking set of three rings. Emeralds, rubies and sapphires, each highlighted with diamonds. 14 karat gold bands. Total diamond weight .70 carats. Set, $1250.

7C. Sapphires and diamonds romanced in an heirloom-look hoop earrings of 14 karat gold. Total diamond weight .85 carats. $1500.

7D. Sapphires and 1 carat of diamonds highlight this 14 karat gold link bracelet. $2000.

7E. Elegant cocktail ring features marquise-shaped sapphires clustered with 1 carat of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $1100.

7F. Rows of sapphires and diamonds glitter from this 14 karat gold ring. $400.

7G. Square cut rubies and diamonds gleam from these 14 karat gold hoop earrings. $700.

7H. Revel in rubies! 17 rubies surrounded by diamonds on a 14 karat gold link chain bracelet. Diamonds total .60 carats. $1250.

7J. Fiery ruby and diamond contemporary ring, set in 18 karat gold. 18 diamonds total 1 carat.$2150.

7K. A swirl of rubies and .50 carats of diamonds in a 14 karat gold ring. $450.

7L. Brilliant combination of emeralds and diamonds, on a 14 karat gold wedding band. Diamonds total .50 carats. $500.

7M. Emeralds and diamonds crown this 14 karat gold cocktail ring. Diamonds total .75 carats. $1075.

7N. Extraordinary 3.00 carat emerald highlighted by 28 brilliant diamonds. Set in 18 karat gold ring. Diamonds total 1.40 carats. $18,500.

All earrings are for pierced ears unless otherwise indicated.

Precious colored stones. Lustrous cultured pearls. The marvels of nature are yours for the giving...with love from Fortunoff.

8A. Delicate ruby and diamond flower shaped ring. 14 karat gold. $235.

8B. Swirls of rubies and diamonds, on a 14 karat gold band. $450.

8C. Fiery diamond and ruby necklace on an elegant 14 karat gold herringbone chain. 27 diamonds total .80 carats. $900.

8D. Precious rubies and diamonds enhance this flexible 14 karat gold herringbone chain bracelet. $400. **8DD.** Also available sapphires or emeralds. $400 each.

8E. Marquise-shaped ruby, surrounded by rubies and diamonds. 14 karat gold. $450.

8F. Elegant ruby and diamond pendant on a 14 karat gold rope chain. $240.

8G. Rubies and diamonds highlight these tailored 14 karat gold earrings. $240.

8H. Hoop earrings set with diamonds and rubies in 14 karat gold. $300. **8HH.** Also available with sapphires or emeralds. $300 each.

8J. These flexible bracelets feature either rubies, sapphires or emeralds...each dazzled with diamonds. 14 karat gold. $200 each.

8K. Our stackable rings in 14 karat gold highlight either rubies, sapphires or emeralds...each sparked with diamonds. Choose one or wear all three together. Each $150.

8L. Three bangle bracelets of 14 karat gold, accented with diamonds. Choose rubies, sapphires or emeralds. $320 each.

8M. Matching all-diamond bangle bracelet. 14 karat gold. $400.

9A. 16″ strand of freshwater pearls mixed with 14 karat gold beads. $100. **9AA.** 32″ length, $200. 7″ bracelet, 49.99.

8A

8B

8C

8D

8E

8F

8G

8H

8J

8K

8L

8M

These 30″ strands combine gem stones with freshwater pearls and 14 karat gold beads. Buy one, two or all three!

9B. 30″ strand with coral. $220.

9C. 30″ strand with lapis lazuli. $220.

9D. 30″ strand with amethyst. $220.

9E. Delicate 16″ 14 karat gold and pearl necklace accented with lapis lazuli. **9EE.** Also available accented with either jade, garnet, black onyx or 14 karat gold beads. 49.99 each. Matching bracelet, not shown, 34.99 each.

9F. Magnificent pear-shaped Mobé pearl earrings 14 karat gold. Clip or post backs. $225.

9G. Pure opulence. Pear-shaped Mobé pearl surrounded by diamonds, suspended from a 15″ strand of 6 mm cultured pearls. Diamonds weigh 1 carat. $1250.

9H. The allure of a single 7¾ mm cultured pearl paired with a diamond. 14 karat gold. $160.

9J. Always a classic. 7.5 mm cultured pearls, set on 14 karat gold posts. 39.99

9K. Cultured pearl earrings with a diamond accent. 14 karat gold. 27.99

9L. Lustrous Mobé pearls surrounded by 14 karat gold, studded with diamonds. Clip or post back earrings. $320.

9M. Cultured pearl earrings encircled with diamonds. Set in 14 karat gold. $400.

9N. Simply pretty cultured pearl stickpin set in 14 karat gold. 39.99

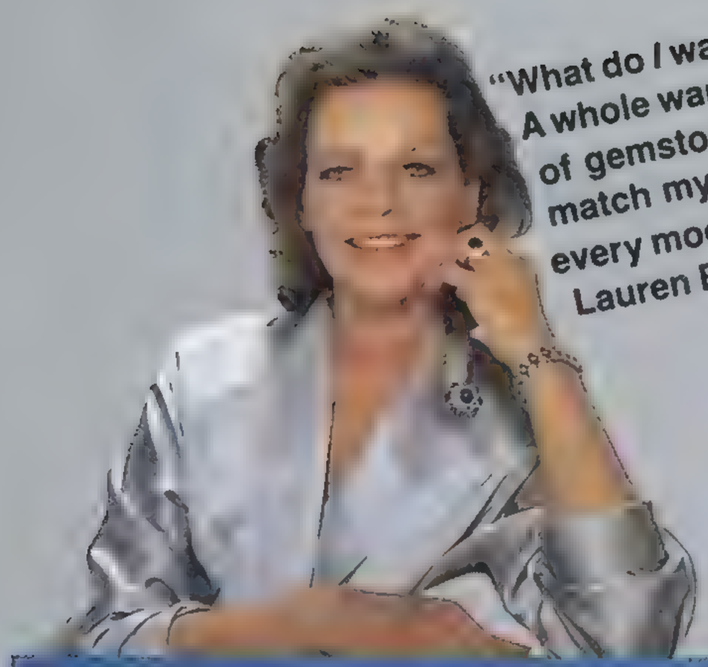
9P. Freshwater pearls accented with clusters of 14 karat gold beads and cultured pearls. We show this 34″ necklace doubled as a dramatic multi-strand choker. $525.

9Q. Classic cultured pearl ring, with two diamonds. 14 karat gold. $100.

9R. Pretty cultured pearl and diamond ring. 14 karat gold. $190.

9S. 14 diamonds surround a cultured pearl for the all-occasion ring. 14 karat gold. $400.

All earrings in this catalog are for pierced ears unless otherwise indicated.



"What do I want? A whole wardrobe of gemstones to match my every mood!" Lauren Bacall

Amethyst. Garnet. Tigereye. Onyx. Jade. Carnelian. Lapis lazuli and pearls. Rare and fabulous hues, smoky intensities of color.

10A. The look you want now: A luxurious 15" twist of tigereye, amethyst, black onyx and 14 karat gold beads. $200.
10AA. Matching bracelet, not shown, $100.

10B. This bar pin combines frosted amethyst, amethyst and 14 karat gold beads. Simply sensational! 54.99

10C. Classic button earrings in colorful amethyst. 14 karat gold posts. 29.99

10D. Choose either tigereye, sodalite, carnelian, jade or black onyx. Then, add accents of gold beads and cultured pearls. Result: a great 16" necklace. 59.99 **10DD.** Matching bracelet, not shown, 29.99

10E. Lapis lazuli leaf shaped earrings accented in 14 karat gold. $135.

10F. Beautiful wing-shaped tigereye post earrings trimmed in 14 karat gold. 79.99 **10FF.** Also available, in black onyx, 79.99.

10G. Spirited new earrings. 14 karat gold stylish leaf design. 69.99

10H. Button earrings of your favorite gemstones. Choose from carnelian, black onyx or jade. 14 karat gold posts. Each pair 24.99.

10J. A new look for the classic gold bar pin: gleaming 14 karat gold graduated beads. 69.99.

10K. A versatile bar pin! Mixes carnelian, black onyx, tigereye and 14 karat gold beads. 54.99.

10L. Our 14 karat gold ball earrings take on new shine with diamond accents. $100.

10M. Petite 14 karat gold ball earrings paired with diamonds for added sparkle. 39.99

All earrings in this catalog are for pierced ears unless otherwise indicated.

11A. Striking 30″ strand of graduated carnelian, highlighted with black onyx and 14 karat gold beads. $180. **11AA.** Graduated black onyx with coral and gold beads, not shown, $180.

11B. Wrap yourself in the drama of our 70″ strand of carnelian, black and yellow onyx, glittered with 14 karat gold beads. $225.

11C. There's glamour in every inch of this 30″ 14 karat gold bead necklace, scattered here and there, with bigger, bolder gold beads. $275. **11CC.** Matching 16″ necklace, not shown, $150. Matching 7″ bracelet, not shown, 79.99

11D. 38″ tigereye bead necklace accented with tiny 14 karat gold beads. $125.

11E. A 30″ strand of round and flat lapis lazuli beads with 14 karat gold bead accents. $300.

11F. 30″ jade bead necklace, accented with 14 karat gold beads. $170. **11FF.** Necklace with black onyx beads, not shown, $170.

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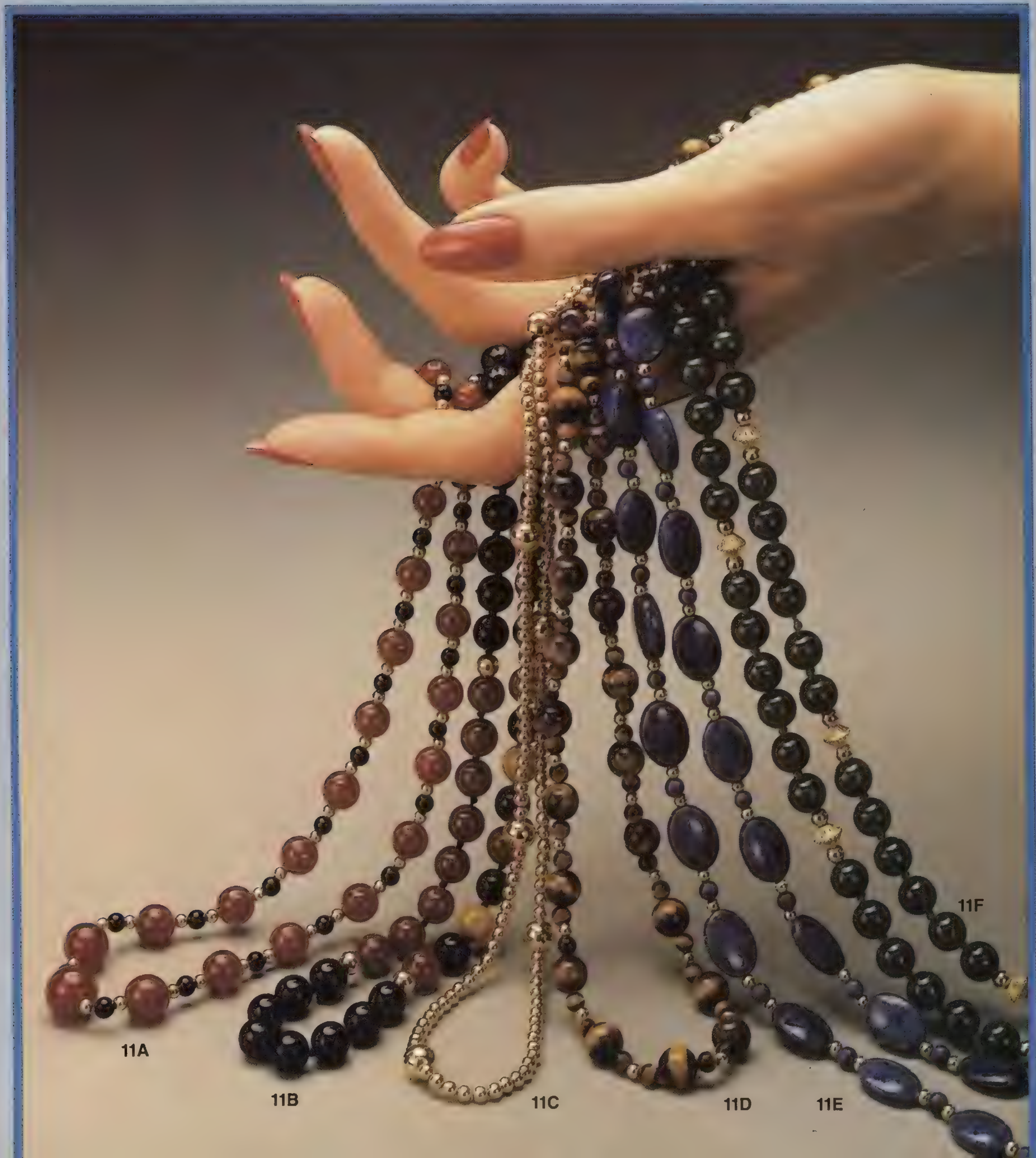

12A. Diamonds accent this 14 karat gold flexible rope bracelet. $500.

12B. Diamonds form your initial to be worn proudly on a 14 karat gold bracelet. $475. Not available in I, O, Q, U, Y, Z. Allow three weeks for delivery.

12C. Diamonds highlight a 14 karat gold shrimp style ring. $375.

12D. Love knot bracelet in 14 karat gold. $140.

12E. Diamonds shape a heart on our 14 karat gold bracelet. $200.

12F. A single diamond accents this 14 karat gold mesh chain ID bracelet. $200.

12G. 10 diamonds on a double herringbone chain of 14 karat gold. $380.

12H. Diamond-accented 14 karat gold love knot ring. $100.

12J. Brilliant swirled diamond ring, with .50 carats of diamonds, set in 14 karat gold. $375.

12K. Bold love knot earrings, with diamond cluster. $200.

12L. Fan-shaped swirled gold earrings highlighted by diamonds. $110.

12M. Hoop earrings with .50 carats of diamonds. Set in 14 karat gold. $375.

12N. Delicate 14 karat gold triple hoop earrings with diamond accent. $110.

12P. 18 diamonds glitter from these stylish 14 karat gold crescent earrings. $350.

12Q. Bold 5-strand diamond and 14 karat gold hoop earrings. $220.

12R. Dazzling pavé diamond triangles accent these 14 karat gold earrings. $300.

13A. Contemporary diamond- topped 14 karat gold octagonal bracelet. $270.

13B. Companion all-gold octagonal bangle bracelet. $160.

13C. Bold geometric earrings, with pavé diamond centers. 14 karat gold. $500.

13D. Diamonds on the diagonal accent this 14 karat gold bar pin. $185.

13E. Diamond-studded swirled circle pin, in 14 karat gold. $150.

13F. Diamond and gold shell stickpin. 64.99

13G. Diamond and gold shell earrings. $160.

13H. Chevron-design necklace accented with 3 diamonds in 14 karat gold. $200.

13J. Dramatic 14 karat gold ring, crowned with .50 carats of diamonds. $450.

13K. Diamonds accent contemporary 14 karat gold ring. $250.

13L. Marquise-shaped cluster of diamonds highlights this 14 karat gold necklace. $375.

13M. Diamond heart necklace formed by .50 carats of diamonds on a 14 karat gold herring-bone chain. $500.

13N. Diamond cross on 14 karat gold chain. $235.

13P. "Love" ring, spelled with a diamond "L". 14 karat gold. $200.

13Q. Brilliant diamond wedding band, totaling .35 carat diamonds. 14 karat gold. $350.

13R. A crescent of diamonds graces this 14 karat gold necklace. $150.

13S. Wedding band comprised of .50 carats of diamonds set in 18 karat white gold. $500.

Fortunoff, The Source. More than you'd ever imagined for less than you'd ever expect.

If you've promised her the stars be sure to give her diamonds!

"Every gemstone is a work of art. And every woman a connoisseur!"

Lauren Bacall

We've combed the globe for 'present-perfect' pearls, faceted gemstones and sophisticated shapes in 14 karat gold to grace an ear... beautifully! Find them at The Source.

14A. Round and oval garnets mixed with 14 karat gold beads form a 16″ choker. 39.99. **14AA.** Also available, 32″ length. 69.99. Matching bracelet. 24.99

14B. Garnets, freshwater pearls and 14 karat gold beads make a versatile 32″ strand which can be doubled to be worn as a choker. $175.

14C. Beautiful 60″ rose quartz and garnet strand accented with 14 karat gold beads. $160. **14CC.** 32″ length. 79.99

14D. A beautiful blend. Rose quartz, amethyst, frosted amethyst and 14 karat gold beads alternate on a 70″ necklace. $275. **14DD.** Also available 30″ length. $135. Matching bracelet. 44.99

14E. A colorful collection of...amethyst, citrine, garnet, aquamarine, smokey quartz and peridot ...in a variety of shapes. 14 karat gold chain. $300.

14F. Amethyst, garnet, peridot and aquamarine earrings, set in 14 karat gold. $125.

14G. Pear-shaped amethyst earrings with diamond accent. Set in 14 karat gold. $120.

14H. Regal emerald-cut garnets, highlighted with a crown of diamonds. 14 karat gold. $125.

14J. 4 stackable rings. Garnet, aquamarine, citrine or amethyst. In 14 karat gold. Each, $100.

14K. Vibrant aquamarine ring, encircled by diamonds. Set in 14 karat gold. $325.

14L. Emerald-cut amethyst ring framed with diamonds. Set in 14 karat gold. $350.

14M. Oval garnet ring with 6 diamonds. Set in 14 karat gold. $175.

14N. Delicate bracelet of garnet, amethyst, aquamarine, smokey quartz and peridot, on a 14 karat gold chain. $100.

14P. Colorful bracelet of garnet, amethyst, aquamarine, peridot and citrine dramatized by diamonds. In 14 karat gold. $350.

14PP. A matching necklace, not shown, $550.

15A. A cultured pearl and diamonds enhance this gold love knot stickpin. $125.

15B. Coordinating gold ring. $150.

15C. Coordinating gold necklace. $180.

15D. 14 karat gold fan earrings. 39.99

15E. Deco-style 14 karat gold earrings. 54.99

15F. Contemporary sculptured button earrings, in 14 karat gold. 69.99

15G. Large shrimp-style hoop earrings, on swivel bars. 14 karat gold. 79.99

15H. Classic hoop earrings with a twist. Swivel bar closure. 14 karat gold. 29.99

15J. Swirled gold knot earrings. 64.99

15K. 3 gold hoops form a lovely earring. Swivel bar closing. 14 karat gold. 54.99

15L. Stylish shell earrings, in 14 karat gold. Clip or post backs. $110.

15M. Richly textured 14 karat gold earrings, styled for today. $110.

15N. Gold leaf earrings, new classics. 44.99

15P. Bold hammered gold shield earrings. 49.99

15Q. Tailored hoop earrings. Swivel bars. $170.

15R. Exquisite oval fluted earrings. 14 karat gold, with clip or post back. $160.

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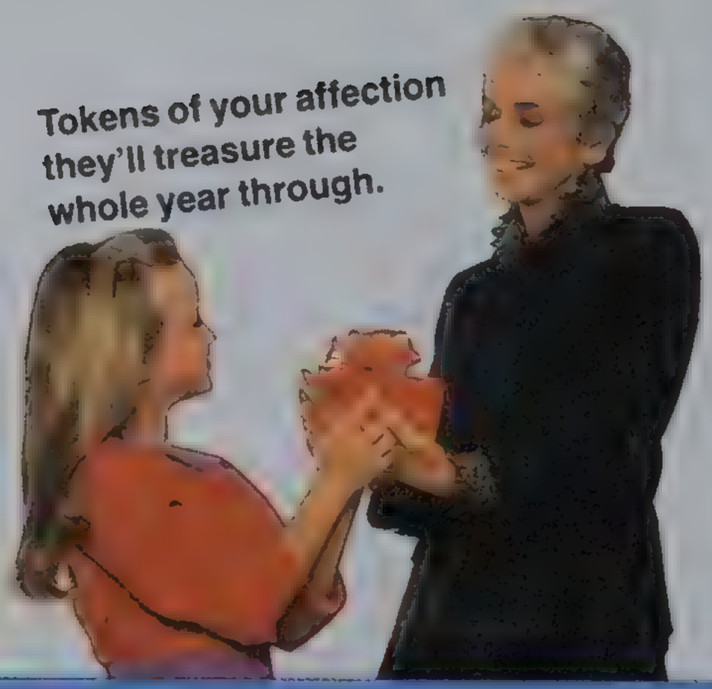


Tokens of your affection they'll treasure the whole year through.

Charms that bear a special message. Watches that tell of good times together. Special treats for Santa himself. All from Fortunoff, The Source.

16A. Gold charm holder, diamond accent. 29.99

16B. 14 karat gold unicorn charm. 39.99

16C. Flexible 14 karat gold girl charm. 44.99

16D. Moveable boy charm, 14 karat gold. 44.99

16E. Sporty two-tone gold tennis racquet charm with diamond accent. 64.99

16F. 14 karat gold filigree charm holder. 34.99

16G. Quaint cat charm in 14 karat gold. 19.99

16H. Favorite teddy bear. 14 karat gold. 29.99

16J. Your own initial charm in block letter, sparked with a diamond. 14 karat gold. 34.99 Not available in I, O, Q, U, X, Y, Z.

16K. Adorable snowflake charm. 14 karat gold with diamond accent. 29.99

16L. Elegant pavé diamonds on a chevron design charm holder of 14 karat gold. $125.

16M. Puffed heart charm, 14 karat gold. 29.99

16N. "#1 Grandma" 14 karat gold charm, with diamond accent. 44.99

16P. "#1 Mom" with diamond. 14K gold. 26.99

16Q. Diamond sparked gold heart charm. 39.99

16R. Mans goldtone quartz watch with sweep second hand. 79.99

16S. Ladies goldtone quartz watch. 79.99

16T. This time make it a sporty ladies' quartz classic. From a famed Swiss maker, with goldtone case, white face and leather strap. 59.99

16U. Timely gift: Man's famous Swiss-made quartz watch. White face, goldtone case. 89.99

16V. He'll want a Fortron quartz watch with goldtone face and case. Leather strap. 59.99

16W. Ladies' quartz watch with goldtone rectangular face, sweep second hand. 39.99

17A. Lapis lazuli ring with diamond accent, banded in 14 karat gold. $240.

17B. Two-sided lapis cufflinks set in 14 karat gold. $150.

17C. Classic lapis lazuli tie tac surrounded by 14 karat gold. 39.99

17D. "Paper Clip" gold money clip. $130.

17E. Handy pocket knife in elegant 14 karat gold. Stainless steel blades. $100.

17F. 14 karat gold collar bar with wire wrap.89.99

17G. Polished 14 karat gold tie clip. $125.

17H. Handsome black onyx bar cufflinks. $130.

17J. Gold and black onyx stud set. $100.

17K. His black onyx tie tac, accented with a diamond. 44.99

17L. Mans diamond and 14 karat gold knot cufflinks. $250.

17M. 8" mans gold chain bracelet. $250.

17N. Handsome 14 karat gold foxtail bracelet for men. 8" length. $160.

17P. His herringbone bracelet, in 14 karat gold. 8" length. $125.

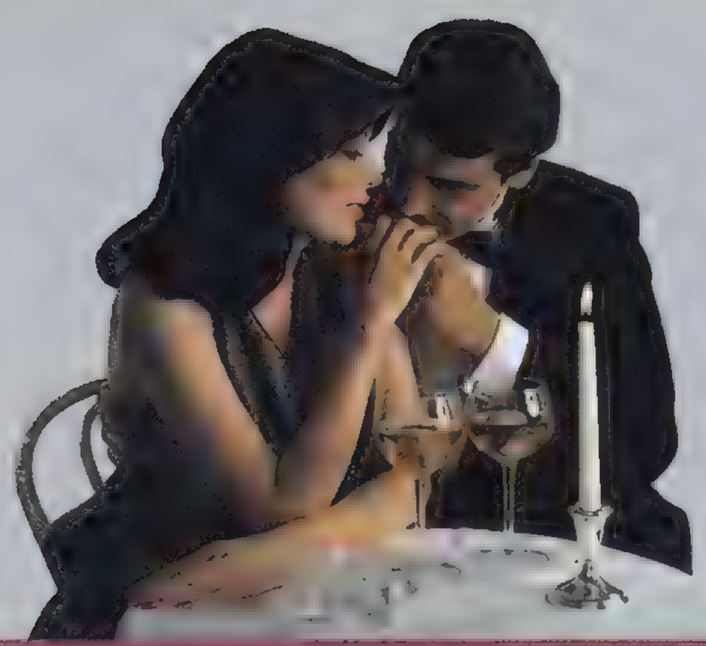
17Q. Diamond and gold love knot tie tac. 54.99

17R. Diamond initial tie-tack in 14 karat gold. $26.99. Not available in I, O, Q, U, X, Y, or Z.

17S. Classic pearl tie tac accented with diamond. 14 karat gold. 69.99

17T. For your lucky man: A diamond and 14 karat gold horseshoe tie tac. $250.

For Fortunoff store locations and hours see back cover.



Holidays are special. They're a time of celebration with family and friends. And reflecting this joy are elegant silverplated gifts from Reed & Barton, Maurice Duchin, Wallace and Lunt.

18A. This personalized business and credit card holder is the perfect gift for associates and friends. Silverplated card holder by **Reed & Barton, $15.** Also available from Fortunoff in 24 karat electroplate, **$20.** Fortunoff's own sterling silver card holder, **$100.** We'll engrave 3 initials on your card holder in script or block, at no extra charge.

18B. Reed & Barton silverplated shoe horn with lion head handle. **22.99**

18C. Reed & Barton silverplated mustang letter opener. 8" blade. **17.99**

18D. Reed & Barton silverplated shaving set. Includes shaving brush and bowl with soap. **$50.**

18E. Reed & Barton sterling silver Gillette Atra razor with blades. **39.99**

18F. Silverplated serving tray in bamboo design, with removable glass insert. 12" x 21½". By **Maurice Duchin. 29.99.**

18G. Silverplated bamboo-style covered double casserole with two removable 1½ quart pyrex liners. **Maurice Duchin. 59.99. 18GG.** Double casserole without covers, not shown, **29.99.**

18H. Bamboo-design silverplated casserole. 2 quart Pyrex liner. **44.99. 18HH.** Silverplated casserole without cover, not shown, **25.99.**

18J. Silverplated trivets by **Wallace Silversmiths** with insulated protective feet. Expandable design, 8¾" x 8¼". Extends to 12¼". **33.99. 18JJ.** 10¾" x 10" trivet, extends to 16¼". **41.99.**

18K. Oblong trivet, by **Wallace Silversmiths,** 11¼" x 8½". **33.99 18KK.** 8¾" x 6½" trivet, not shown, **22.99.**

18L. Silverplated 5-lite candelabra 19" tall. **$130. 18LL.** 3-lite candelabra, not shown, **$110.**

18M. Silverplated chafing dish .Includes separate hot water pan and adjustable alcohol burner. 3 quart. **$220.**

18N. "King Francis" silverplated pitcher by **Reed & Barton,** 2 quart capacity, matching "Francis I" flatware. **$255.**

18P. "Eloquence" silverplated wine/champagne cooler from **Lunt Silversmiths. $190.**

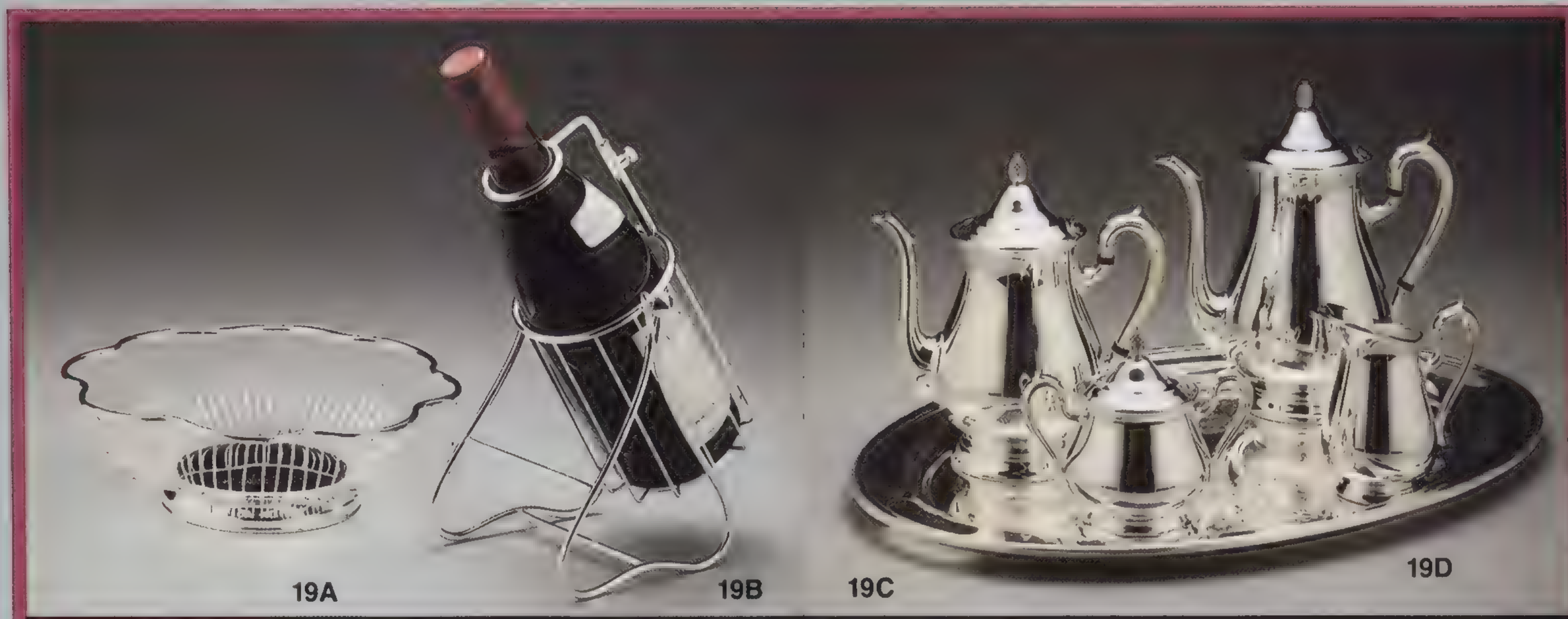
19A. Silverplated wire basket in scallop design, makes ideal centerpiece. **14.99**

19B. Silverplated wine bottle holder tilts for easy pouring. **14.99**

19C. Reed & Barton "Jamestown" 4 piece silver plated coffee and tea service. Set includes coffee and tea pots, covered sugar and creamer. Serves 10. **$375.**

19D. Matching tray by **Reed & Barton. $200.**

Fine silverplated octagonal hostess accessories by **Wallace Silversmiths**
19E. 13" Serving tray, **39.99. 19F.** 11" Serving tray, **33.99. 19G.** 9" Bowl, **29.99. 19H.** 7" Bowl, **19.99. 19J.** Bread tray, **27.99. 19K.** 8½" Candlesticks, **37.99** the pair. **19L.** 3¾" Candlesticks, pair **25.99. 19M.** Candle snuffer. **9.99. 19N.** Salt and pepper shakers. **29.99**



The timing couldn't be better! Now you can purchase quality stainless steel flatware at very special values. Buy a complete set, or add to your present one. All stainless is dishwasher safe, and additional open stock and serving pieces are available.

Oxford Hall presents 3 handsome patterns:
20A. Macrame **20B.** Rose Flutes.
20C. Moonscape.
70 piece service for 8 includes: 16 teaspoons; 8 each: place forks, place knives, soup spoons, salad forks, tall drink spoons, seafood forks; 1 each: butter knife, sugar spoon, cold meat fork, gravy ladle, serving spoon, pie server: **49.88**
102 piece service for 12: **74.88**

Your choice of fine quality 18/8 stainless steel 5-piece place setting.

20D. Bateman by **Georgian House.**
20K. Diamante by **Reed & Barton.**
20L. Destiny by **Supreme.**
20M. Helsinki by **Fraser.**
5 piece place setting: **24.95**
40 piece service for 8: **$195.**
60 piece service for 12: **$290.**
20E. Lotus by **Wallace.**
20F. Colonial Shell by **Reed & Barton.**
20G. Magnum by **Lauffer.**
20J. Northland's Rhodes by **Oneida.**
5 piece place setting: **19.95**
60 piece service for 12: **$224.**

A 5-piece place setting includes: place fork, place knife, salad fork, soup spoon and teaspoon.

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Outside NY State, call 800-223-2326.
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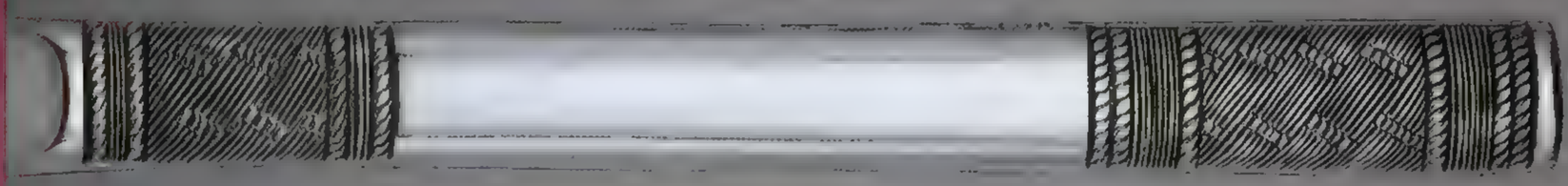
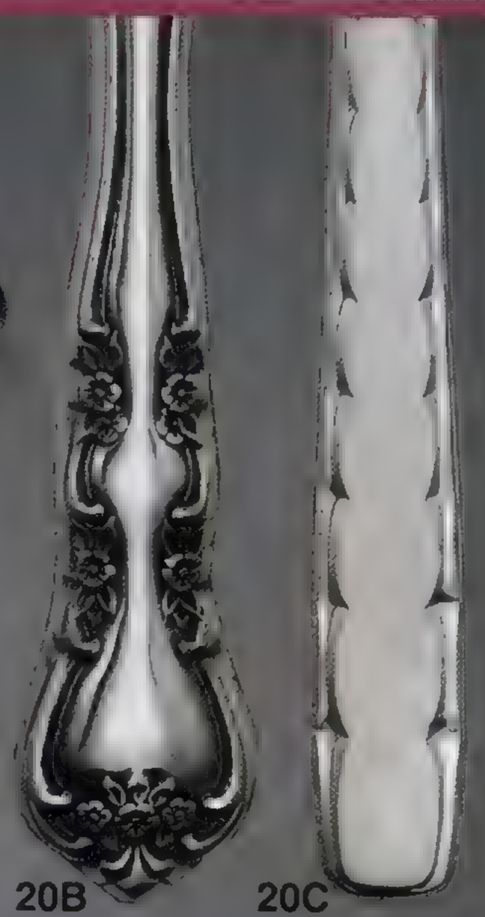
Fine Imported Heavyweight Stainless Steel Flatware

20A

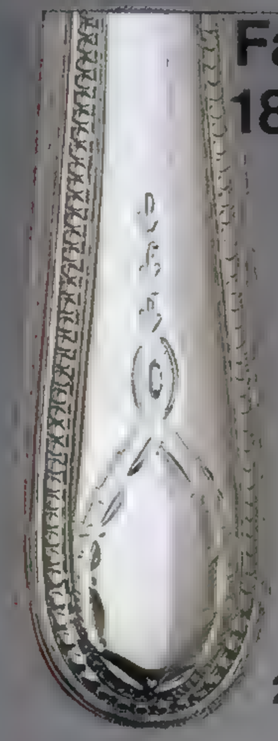




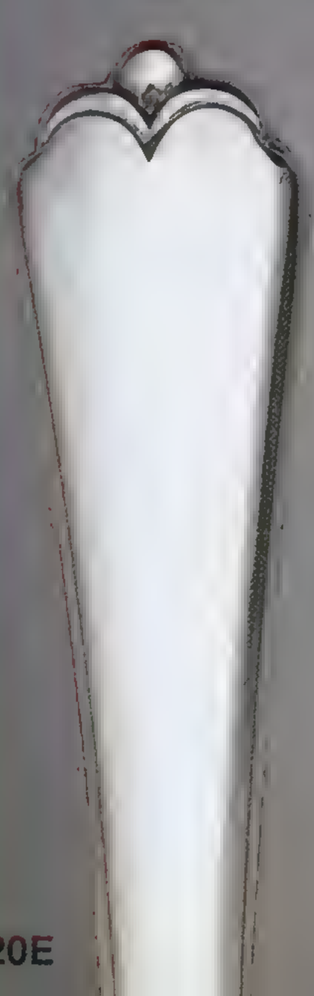
20B

20C

Famous Name Quality Flatware
18/8 Stainless Steel



20D



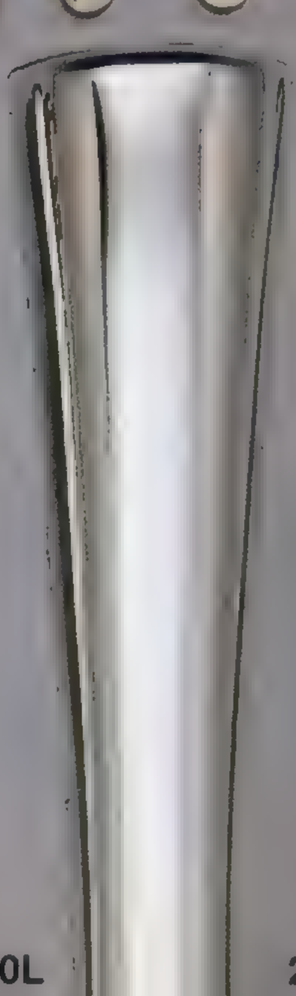
20E

20F

20G

20J

20K



20L

20M

Silverplated flatware combines the best of both: the enduring beauty of silverplate with the durability of stainless. Sensible hostesses with an eye for the sensational buy their silverplate at The Source!

21A. Flirtation, **Oneida's** elegant silverplate pattern, available in an expanded 104-piece service for 12. You'll receive 12 each: place forks, place knives, salad forks, soup spoons, teaspoons, tall drink spoons, seafood forks, demitasse spoons; 1 each: butter knife, sugar spoon, gravy ladle, pastry server, serving spoon, cold meat fork, plain tablespoon and pierced tablespoon. Reg. $350. Sale **$295.** Dishwasher safe with a lifetime guarantee.

The following 66 piece services for 12 from **International Silver** and **Towle Silversmiths** include 12 each: place forks, place knives, salad forks, soup spoons, teaspoons; 1 each: butter knife, sugar spoon, cold meat fork, plain tablespoon, pierced tablespoon and gravy ladle. All are dishwasher safe with ownership duration guarantee. Additional open stock and serving pieces are available.

Holmes & Edwards silverplate by **International Silver.** Your choice:
21B. Danish Princess
21C. Silver Fashion.
66 piece service for 12, reg. $400. Special **$295.**

Quality silverplate from **Towle Silversmiths:**
21D. Silver Southern Mansion. **21E.** Silver Antique Mirror. **21F.** Silver St. Michele.
66 piece service for 12, reg. $645. Special **$395.**

Wilton House silverplate from **Sheffield,** England, in two classic designs:
21G. Grecian.
21H. Fiddle Thread & Shell.
66 piece service for 12 includes 12 each: table forks, table knives, salad forks, soup spoons, teaspoons; 1 each: butter knife, sugar spoon, gravy ladle, cold meat fork, 2 plain tablespoons. Dishwasher safe with a lifetime guarantee. Additional open stock and serving pieces are available. Reg. $595. Special **$495.**

Silverplate by Oneida

Quality Silverplate Flatware from Famous Makers

There comes a time each holiday season when only the best will do. Here, Fortunoff presents an elegant array of superlative gift ideas, from a limited-edition hand-crafted clock to sterling picture frames. When only the best will do, come to The Source.

22A. Limited edition of 1,981 mahogany clocks from **Howard Miller,** which will be awarded to six prominent Americans. A selector allows you to choose from The Chimes of Westminster, Whittington and St. Michael. They toll on the hour and every 15 minutes. Fine 18 day key wind movement. Approximately 2 feet tall. **$750.**

Versatile sterling silver by **Reed & Barton Silversmiths.**
22B. Sterling silver 10¼" candelabra converts to 7" height as shown. Each, **$110.**
22C. Sterling silver 7" candlesticks convert to 4" height as shown. The pair **$90. 22CC.** 4" sterling candlesticks, the pair, **$60.**

Lunt sterling silver round presentation trays in three sizes: **22D.** 7" tray, **$100.**
22E. 10" tray, **$275. 22F.** 12" tray, **$425.**

Lunt sterling silver presentation bowls in the Paul Revere style:
22G. 6" diameter bowl, **$225. 22H.** 8" bowl. **$475. 22J.** 10" bowl. **$700.**

22K. Reed & Barton 9" sterling candlesticks convert to 6" and 4½" heights. The pair, **$175.**

22L. Sterling silver folding picture frame for pocket or purse. Holds 4 pictures of 1½" x 2¼" **$200.**

22M. Sterling folding double picture frame. With 2 panels, 2" x 3" **$100.**
22N. Mini sterling silver double frame for 2, 1¾" x 1½" pictures. **$75.**

Sterling silver picture frames with rosewood finished backs.
22P. The 8" x 10" frame, **$275. 22PP.** Also available, a 5" x 7" frame, not shown, **$200.** And a 3½" x 5" frame, not shown, **$120.**

***Fortunoff Gift Certificates** are the present-perfect solution to the gift-giving dilemma, available in a variety of denominations, all handsomely gift-boxed. Give one, and relax. No need to worry about size, color or style... they'll choose the gift they've always wanted! And love you for it!*

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No one sells more sterling flatware than Fortunoff because no one sells sterling for less.

When it comes to sterling silver at Fortunoff, less is more. More selection than any other store...for less. Call for our low prices on your favorite patterns from **Gorham, Towle, Wallace, International, Reed & Barton, Kirk-Stieff, Lunt and Georgian House.** Here is a glittering preview of what's in store and in stock at The Source:
Patterns left to right–
Grande Baroque by Wallace.
English Onslow by Georgian House.
Chantilly by Gorham.
Williamsburg Queen Anne by Kirk-Stieff.
Chippendale by Towle.
Eloquence by Lunt.
Royal Danish by International.
Eighteenth Century by Reed & Barton.

All Miss Bacall's fashions by John Anthony.

Back cover. From the Fortunoff Antique Silver Collection, from left to right. Top row: Set of 4 **Georgian** silver candlesticks by **Joseph Cradock & Wm. Reid,** London, 1819, $14,400. Tiffany & Co. silver tray, circa 1870, $6000. American silver covered tureen by **Tiffany & Co.,** circa 1870, $6400. American silver pitcher, circa 1830, by **R. W. Wilson,** $4400. Middle row: Tiffany & Co. American silver butter dish, circa 1870, $1600. Victorian silver mug by **John & William Barnard,** London, 1839, $720. American silver mug by **Jones Ball & Poor,** Boston, 1846, $520. American silver covered entree dish by **Bailey & Co.,** Philadelphia, circa 1875, $3000. Pair of American silver sauce boats with matching ladles by **Tiffany & Co.,** circa 1870, $1600. Bottom row: Six-piece American silver tea and coffee service by **Thomas Fletcher,** circa 1825, $14,000. All antique silver is one of a kind and is subject to prior sale.

All merchandise in this catalog is shown actual size unless otherwise stated. All jewelry is 14 karat yellow gold unless otherwise stated.

Prices in this catalog will be honored through December 31, 1981.

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Advertising supplement.

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would do anything to possess it." While Mimara watched him closely, Hoving feverishly copied down the Latin inscriptions, tried to make sense of the cross's intricate carvings, and when Mimara left the room, took a forbidden photograph of the cross.

The actual process of acquisition was even more tortuous: not only did Hoving learn that his major rival for the treasure was the powerful British Museum but also discovered information about Mimara that could have seriously endangered the purchase. Hoving's journal of his harrowing but ultimately successful quest is absorbing and scholarly—another stunning accomplishment for New York's resident wünderkind.

music

BY DAVID SARGENT

A 'thirties treasure: starry tribute to a compelling cult composer

The German word *Lied* means "song," but by now it has become associated with the kind of German art song that flourished from Schubert to Richard Strauss—so closely associated, in fact, that the word has been taken over into English, as "lied" or its plural, "lieder."

Schubert's lieder were artful recreations of songs of an almost peasant-like simplicity. By the time of composer Hugo Wolf, however, late in the nineteenth century, they had taken on Wagnerian shades of subtlety and complexity. At the same time, lieder performance had progressed from amateur drawing rooms to the concert stage, and were undertaken by opera singers or, more and more in this century, singers who specialized in the lied itself.

This evolution was encouraged by a group of British aficionados between the World Wars. Disgruntled with the dissonance of modern music but unwilling to accept the ruder vitality of pop, they turned to the by now esoteric pleasures of the lied and created what amounted to a cult for the principal lieder composers and their latter-day interpreters—above all, Elena Gerhardt, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Dietrich Fishcher-Dieskau.

They also inspired an admirable recording project from 1931 to 1938 called the Hugo Wolf Society, in which the leading song recitalists of the day and the best-known accompanists were asked to record a sweeping survey of Wolf's achievement. The records, originally released as seventy-eights, have now been gathered together along with some sides that were never released at all for one reason or another, and have been reissued in a handsome, seven-LP boxed set on the imported British EMI label, available in most top-flight classical record stores.

Wolf was a special subject for cultivation for several reasons. Although he composed in other forms, it was in the lied that his best genius was expressed. That genius meant not a pretty tune slapped roughly onto a flowery text. It meant a music that mirrored the text in refined detail—not so much thrilling by itself, as sound, but enjoyable when a superb singer-interpreter brought out the wonderful, inseparable congruity of word and tone.

By and large, the singers assembled for the Hugo Wolf Society recordings were wonderful indeed. The first two sides of the EMI reissue are devoted to Gerhardt's work, which to modern ears sounds unsteady technically and portentiously fussy in interpretive manner—rather like her artistic descendents, Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau, at their worst. But afterwards, there are unmatched performances. The finest are from Gerhard Hűsch, a warmly grainy baritone who also made some of the greatest Schubert lieder recordings ever; Herbert Janssen, another baritone; Alexander Kipnis and Ludwig Weber, both extraordinary basses; and such grand names from the past as Tiana Lemnitz, Elisabeth Rethberg, Friedrich Schorr, John McCormack, Helge Roswaege, and Karl Erb.

The recordings are, of course, duller in sound than we expect today. But electrical recording by the mid-'thirties was decent enough for intimate music like this. If you want to give someone about as high-brow a musical Christmas present as they could possibly imagine, this is it.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

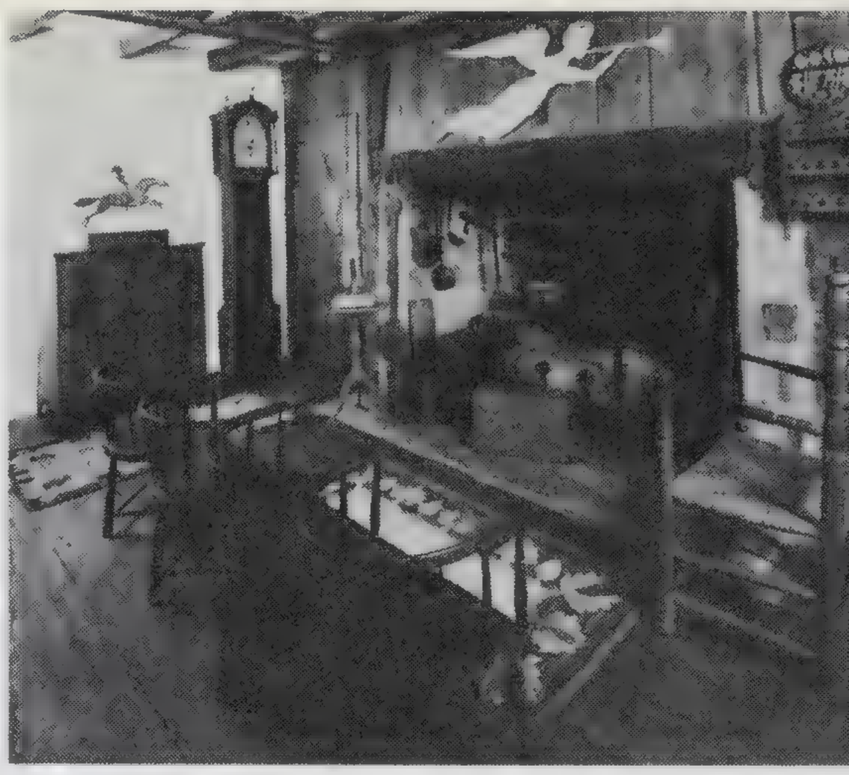
Savoring the lied's esoteric pleasures. The genius of Hugo Wolf, above, in a rich new album

things

BY JUDITH GOLDMAN

The great American folk-art boom: million -dollar sale confirms it

About the big sale: On November 14, the crowds will be thick when the Museum of American Folk Art puts on the block at Sotheby's the collection it purchased from Howard and Jean Lipman for a million dollars. Masterpieces among the 450 items in the Lipman collection include a weathervane of an Indian warrior on a galloping horse ($12,000–$15,000); a Federal chest with painted inlays ($8000–$12,000); and an eccentric Windsor settee that incorporates four chairs and is painted green ($6000–$8000).



Common folks' work fetches uncommon prices: above, sampler of the Lipman collection

About the Lipmans: Today, objects made by common men and women are bringing uncommon prices. But when Jean and Howard Lipman began collecting folk art, the artisan-artists who carved and painted direct, innocent art onto wood and canvas were still nameless. Folk art was an advanced taste—without a literature—and its buyers used their eyes and operated on instinct.

The Lipmans didn't trust their intuitions alone. A writer and editor, Jean Lipman ferreted out the names of anonymous artists and researched and wrote about the pieces they acquired. By 1944, she had published two important books; and in 1974 she helped organize *The Flowering of American Folk Art, 1776–1876* for New York City's Whitney Museum, the culmination of her career as a writer, editor and collector, and an exhibition that drew a whole new audience to the field of quilts, decoys, weathervanes, and painted furniture.

About the folk art boom: Now, seven years later, folk art is not simply flowering, it is in full bloom. In just four years, the membership of the Museum of American Folk Art has increased from four hundred to five thousand, and a folk-art course offered this fall by its director Robert Bishop received seven hundred applicants. In 1979, when New York's Sotheby Parke Bernet sold the Stewart Gregory folk art collection, the crowds wrapped around the block and duck decoys sold for as much as $12,000. Two years later, a sampler brought $38,000.

About how to collect folk art today: How should a collector proceed—if at all—now that run-of-the-mill quilts are fetching $500? Either he or she can buy masterpieces or choose to concentrate on the less-refined, inexpensive work of early twentieth-century craftsman. But neither way is easy. Folk-art collectors have less freedom than they used to. According to Ralph Esmerian, president of the Museum of American Folk Art, "The folk-art collector must work with a sharp blade; he can't buy three chests and decide later; he has to know what he wants."

I would like the weathervane of the Indian warrior or any painted chest in the Lipman collection, and I don't think they're that expensive. When one considers the price tags on paintings by young artists, a Goddard-Townsend tea table, or an Art Deco chair mass-produced for a beauty shop, folk art, though no longer a country-road find, may be the last sane marketplace for serious collectors. ▽

Learn all about Mrs. Leslie Sherwood Carothers' life as a new wife in 1894.

Discover how she made lampshades out of melons.

See her boating on the lagoon with Mr. Carothers.

Read about her prize-winning Molded Croquette of Chicken.

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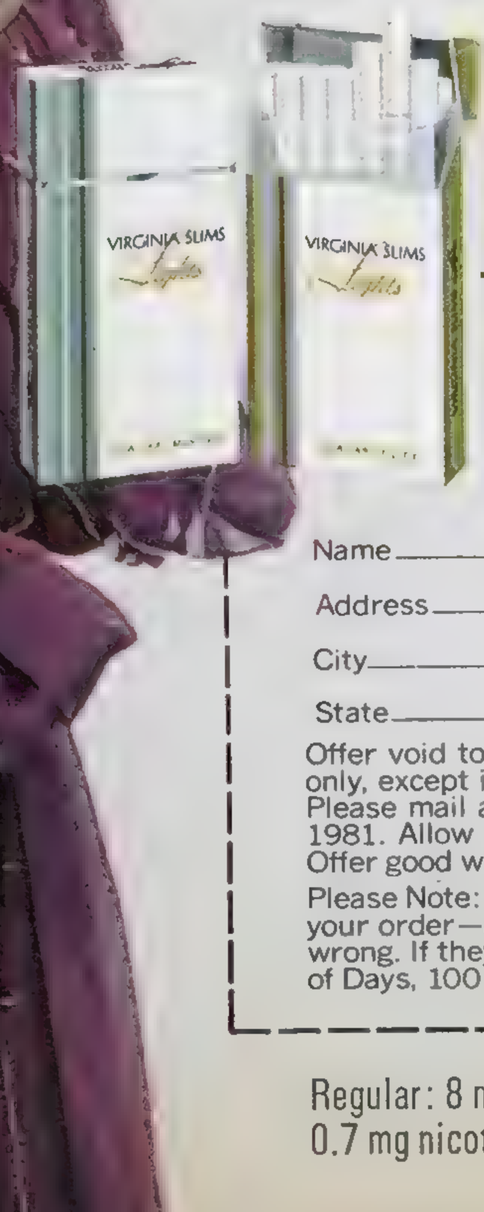
The Virginia Slims Book of Days is full of amusing quotes and intriguing anecdotes; and because it's an engagement calendar, there's plenty of space to record appointments, addresses and special dates.



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Between Us

Befriending Mom... home: where the job is...be a science pro

By Lorraine Davis

MY DAUGHTER/ME

Is your mother your friend? Probably. We're all daughters, and though sales figures for Nancy Friday's best-selling *My Mother/My Self* (Delacorte)) might have suggested that many daughters feel distress in the filial relationship, two psychologists at the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women, Grace K. Baruch, Ph.D., and Rosalind C. Barnett, Ph.D., studying women at mid-life, found a happy majority of those they interviewed regarded their relationships with their mothers as rewarding—even though some women thought it almost socially unacceptable to admit to such closeness! Further, relationships with mothers seemed to improve over time, with the autonomy and identity conflicts phasing out as daughters advanced into their late twenties.

Drs. Baruch and Barnett are pursuing the effects of a positive mother/daughter link on psychological well-being and will publish their findings in a McGraw-Hill book next year; meanwhile, clues to a workable relationship between adult daughters and their mothers get a less scientific analysis in *Once My Child . . . Now My Friend* by Elinor Lenz (Warner Books), who attempts to define "ex-parenthood" in a growth stage as fraught with perils and possibilities as adolescence (it has some of the same problems). Ms. Lenz avers that "former" parents/children can coexist as "roommates"—a little like asking former lovers to share quarters but not intimacy. . . . Not a simple situation.

WORKING WHERE YOU LIVE

"Surges of energy at 5 AM," on-site child care, artistic freedom and total autonomy: the reasons for choosing a home-based business are as varied as the possible products and services. Women, especially mothers, often find it pays (up to $150,000 annually) to work in their residences, whether as typist, economist, or hypnotist. Supportive families are essential, but everybody gains from the resultant tax savings and togetherness.

To help you evaluate your skills for at-home profit, start with *Women Working Home: The Homebased Business Guide and Directory*, written and compiled by Marion Behr and Wendy Lazar (WWH Press, P.O. Box 237V, Norwood NJ 07648; $12.95 plus $1.25 pstg. and handling; NJ residents add 65¢ tax), with solid information on pricing, organization, legal tangles, taxes, credit, advertising, insurance—and how to keep your kids from co-opting your concentration.

One highly successful work-at-homer, Coralee Kern, who started her Maid-To-Order house-cleaning and party-service firm ten years ago from a Chicago hospital bed, publishes a newsletter, *Mind Your "Own Business" at Home* (2550 North Lincoln Avenue, P.O. Box 60, Chicago IL 60614), as does the National Alliance of Homebased Businesswomen (P.O. Box 95, Norwood NJ 07648), a not-for-profit professional organization. Both newsletters offer "networking" possibilities.

DAY OF FASHION/BEAUTY

Two fields of special interest to and for women are featured in an all-day event "The Second Annual Conference on Opportunities and Challenges for Women in the Fashion and Beauty Industries," of American Women's Economic Development Corporation in NYC on November 14. Speeches and workshops are aimed at both corporate woman and entrepreneur. Tickets: AWED, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10020; (212) 397-0880.

"GO IN PEACE"

"Peace is not only the absence of war. Fear, want, or lack of freedom for the individual or the nation are all threats to peace." This 1955 formulation still applies during YWCA/YMCA World Fellowship Week, November 8-14.

A GIRL AND HER CAMEL

Crossing the Australian desert alone with four camels and a dog is just as foolhardy and outrageous as it sounds. Robyn Davidson was a headstrong, discontented twenty-seven-year-old when she set out to learn about camels (weird and endearing); and her account of her subsequent 1700 mile trek, "Tracks" (Pantheon), teaches us to dare —even though in daring she did not achieve epiphany but a rather grudging acceptance of structure and routine: "Because if you are fragmented and uncertain it is terrifying to find the boundaries of yourself melt. Survival in a desert, then, requires you lose this fragmentation, and fast. It is not a mystical experience . . . it is something that happens, that's all. Cause and effect. In different places, survival requires different things. . . . Capacity for survival may be the ability to be changed by environment." Changed, but not chastened or even enlightened, she sums up: "The two important things I did learn were that you are as powerful and as strong as you allow yourself to be, and the most difficult part of any endeavor is taking the first step, making the first decision." That decisiveness crops up often in Grace Lichtenstein's study of female adventurers, "Machisma: Women & Daring" (Doubleday); she quotes Helen Keller: " 'Security is mostly a superstition. . . . Life is either a daring adventure or nothing.' " (More from Lichtenstein, pages 165, 459.)

GOOD JOBS FOR THE MATH MINDED

Women are still scarce—and missing out on great career opportunities—in most technical jobs. On November 10, help in the form of a day-long workshop for women who want to enter—or re-enter—computer sciences, engineering, toxicology, by the Women in Science Committee of the New York Academy of Sciences, co-sponsored by the New York City Commission on the Status of Women and the Association for Women in Science Educational Foundation and underwritten by the Sandoz Foundation. Info: New York Academy of Sciences, 2 East 63rd Street, NYC 10021; (212) 838-0230.

More one- or two-day science-career workshops in nineteen states will be paid for by a $2 million award of the National Science Foundation as will fourteen science-career "facilitation projects" to provide training to women who have undergraduate degrees in science, mathematics, or engineering but are not fully employed in technical fields. More information: M. Joan Callanan, Women in Science, National Science Foundation, 1800 G Street, N.W., Washington DC 20550; (202) 282-7150.

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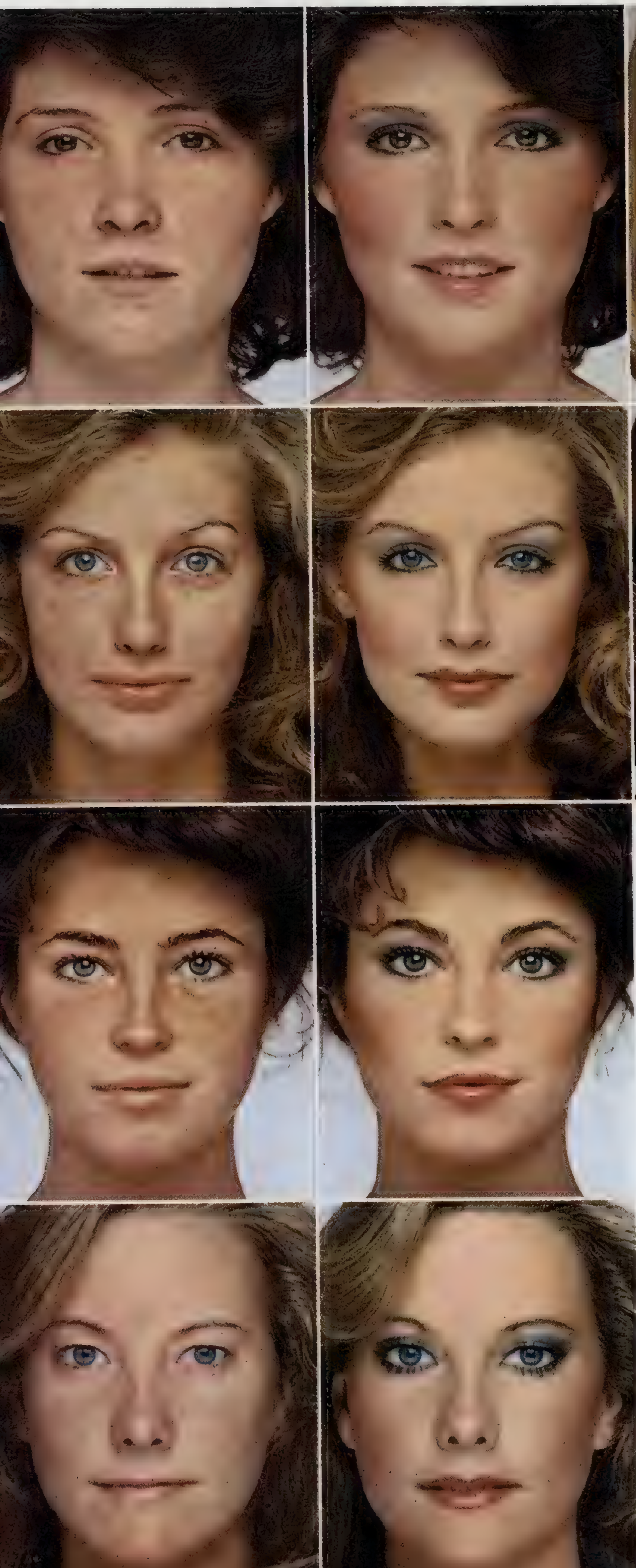
Last year, 1,500,000 women discovered they were

more beautiful than they thought they were.



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cacharel

Anaïs Anaïs

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ANAÏS ANAÏS…a fragrance awakening by Cacharel.

Once upon a time in Monte Carlo.

"Ah, Jean-Luc, it is a fairy-land" sighed Gabrielle as we drank in the sun-struck November Mediterranean and her jeweled Piaget was the only clue that this moment wouldn't last forever.

Photography: Lothar Schmid. Fashion: Guy Laroche, Paris.

"My petite, if you abhor boats, there are many other ways to relax in Monte Carlo."

And so I did,
enjoying my Piaget Polo,
water-resistant to 3 atmospheres,
no where near the water.

(Knowing Jean-Luc,
I am sure he, too, revelled
in his Piaget Polo.)

PIAGET

When the Salle Empire finally opened she confessed, her eyes glittering like the emeralds in her watch, "Jean-Luc, this is our lucky night."

With the onset of evening, Gabrielle counted the hours marked by the diamonds on her 18 karat gold, Swiss hand-crafted, Piaget.

"How right you were, my dear Gabrielle"

PIAGET

The following afternoon Francoise, being unusually indecisive, had tried four Guy Laroches and three 18 karat gold Corums.

Her decision proved endearingly sentimental: "One who wears her heart on her sleeve can surely wear her auto on her wrist."

CORUM®

Hotel de Paris cocktails
brought out the best in all of us...

...my authentic $20. American
gold piece and Francoise's elegant diamond
and ruby bracelet that tells time.

After such a night,
the morning's business should be
conducted with the clout of these Corum
solid gold ingots. And it was.

CORUM®

Through all, Céline remained as cooly elegant as her Concord Collection diamond and ruby timepiece.

Meanwhile, Monte Carlo unearthed Gabrielle's passion for speed

Together, we cornered Avenue de Spelugues. She, me, and Concord Delirium. The world's thinnest watch, in the world's fastest car.

CC
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QUARTZ

"Ah, my Chloe..."
he whispered through the chill and
noise of that November morn.
"Let us slip away, together,
to the Barn."

After changing into his 2.58mm thin Concord Delirium Mariner, Jean-Luc masterfully lapped the crystalline pool.

be diamonds, sunlit water
e, I was helplessly hypnotized

CC
CONCORD®
QUARTZ

With Francoise,
tennis is not a game of love!

In defeat, however, there
can be togetherness, I mused, eyeing
our companion Concord SG watches.
(Both 14 karat gold and
stainless steel.)

Solitude and solitaire.

How refreshing to have nothing to contemplate but the cards and my 14 karat gold Concord.

For brochures on these Swiss hand-crafted watches,
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Beauty Q & A

Preparing for a face-lift . . . fade creams: how helpful? . . . rating weight-loss diets, eyelash dyeing . . . age and hair length

Q How can I tell whether or not a weight-loss diet is nutritionally sound, whether it encourages eating habits necessary for permanent weight maintenance?

A According to Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., associate professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis: "A good diet should satisfy all of your nutritional needs—extremely difficult to accomplish if the diet is very restrictive or if the caloric intake is less than 1200 a day. In general, the best diets encourage well-balanced, varied meal planning, which increases your chances of getting all the vitamins and minerals you need and also teaches you good life-long eating habits.

"Very restrictive diets—such as the 'Beverly Hills Diet' that stresses eating foods singly (i.e., only pineapples one day, papayas the next)—tend to be deficient in some nutrients, excessive in others. These diets are also difficult to follow when dining other than at home.

"In addition to variety, look for a diet that makes you feel good—that minimizes between-meal hunger, feelings of fatigue or deprivation. This is usually best accomplished when dieting is combined with exercise."

A word on food-combining: "Many diets today (the 'Beverly Hills Diet' and the 'New Enzyme Catalyst Diet' are two) claim that the secret to weight loss is not what or how much you eat, but the way you combine foods," says internist and endocrinologist Mark L. Saginor, M.D., assistant clinical professor of medicine, U.C.L.A., who specializes in nutrition and eating disorders. "There is no published scientific proof that food combining causes weight loss. The old 'calories in vs. calories out' is still the bottom line."

Q Is there any special skin-care regimen that should be followed before a face-lift?

A "If you practice good skin care every day, you will not need to do anything different or special before plastic surgery," says Paul S. Striker, M.D., a NYC plastic surgeon. "A woman with troubled skin usually spends two or three weeks catching up on 'the basics' before a face-lift.

"The basics include: 1. Cleansing, usually done with soap and water. Some kind of controlled mild abrasion is necessary; I recommend splashing with hot soapy water rather than rubbing with a washcloth. If skin is oily, a special deep-cleansing soap is needed. If skin is dry, an oil-based soap should be used. 2. Follow up with an astringent if skin is oily, a lubricating cream if it's dry. 3. The final step: sun and wind protection."

Two doctor-formulated skin-care lines gentle enough to use before and after surgery are made by Dermáge (available at Bloomingdale's) and Thavma (available at the Aesthetic Center, 44 East 67th Street, New York NY 10021).

Q I am bothered by brown spots on my hands and face and would like to remove them. Can you tell me about fade creams?

A We took your question to Patricia G. Engasser, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, Stanford University: "Look for creams containing hydroquinone—which inhibits the synthesis of melanin (the darkening agent in skin)—in concentrations of 1.5 to 4.0 percent.

"Hydroquinone is most effective in treating melasma—a condition characterized by the appearance of dark spots, usually on the face—that occurs frequently in pregnant women or women taking birth-control pills. Dark spots that develop during pregnancy often fade spontaneously, however, so it is best to wait several months after giving birth before treating the problem. Women taking birth-control pills are generally instructed to stop taking them to achieve best results with fade creams. However, it is perfectly safe to use hydroquinone while on the Pill.

"Hydroquinone is less effective in treating discoloration caused by acne, though partial improvement may be achieved with early treatment of this problem, and only moderately successful in treating age spots (light brown patches, most often found on hands, caused by over-exposure to the sun). The patches sometimes lighten a bit after many months of treatment but can reappear once you stop using the cream.

"In all cases, success with hydroquinone relies on certain factors: 1. You must conduct a patch test first, off the face, to insure against allergic reactions. 2. Creams must be applied diligently, at least twice a day, until spots lighten and then two to four times a week for maintenance. 3. Success with fade creams is greatly diminished by exposure to the sun. For best results, avoid the sun completely or protect skin with a strong sunscreen (SPF 15 or higher). 4. In many cases, you will get better results from hydroquinone creams by supplementing them with tretinoin, salicylic acid, or topical corticosteroids, used under a physician's guidance."

(Continued on page 188)

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The line women fall for

Abe Schrader

by MARLENE MIDDLEMISS

available at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, New York

Women & Law

Movie nudity: who calls the shots?... the odds on O'Connor ... good news about women's worth

By Brenda Feigen

THE NUDITY CLAUSE

Most of us have wondered, from time to time, why some actresses are willing to perform nude scenes, while others refuse. Few moviegoers could believe the kind of behind-the-scenes negotiating that determines to what extent an actress will bare herself in any particular movie. The Screen Actors Guild (SAG) does not allow producers to require an actress to appear nude, or to engage in "sex acts." If she is willing, of course, she may—but she must give her consent in writing. Most of the time, an actress will opt for something between total nudity and total refusal. Frequently the agreed-upon solution is "doubling," where another actress's body appears in place of the star's. Again, the actress must consent in writing. Some—especially those who would have their audiences believe they have "better" bodies than they do—readily agree to a double. Others refuse because they don't want audiences to think they are the kind of actress who would appear nude.

I recently had to negotiate the "nudity clause" with one female star's agent. The actress refused to be filmed totally nude, and wouldn't agree to a double. The script called for her to stand naked after a brutal attack. To get the contract signed, my client, the producer, had to agree that she wouldn't be filmed totally nude from the front. Above the waist, from the side or the back were all OK. To be clear, I had to list all the parts of her body that could not appear on the screen simultaneously.

American actresses are lucky. In France or Italy, an actress can be fired for refusing a nude scene

There's a separate negotiation to determine which still photographs may be used for publicity. For this actress, our solution was to offer her stills from scenes she had agreed to shoot and have her approve at least half of them. It was then to her advantage to make the producer submit a large number of photos, a demand she had written into her contract.

American actresses are lucky. In France or Italy, if a director decides in the middle of filming that he wants a nude scene, an actress who refuses could be fired: her contract would be "breached," and she would not be paid for the rest of her engagement. Here, abuses by producers, if reported, may be punished.

SANDRA O'CONNOR: WILL SHE MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

The contribution Sandra Day O'Connor will make to the Supreme Court has been a topic of speculation ever since her nomination. She's been called "conservative" by liberals and "liberal" by conservatives. However she's labeled, chances are she'll be OK when it comes to human rights. It's hard to imagine any woman lawyer denying that she's faced sex discrimination. Harvard Law School, for example, refused to admit women until the early 'fifties. In 1873, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Bradley defended Illinois's right to prohibit women from becoming lawyers: *Man is, or should be, woman's protector and defender. The natural and proper timidity and delicacy which belongs to the female sex evidently unfits it for many of the occupations of civil life. The constitution of the family organization, which is founded in the divine ordinance as well as in the nature of things, indicates the domestic sphere as that which properly belong [sic] to the domain and functions of womanhood. . . .* Sex discrimination continues, sometimes disguised or justified by singling out pregnant women, or women who "ask for" sexual harassment. Justice O'Connor—precisely because she is a woman—will no doubt be able to discern sex discrimination when it exists. And once you get the taste of being discriminated against, you usually can feel what other relatively powerless groups are up against. If I had to bet, I'd say that Justice O'Connor will be impatient with any prejudice. Believing that she'll eventually influence her brethren on the Court, I'm convinced that her impact could be profound.

NEW: FAIR PAY FOR WOMEN

In June 1981, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a decision that could be more important for women's rights than any other since the Court decided, eight years ago, that women should have the right to choose abortion. This recent case, *County of Washington* vs. *Gunther* began when four women, in Oregon, whose jobs were to guard female prisoners sued the County under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act—prohibiting discrimination by employers—because they were being paid substantially lower wages than their male counterparts who guarded male prisoners. There was no doubt that the women were being paid less than the male guards; the question was whether their work was "substantially equal."

The federal district court—the first court to hear the case—ruled that the work was not "substantially equal." The male guards supervised more than ten times as many prisoners as the female guards, and the female guards devoted much of their time to "less valuable" clerical duties.

The women had also claimed that the discrepancy in pay constituted "intentional" sex discrimination. But, the district court concluded, since the men's and women's work were not equal, the women could not sue under Title VII.

The women appealed. By now, the only issue was whether there was intentional sex discrimination, not whether the work they did was "substantially equal." They wanted the Appeals Court to grant them the right to bring suit under Title VII. The court said yes. The county then appealed that decision to the U.S. Supreme Court. And, finally, the highest court of the nation sided with the women—although only by a five-to-four vote—thereby possibly opening the way for the expanded concept of equal pay for work of "comparable" value. Now with *Gunther,* it may be illegal for an employer to underpay women for jobs that are considered "women's work." We should all be optimistic. We've been sent a message that women's work is not to be looked down on, and breaking into what is considered "men's work" is not the only way to assure ourselves of a respectable salary.

Now women who work in fields where there are few, if any, men may be able to identify a group of male workers whose jobs are comparable to theirs, and bring suit against their employers for sex discrimination. Women contemplating suing under Title VII will not have an easy time of it. They will have to prove they are being underpaid by gathering evidence about the evaluated worth of their jobs as compared with those of men in the same industry—requiring statistics that may not yet exist—and then proceed to file suit. Approached carefully, though, such actions could have incredible reverberations throughout our economy.

Brenda Feigen, *the former co-director of the ACLU Women's Rights Project, now practices entertainment law in New York City.*

The line women fall for
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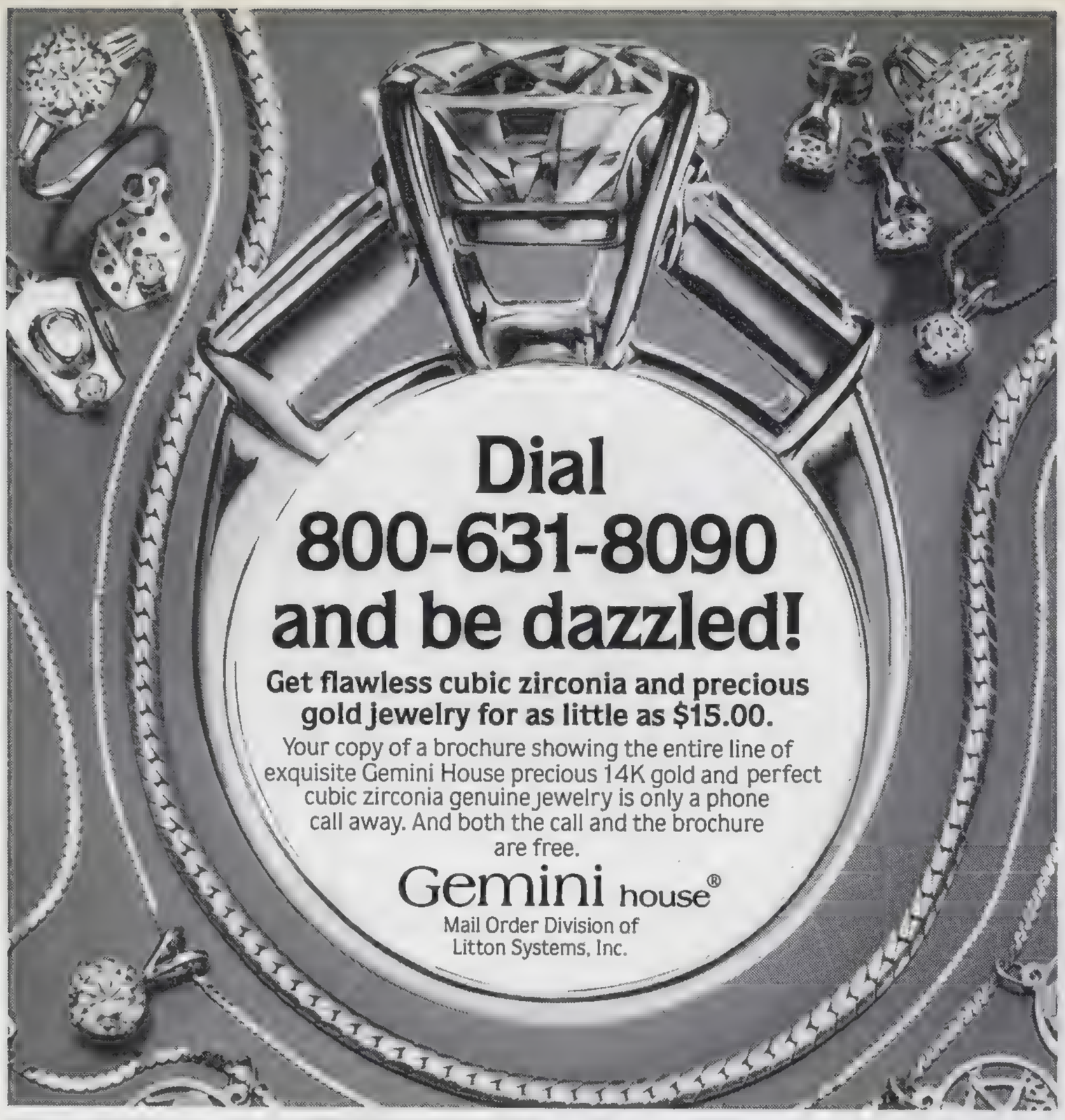
by EMIL DeJOHN
available at J.L. HUDSON'S, Detroit



TAXES

When new job means new home

IRS takes sting out of moving

BY JULIAN BLOCK

You may be glad to know that if you move to take a new job or to work at a new location, those obliging folks at the IRS may help to absorb some of the tab for unreimbursed moving expenses.

The key requirement is that the new job location must be at least thirty-five miles *farther* from your old residence than your old job was. For example, if the distance between your old home and your old job is five miles, the distance between your old home and your new job must be at least 40 miles. (The location of your new *residence* is immaterial. If there was no old job, the new job has to be at least thirty-five miles from the old residence.)

You must also satisfy these requirements to qualify for moving deductions: If you are an employee, you must work full-time for at least thirty-nine weeks in the new area in the twelve-month period after the move, although those weeks needn't be consecutive and you needn't work for the same employer. If you are self-employed, you must conduct your business full-time for at least seventy-eight weeks in the twenty-four month period after the move, including at least thirty-nine weeks during the first twelve months.

Like business expenses, moving expenses are a subtraction from gross income to arrive at adjusted gross income. That means you can claim moving expenses whether you itemize your deductions for charitable contributions and the like or take the standard deduction. Explain and list your moving expenses on Form 3903, which you must attach to your Form 1040. You cannot use Form 1040A.

Assuming you pass the time and distance tests, there is no ceiling on the write-off for "direct" moving expenses: the cost of moving all of your belongings (including crating, packing, in-transit storage, and insurance) and travel expenses for yourself and your family from the old to the new residence. This includes meals and lodging en route. There is, however, a cap of $3000 on certain outlays for "indirect" moving expenses. These expenses include (a) pre-move house-hunting trips, (b) temporary living expenses for you and your family at the new job location for up to thirty days and (c) costs of selling the old residence or buying the new one or breaking or acquiring a lease. However, in no case can (a) or (b) be more than $1500 of the total $3000.

For detailed information on which moving costs you can deduct, contact your local IRS office for a free copy of *Tax Information on Moving Expenses* (Publication 521). ▽

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Each day, apply T-Zone Controller to oily areas. This fragrance-free, dual-phase liquid barrier *prevents* oil breakthrough and shine for 8 hours. And it helps tighten pores for a smooth finish.

At night, apply Oil Dissolving Night Formula, a 100% oil-free, fragrance-free skin protectant that *dilutes* surface oils. So they can be easily and thoroughly removed the following morning.

Let a Charles of the Ritz beauty specialist help you choose the program that's just right for you. And help your skin outdo itself.

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Cover Look

The "plus" of a little dazzle...

What continues to make a difference in fashion, in beauty, across the board: the delight of a touch of shimmer. You see it in Adolfo's unexpected sweater—the sort of sweater everyone wants right now—hand-crocheted of pastel silk/wool and gold silk ribbon; decorated with "winged" silk taffeta sleeves. With matching silk taffeta pants. Turnout, about $1300. . . . And Alex & Lee's glittering collage earrings. Fashion details, stores, last pages. Hair, Harry King; makeup, Way Bandy. Photograph by Avedon.

On the cover, Kim Alexis, and the "plus"—the appealing softness of slightly iridescent makeup: eyes shaded with Scarabée Platinum palette and greyed mauve pencil . . . Platinum highlighter over Mohair Creme lips. All, Christian Dior.

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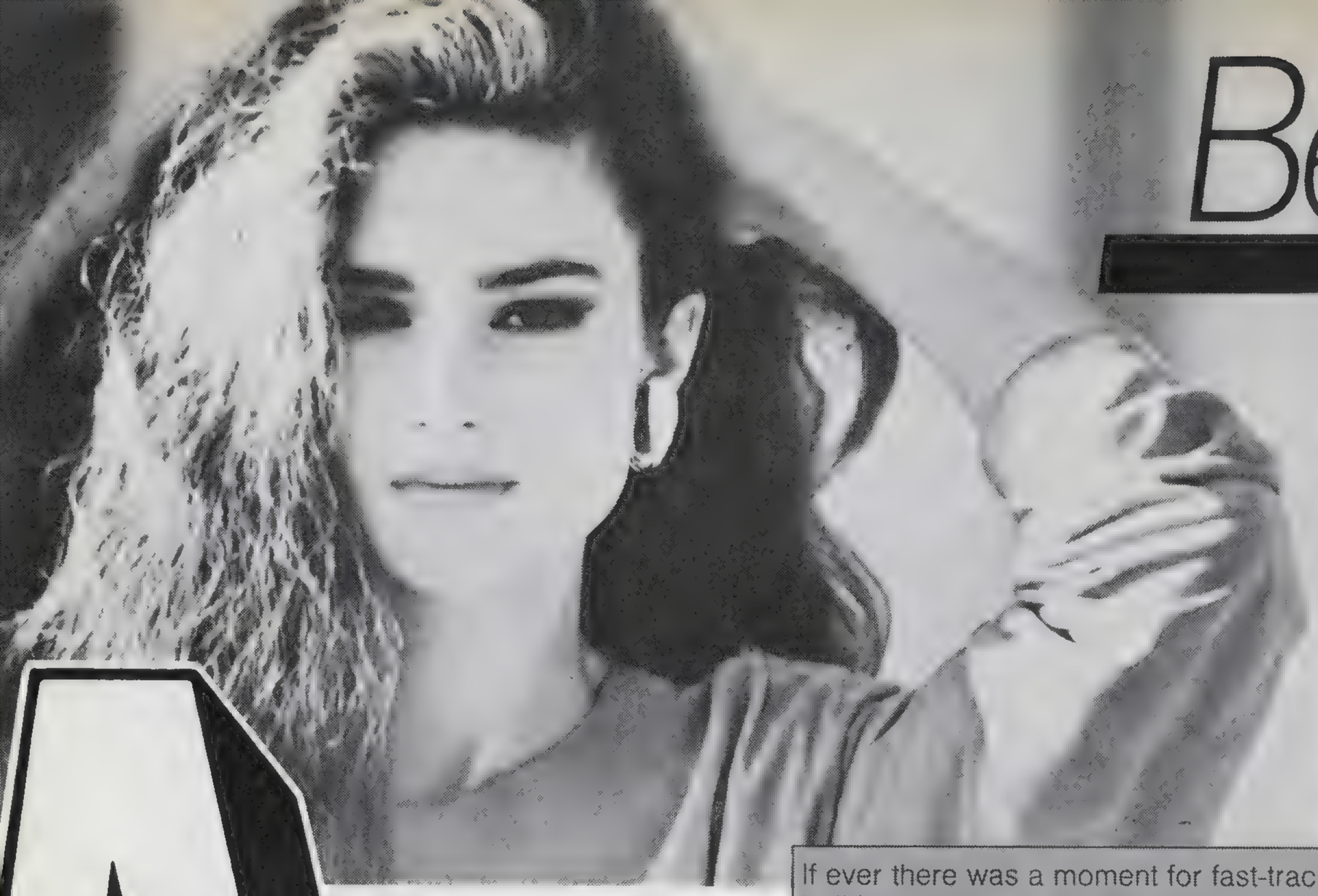
Total			_____



Beauty Now

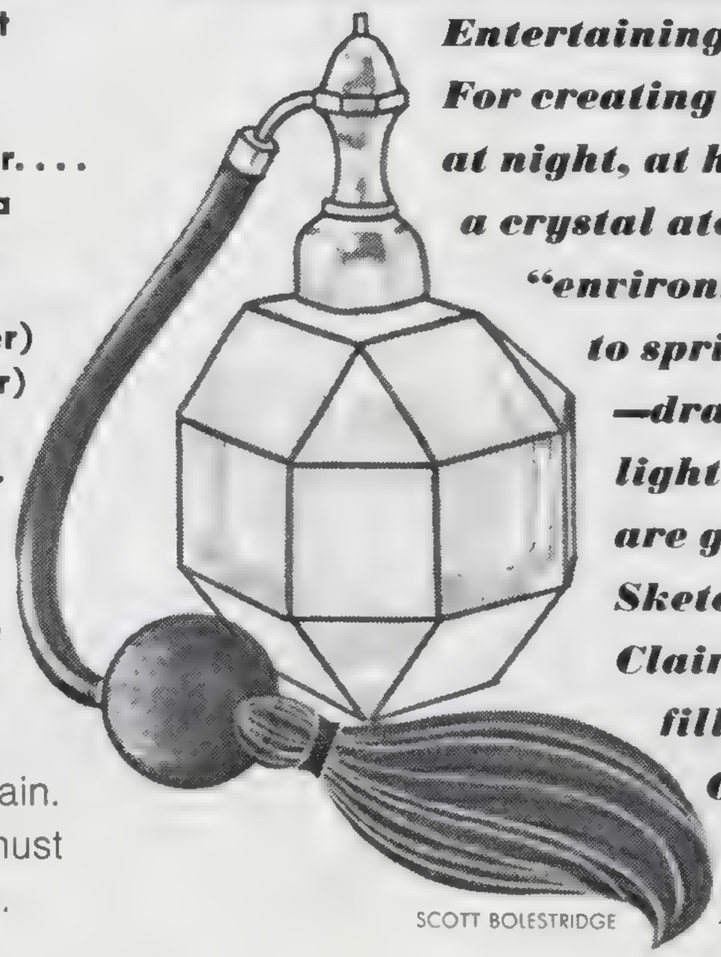
It's the season—the moment—to splurge, indulge, treat yourself well. Here, the delights, pleasures, ways...

If ever there was a moment for fast-track pacing in our lives, now, during holiday season, is the time. More is asked of us now; and we, too, make more demands—of our time, ourselves, and others. . .juggling parties, shopping, enjoyments—all the while trying to maintain our looks, our strength. . .our weight. Secret to getting through the next weeks? Daily time-outs for self. And some planned-for pleasures. . .

A few ways of making your life—and makeup needs—a little easier now. . . . Believing there's "no need for a complete turnaround every six months," Prescriptives, whose makeup "collections" are really "systems" based on a woman's particular coloring, has come up with further simplifications: Color Directions, which clue a woman in—fast—to the two or three new colors she may want to own, add to her "wardrobe" each season. . . . Along the same idea, a multi-use mascara with built-in flow control; allows a thin coat for daytime wear, thicker coverage at night. In three shades, ten settings. From Maybelline. Ask for Dial-A-Lash. . . . In response to a woman's changing needs: a new, more individual approach to the Erno Laszlo skin-care regime. From time to time, The Erno Laszlo Institute will offer its customers new "finishing" products in addition to its regular skin-care systems. Among the first: Normalizer Makeup Base for more coverage, color than Regular Normalizer Shake-it provides; available to non-members, too.

To turn the simple bathing ritual into something more sybaritic (adds refreshment to your day!): bathe by candlelight . . . or with a handful of potpourri scattered in the tub. While skin is still moist, slather on perfumed body lotion. (When time is precious, moisturizer and scent in one stroke.) One to try: new Aromatics Body Elixir. . . . Treatment/scent idea for him: Balm Vitale Face Formula with squalane (moisturizer) and allantoin (healer) plus the Oscar de la Renta Pour Lui scent.

Standing appointments are basic to busy women who never want to face stray hairs, chipped nails, etc. At holiday time, they're even more crucial. Two cross-country ideas: New York skin maven Janet Sartin is now opening mini salons in eleven cities. . . . Flori Roberts, who recently began opening in-store skin-care salons for black women, is offering facials, makeup, and special help for pigmentation problems.



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simple pleasure

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VOGUE, November, 1981

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Talking about...

Photography

By Hebe Dorsey

Exuberant master who conjures up a charmed era

HENRY GROSKINSKY

JACQUES-HENRI LARTIGUE: REIGNING DOYEN OF FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHY WHOSE DAZZLING WORK SPANS OUR AGE

Famous the world over, Jacques-Henri Lartigue, now over eighty, first hit the average Frenchman's consciousness when, back in the 'seventies, he started photographing the man who was then their president, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

For the first and perhaps only time, Giscard came out looking not just handsome, which, in a stiff and static way he undeniably is, but human as well, with a somewhat surprising remoteness from worldly things that one would not have expected in such a hard-driven, highly motivated technocrat. Pictures of the French president smiling as the photographer prepared his cameras revealed a communication and intimacy that Giscard rarely displayed during his seven years in office.

That, in a way, tells Lartigue's story. For he is by nature such a mirthful, guileless soul that he will invariably find the best side of people. His optimistic, morale-boosting vitality always brings out the most endearing facet of people's personalities.

I remember having to interview him because he had suddenly surged into the headlines. It was a balmy, sunny Saturday afternoon in Paris and I had no clue as to what to expect.

I was in for a surprise. Lartigue lived in a modest apartment building in the bourgeois 16th Arrondissement; and I was amazed that, at his age, he was still climbing the three (or was it four) flights of steep stairs that led me, panting, to his door. His wife, Florette (how can anybody be called Florette in our day and age?) let me in.

There he was, a small, compact, and wiry figure, behind a sawhorse-topped table, covered with photographs that obviously needed sorting out. I cannot recall any furniture, chairs, or *objets d'art*. Nothing but pictures on that long, white table and more stacks of them lined up neatly on the bare parquet floor. (Later on, Lartigue explained that he had a house in the South of France where he spent most of his time. Paris was strictly work and it was clear he made sure to come as rarely as possible.) *(Continued on page 140)*

Rediscovering Lartigue through the soft, misty hues of the autochrome print: left above, "Bibi in Paris, 1921," from Viking's sumptuous new book, "The Autochromes of J.H. Lartigue, 1912–1927." Lartigue's lyrical tribute to the Belle Époque: above, "Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer in Deauville, 1919"; below, "The Day of the Drag Races at Auteuil, 1910."

FOR LARTIGUE'S PHOTO-ESSAY ON MONTE CARLO AND ON THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MONACO, SEE PAGES 432–439

Hebe Dorsey, *fashion and society editor for "The International Herald Tribune," lives in Paris and writes a monthly life-style column for French Vogue on "everything but sex and politics."*

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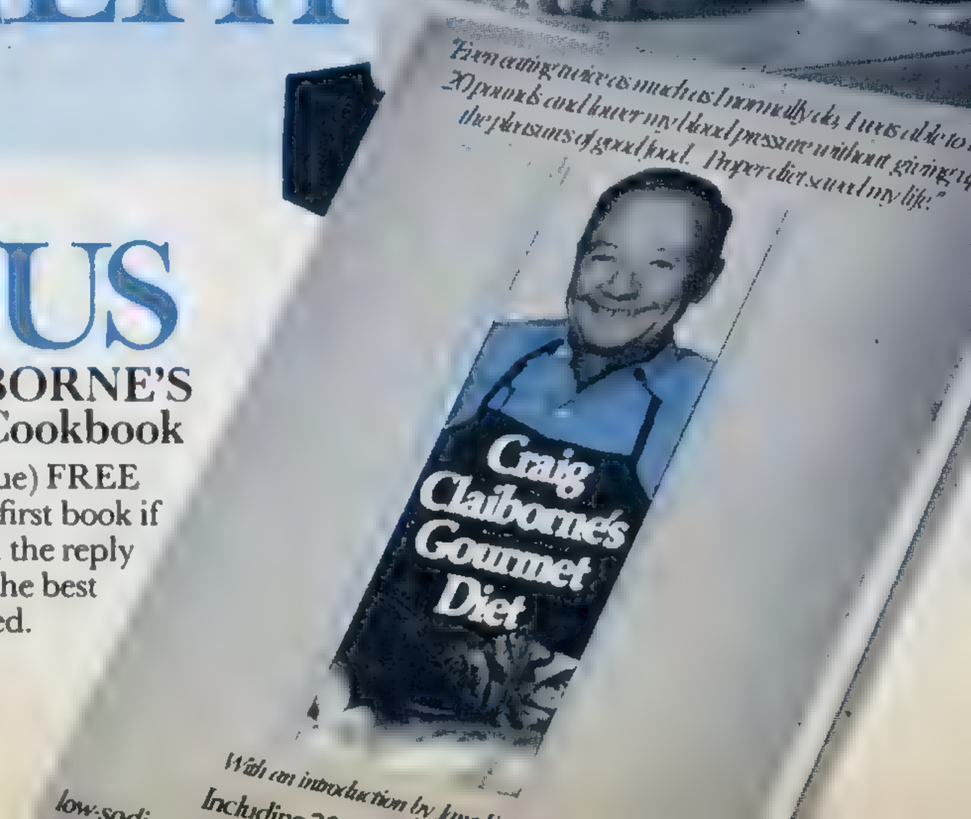

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LARTIGUE

(Continued from page 131)

Lartigue's most striking feature was his blue eyes, which literally laughed as he talked. Despite the short, wiry white hair, the blue eyes were there, telling you all along that Lartigue had remained a child, the same child who went to the Bois de Boulogne at age nine to photograph elegant women. His pictures of that period, as in fact of any period that he faithfully photographed, are now incomparable documents, vivid renditions of the *Belle Époque.* What comes through all of his pictures is not only their historical—almost visionary—content but also their optimistic, confident, and happy approach. He distinctly and unreservedly loves the world and believes in it.

His sensuous love for women was also quite obvious and still as fresh as dawn dew as he described his pursuit of female beauty at a very tender age. "I'd sit on a chair," he said, "and every time I saw a beautiful woman, quick, I'd snap her up." The child prodigy had mastered the machine.

"At nine, I'd sit in the Bois de Boulogne and when I saw a beautiful woman, quick, I'd snap her"

But unlike most child prodigies, who have a way of going dry by the time they are twenty-five, Lartigue started right at the top and stayed there. His spontaneity, sense of motion, and uncanny sense of proportion were natural gifts that he possessed from the very instant he picked up a camera. As he talked, you knew that his art was just short of miraculous and that there was nothing to explain.

He was wearing a brownish, nondescript homemade sweater with a crew neck out of which his head emerged, serene and erect. He and his wife, who was equally miniature-sized, oozed innocence and the peculiarly romantic charm one associates with pre-World War II movies.

His manner was unhurried. Yes, he knew, he was famous now. But it was clear that did not mean much in his life. He loved New York where people stopped him in the streets and asked him for autographs, he thought that was sweet of them. But he had remained a tourist who preferred going to cafeterias and doing things his own way. No one could trap him into pompous, Establishment, puffed-up dinner parties.

Although it was clear photography was finally bringing in well-earned dollars, I sensed throughout the interview that he had remained a lonely and totally independent spirit, intensely involved in a purely personal and quite marvelous adventure.

At that point, someone once perplexingly remarked, photography becomes Zen. ▽

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MONEY

The Debt Diet—a soothing way to reduce what you owe

How to stop worrying about money when you don't have any

BY SUSAN JACOBY

Most middle-class Americans are deeper in debt than they have ever been before in their lives, and it is a new and particularly troubling kind of debt. When people owed too much money in the Good Old Days before the inflation of the late 1970s, they could usually remedy the situation by cutting down on spending for luxuries. The repentant consumer gave up the winter vacation in the Caribbean or the sleek sports car and, presto, the bank balance was restored. Today, many of us have gotten in over our heads not out of a yearning for indulgences but out of attempts to maintain our ordinary standard of living in the face of double-digit inflation. When the cash advances from Visa and MasterCard have gone to pay for soaring rent, heating, and gas bills, it is not so simple to cut down on spending and put an end to financial anxiety.

The advice offered by many self-styled financial experts—"cut up your credit cards"—is usually more a source of guilt than help, since most of us aren't prepared to take that radical a step unless we are on the verge of bankruptcy. A more modest tactic is more likely to work. Cutting down on debt is like dieting: you're bound to fail if you expect to go from a size 12 to a size 6 in three months. For a woman who owes, say, $4000 to various department stores, credit companies, and banks, it would be totally unrealistic to expect to wipe out the debt in a year. A reasonable goal would be to cut the money owed by 25 percent—to $3000—within the same period.

The first step toward exerting more control is to sit down and add up what you owe and how you spent it: this sounds obvious, but an amazing number of people never do it because they are afraid to face the total.

What does the list reveal about your spending patterns? Are you using credit primarily to finance large purchases or do you owe money for meals that were eaten long ago and vacations that are only a memory? It's more satisfying to owe money for a record player, a sofa, or a beautifully tailored winter coat—items you will still be using after the debt is paid off—than for last year's winter vacation.

To understand why you owe what you owe, it's important to distinguish between different kinds of credit. Travel and entertainment cards (like American Express and Diners Club) and conventional department-store charge accounts require full payment each month. If the bill is paid on time, no interest is charged. If a customer fails to pay the bill for more than two months, credit privileges are usually withdrawn. Because these accounts prevent customers from piling up new debts without paying off previous bills, they are not the primary sources of temptation for those of us who are prone to debt.

Revolving credit, which allows a consumer to borrow more while paying off only a small percentage of the total bill, is the major villain. Revolving credit is offered in many forms, including bank credit cards (Visa and MasterCard are widely used), overdraft privileges on checking accounts, special banking plans that allow a consumer to borrow money simply by writing a check, and a number of department-store charge accounts. The interest rate ranges between 12 and 20 percent. There is usually an authorized credit limit, but until that limit is reached, you can continue to buy and only pay off a small proportion of the balance.

Installment loans, for major purchases such as automobiles, make up a third category of debt. They carry varying interest rates but the total amount of the loan and monthly payments are fixed in advance.

Consumer-credit counselors generally regard 10 percent of take-home pay (not including home-mortgage payments) as a "comfortable" level of debt. If you have an annual income of $30,000 and pay $7000 in city, state, and federal taxes, a reasonable amount of debt would be $2300—10 percent of your take-home pay of $23,000. But your own level of anxiety is a better guide to your debt limit than set percentages. A "comfortable" 10 percent limit for a single woman who has no special financial obligations might be extremely uncomfortable for a mother with a child approaching college age. One infallible indicator of trouble is the need to juggle monthly bills—to pay a bill you ignored last month and put off another creditor until next month.

A good starting point for bringing debts under control is a tough-minded rejection of new, unsolicited offers of revolving credit. Many consumers have been led into debt by offers of credit that bear no reasonable relationship to their income. When I was making $20,000 a year, for example, I received offers of credit totaling nearly $10,000 in a six-month period. Had I accepted the offers and actually used them, I would have been bankrupt in short order. Although consumer credit has recently been more limited than it was during the early 1970s, it is expanding once again as many states have removed *(Continued on page 174)*

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Rate Chart To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE
ATLANTA		3 50	3 49	3 67	3 50	3 67	3 24	3 49	3 50	3.50	2 68	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 84	3 50
BOSTON	3 67		3 50	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 08	3 50	3 24	3 50	3 50	3 49	3 50	2 92	3 67	3 84
CHICAGO	3 50	3 50		3 67	2 92	3 24	3.50	3 50	3 24	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
CLEVELAND	3 67	3 50	3 67		3 24	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 24	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
DALLAS	3 50	3 67	2 92	3 24		3 67	3 50	3 49	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
DENVER	3 67	3 67	3 24	3 67	3 67		3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
DETROIT	3 24	3 08	3.50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 67	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
INDIANAPOLIS	3 49	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 49	3 50	3 67		3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
MEMPHIS	3 50	3 24	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
MILWAUKEE	3.50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67		3 50	3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
NEW HAVEN	2 68	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
NEW YORK	3 67	3 49	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 08	3 84	3 84
OMAHA	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 08	3 84	3 84
PHILADELPHIA	3 67	3 67	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08	3 08		3 84	3 84
SAN FRANCISCO	3 84	3 67	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84		3 84
SEATTLE	3 67	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	

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Wonderful drinking—a lot sooner

BY MARTIN GERSH

Drinking the first three examples of winemaster Ed Friedrich's new San Martín Select Vintage wines was an educational experience. It was a revelation to me—and just a little frightening—that the best current winemaking technology, operating on a sharply restricted scale (a total of 2002 cases of the Select 1979 Vintage Fumé Blanc and Chardonnay, and 936 cases of the Select 1977 Vintage Cabernet Sauvignon), has reached a point where complex products such as these can show so many remarkable nuances only two to four years after their grapes have been harvested. Let me describe each wine in some detail:

SAN MARTÍN SELECT 1979 VINTAGE FUMÉ BLANC This is the finest non-French Sauvignon Blanc I have ever drunk; as it happens, it is fully the peer of Laville-Haut-Brion and Domaine de Chevalier, my special favorites among the five excellent Graves whites I have always loved. Stylistically, this wine from San Luis Obispo County, California, most resembles Domaine de Chevalier, in bigness, middle tonality, and its characteristic lemony taste element. Though the American example may have a more velvety texture, it shares the Graves's enormous complexity and stature. I recommend this bottle highly for drinking now and during the next few years. *Aeration: 50 minutes-1 hour. Vintage: Excellent. $7.*

SAN MARTÍN SELECT 1979 VINTAGE CHARDONNAY Outstanding in every way, San Martín Select 1979 Vintage Chardonnay from Santa Barbara County is a notably fine white wine—marvelously fruity, with ample body and smooth, rather oily texture. It is further distinguished by an attractive and long-enduring second taste. I give it exactly the same recommendation as the Fumé Blanc, above. *Aeration: 1 hour. Vintage: Very Good. $10.*

SAN MARTÍN SELECT 1977 VINTAGE CABERNET SAUVIGNON Suave, monumental, dignified and perfectly balanced, this Cabernet Sauvignon from San Luis Obispo County is without question a great bottle of red wine. Anyone fortunate enough to acquire it can expect at least five years of wonderful drinking ahead. My highest recommendation! *Aeration: 1¾ hours. Vintage: Good. $12.*

The trio of San Martín Select Vintage wines illustrates a fascinating situation I am faced with more and more often: the necessity to drink and review many wines considerably earlier in their life cycle than I would have dreamed possible just a short time ago. As recently as January, 1980, I stated on this page, "My policy is normally not to touch wines until they are seven or eight years old . . ."

What has changed all this? Unquestionably, the new winemaking technology, which dramatically speeds up the fermentation process and shortens the period during which wines rest in wood before bottling. As a result, most American wines today arrive at retailers when they are just two to four years old; and when sold, are immediately replaced on the shelves with wines equally young. Furthermore, I have noticed during the past two years that an increasingly greater proportion of the quality French wines to appear here gets younger all the time. Far from inexpensive, these very young bottles are placed alongside older French "classics" of proven durability, selling for $100 to $500 each.

It is true that certain of the world's great red wines, from France and Italy—Châteaux Latour, Pétrus, Montrose and others, as well as many Barolos, Brunellos, Amarones, Barbarescos, Taurasis, and Chianti Classicos—continue to be made, at least for the present, in the old manner, in which many years of bottle aging are required before a wine from a good vintage year can be drunk to its best advantage. However, in view of what appears to be a strong trend towards developing young, drinkable wines for the earliest possible distribution and consumption, I find myself wondering sadly just how much longer the holdouts will continue to make slowly aging wines designed to live for a long time.

RECOMMENDATIONS

U.S.A.

CAKEBREAD CELLARS CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1978 An absolutely luscious wine of imposing size—complex, graceful and perfumed, this fine Napa Valley, California, red table wine should provide outstanding satisfaction for the next three to five years. *Aeration: 45 minutes. Vintage: Excellent. $12–$14. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading. Before you aerate a white, chill it thoroughly for three hours.)*

BEAULIEU VINEYARD PINOT NOIR 1977 As a wine lover totally attuned to fine French Burgundies during the past fifteen years, I do not find this bottle a departure from the Pinot Noir pattern I know so well. Thus, if anyone had served this red table wine to me without having identified its source, I would not have had the slightest hesitation in categorizing it as an excellent, youthful French Burgundy—with good size, middle-to-deep taste tonality, and a great deal of character. Beaulieu Vineyard Pinot Noir 1977 from the Los Carneros region of Napa Valley, California, represents a fabulous value! *Aeration: 35–45 minutes. Vintage: Excellent. $10–$11.*

BEAULIEU VINEYARD CABERNET SAUVIGNON GEORGES DE LATOUR PRIVATE RESERVE 1975 A highly individual red wine, big and truly French Médoc in style, this very sophisticated Napa Valley Cabernet has my most enthusiastic recommendation. *Aeration: 1¼ hours. Vintage: Good. $11–$15.*

FRANCE

MEURSAULT 1978 (RÉSERVE DES CAVES DE LA REINE PÉDAUQUE) Forceful, yet without any raw edge, this is a very engaging white Burgundy. It is tightly knit, with good body and middle tonality. *Aeration: 1¼ hours. Vintage: Excellent. $13–$14.*

PULIGNY-MONTRACHET 1978 (RÉSERVE DES CAVES DE LA REINE PÉDAUQUE) This lovely Puligny-Montrachet is young and fruity, with ample body and excellent concentration. Both white Burgundies listed here, bottled by the same *négociant*, promise several more years of fine drinking ahead. *Aeration: 1¼ hours. Vintage: Excellent. $14–$15.*

CHÂTEAU PALMER 1977 Possessing a most alluring first taste and moderate-to-large body, Palmer 1977 is a very beautiful red Bordeaux now at its peak. I strongly advise you to drink this bottle within the next year or two; and if you can accept the time limitations imposed by this shaky vintage, you will experience something wonderful. *Aeration: 15 minutes. Vintage: Fair—at best! $11–$15.*

ITALY

CHIANTI RISERVA 1970 (VILLA LA SELVA) Villa La Selva's Chianti Riserva 1970 from the Colli Aretini zone in Tuscany is a terrific red wine—vibrant, rich in texture, with moderate body. *Vintage: Excellent. Aeration: 5–10 minutes. $9–$10.*

BAROLO RISERVA 1958 (BORGOGNO) Borgogno's Barolo Riserva 1958 is a superlative "classic," very big, rounded and mellow. Everything in this Piedmontese red wine is outgoing—nothing is left to the imagination. *Aeration: 5 minutes. Vintage: Excellent. $40.*

SPECIAL EFFECTS

CHÂTEAU SUDUIRAUT 1971 Drunk as a dessert wine accompanying a delicious fresh pear tart, this superb Sauternes followed a bottle of Château Margaux 1961 consumed earlier in an excellent meal. Extremely luxurious, very sweet and full-bodied, Suduiraut 1971 has a tantalizing taste of slightly bitter almonds. By recorking the wine after pouring and keeping the bottle well-chilled, you can easily enjoy any unused portion the following day. *Aeration: None. Vintage: Very Good. $15–$20.*

PANACHE Using the Pinot Noir grape, Domaine Chandon in Napa Valley, California, has created an elegant and charming new wine of amber color, with high tonality and a seductive sweetness like rich, ripe peaches. Conceived as an aperitif, Panache should serve equally well as a dessert wine—for example, with a hazelnut soufflé. *Aeration: None. Vintage: None, $5–$7.*

SANDEMAN VINTAGE PORT 1963 Urbane, moderately sweet, with subdued liveliness, this is a magnificent, full-bodied port—and should continue to be so for many years to come. Like all vintage ports, it should be decanted; and if well-stoppered, can be preserved for at least three consecutive days of marvelously civilized after-dinner drinking. *Aeration: None. Vintage: Excellent. $25–$30.* ▽

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Lynda is wearing Terra Copper Lipstick and Cinnaspice Creme Blush

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Beauty Now

The pleasures of bathing… skin-gleaming news… neat tooth idea

Even though in winter you're covered up in layers of clothes, don't neglect the skin on your body, because winter with its cold drying air is really the time to pay even *more* attention to body parts. To the rescue, now: new "dermatological" body lotions that are formulated to be more emollient but less greasy, and are absorbed quickly into skin, without leaving any film. Too good to be true? Two years in the making with the help of dermatologists, Vaseline Dermatology Formula is the result of Chesebrough-Pond's research allowing a higher level of petrolatum USP—the ingredient most recommended to heal dry skin—in a lotion formula. Also in this super-strength category is Raintree's new Hand & Body Lotion. To absorb them fast, exfoliation of dry, dead skin cells (especially on knees, elbows, feet) is important. Easiest way: in the shower while you're soaping, using a loofah, washcloth, or the newest Buf Body-Mate, now for the body with soft/firm sides.

P.M. POLISH

After a short soak in a scent-filled bath, keep fragance power working and skin gleaming by rubbing bath oil onto your skin, buffing with a towel or chamois *(above).*

A quick after-work/pre-evening reviver. In a closed bathroom: take a steamy bath or shower, then wrap yourself head-to-toe in a terry robe. . . . After a few minutes in your bathroom "sauna," blot excess moisture from your body; slather on moisturizer—skin is cleansed . . . glowing!

The pleasures of bathing over showering are many. Among them the respite, however brief, a bath offers either at the end of the day or before going out. Baths also offer space/private time to attend to grooming needs—facial, hair treatment, etc.—at one time. What else does a bath do? If it's laced with emollients (such as Balenciaga's Michelle Perfumed Creme Bath or Silences Bain Moussant), it rehydrates/scents skin. Or try, post-bath: a scented body lotion (e.g., Cie's or Galanos's) applied over damp skin.

Following in the footsteps of liquid soap: new "toothpaste on tap"—economical, easy-to-use

Richard Rosenfeld

With the widespread popularity of liquid soaps in pump-type dispensers, it's no surprise that a toothpaste now comes in this kind of packaging. Convenient . . . time-saving (no cap to lose!), spicy mint flavor. From Village Bath Products.

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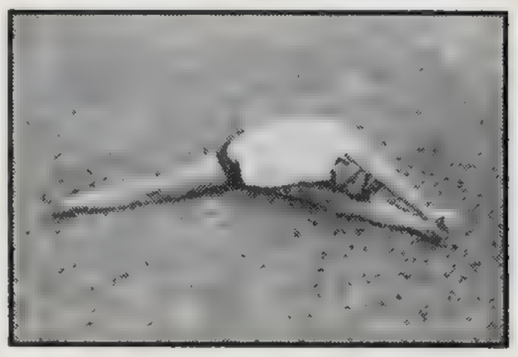
Fitness Now

The training of champions...adapted for the rest of us to use at home

From the U.S. Women's Ski Team summer training in Hawaii, their rigorous fitness program tailored for ordinary mortals. (More on women's fascination with what makes up a champion, page 459.)

n Hawaii at the U.S. Women's Ski Team training camp, I discovered that I, or any woman, can make dramatic strength and flexibility gains by following routines no different from the ones Olympians use.

The official *United States' Ski Team Alpine Training Manual* (the same one used by the men's ski team) is the guide used to keep these world-class athletes in top form. But, according to team trainer John Atkins, it's simple for any reasonably healthy woman to adapt the team's three major programs as the basis for her own regimen. The three are: Stretching, Weight Training, and the Home Routine.



The skiers stretch for fifteen minutes daily, but how long you do it is less important than *that* you do it. *Above:* Christin Cooper reaches for one foot, far in front, for the other foot. A good whole-body stretch and basic warm-up to do before playing sports.

Stretching: most important key to fitness

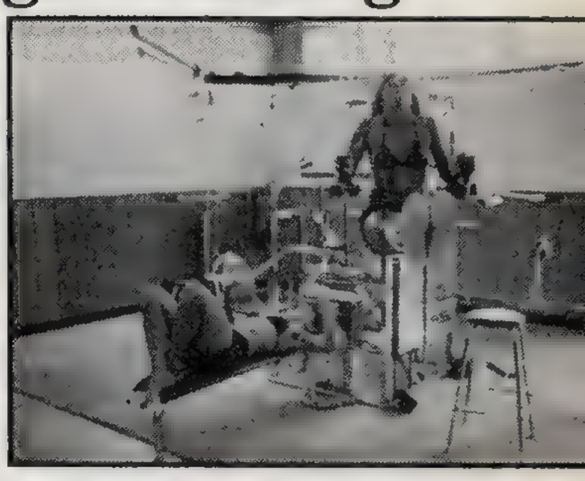
Stretching, says Atkins, is "the most important key to fitness for a competitive athlete." Luckily, for the rest of us, it is also the easiest of the three programs. All that bending and twisting on the sidelines really does loosen sluggish joints. Stretching literally gets the blood flowing for muscles about to perform a specific sport. So much for the good news. The bad news: You've got to do it every single day. "You lose flexibility faster than you gain it," Atkins warns. Skiers are supposed to do fifteen minutes of stretching twice a day. (Yoga, jazz exercise, and aerobic dancing are all excellent alternatives to the stretches shown here.)

Holly Flanders, *above,* touches forehead to knee and pulls a straightened leg as far forward as she can without lifting other leg. Repeat both legs. This is a great hamstring stretch. You can work out your own routine; just bend, twist, reach. Don't strain.

Weight training

Weight training is done by ski team members three times a week during the summer to build strength in specific muscle groups. They concentrate on quadriceps (front of thighs), hamstrings (back of thighs), heel chords (around the Achilles' tendon), lower back.

Weight training, widely available, takes about half an hour three times a week. Strengthens, reduces flab, ups stamina.



For us ordinary mortals, the ski team weight training, which also includes basic strength exercises for shoulders, arms, and upper back, will help lessen fatigue in walking, jogging, climbing stairs, carrying packages, and playing games like tennis. It's an anti-flab program as well. Anyone can start weight training on Universal or Nautilus machines, which are found in almost any good health club. Atkins recommends beginning with the lowest possible weight at each station, repeating the movement seven to ten times in sets of three, with a suitable pause between each pair.

The home routine...

Home routine helps skiers maintain strength gains while they are on the ski circuit. The only equipment required is: the abdominal wheel, a home "gym" that attaches to a door (a stretch rope with stirrup/grips at either end), and three chairs. The routine takes thirty minutes, three times a week. First, you roll the wheel up to twenty repetitions, three sets. (You're in terrific shape if you can do a single set ten times.) Next, you attach the rope to the top of a door for arm pull-downs (see illustration) or to the bottom of the door for pull-ups. Next comes the "triceps dip," which does wonders for sagging muscles on the underside of upper arms, and chair push-ups.

—GRACE LICHTENSTEIN

Christin Cooper and Abbi Fisher on the Universal machine, *above right. Above left,* Holly again, getting an abdominal workout on the wheel. Work up to twenty reps, three sets. *Left:* Maria Maricich strengthens arms on a rope "gym." (At sporting-goods stores.)

30 minutes, 3 times a week

***Below:* Christin, again, strengthening triceps with the "triceps dip" (first two photos) and arms and shoulders with "chair push-ups" (second two photos). The latter can also be done on the floor. Caution: Be sure chairs are stable, won't slide on floor. And as with any exercise program, it's wise to get your doctor's okay before beginning any new kind of workout.**

JOE CARINI

MONEY

Secret's out: women can earn

Tips: where the money is—and isn't

BY DEBORAH MASON

Thelma Kandel wants to help working women make more money. In her new book, *What Women Earn* (Linden), she tells women where the money is—and where it isn't—by spelling out, field by field, exactly what women (and men) are paid. For example, half of the practicing psychologists in this country are women, says Kandel, but their male counterparts make 16 percent more money. Half of the nation's retail buyers are women, and women hold about one-third of the managerial spots in the field, but only 7 percent of those women are at the vice-presidential level or higher in the twenty-five leading department-store chains.

In short, women are often cut out of the big money; only eight-tenths of one percent of working women make over $25,000, as opposed to 12 percent of working men. Many women are clustered in what Kandel terms the "female-intensive professions"—low-paying, undervalued fields dominated by women, such as clerical and service jobs, teaching, nursing, and health care.

But, Kandel reminds us, there is a bright side to the picture. Though women who write advertising copy may start out in the $12,000 salary range, there are at least two dozen Madison Avenue women (not counting the legendary dynamo Mary Wells Lawrence—she earns "in the neighborhood of $1 million a year") who have worked their way up to salaries in the $100,000 to $250,000 range.

The executive-recruitment field is also wide open to women now. With several years of experience and "lots of hustle," says Kandel, a good executive recruiter can earn $35,000 to $40,000 a year. The dozen or so top women in the field earn from $100,000 to $200,000.

For women who are job-hunting, Kandel offers these tips:

- "Male-intensive" fields such as accounting, computer technology, and engineering are excellent bets for women now. As a matter of fact, the average yearly salary for women engineers is running slightly ahead of their male counterparts' at this point, and starting pay is in the $20,000 range.
- In the 'eighties, the demand for personnel in mushrooming industries like energy engineering, auditing, and data processing is projected to run to 43 to 75 percent above the 1980 level with salaries in the $34,000 to $60,000 range by 1990.
- Some of the highest paying jobs, such as airline piloting (where salaries run as high as $60,000) are chroni- *(Continued on page 174)*

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What do you fear most?

A potent question, surprising answers

BY SOPHY BURNHAM

What are you most afraid of? Are men and women afraid of different things?

One day, I was driving with a good friend over to Charlottesville. The pines skipped past the window under a brilliant autumn sky and we blinked in the hard light against the glittering road. "What are you most afraid of in life?" she asked. And to my surprise the answer flopped off my tongue like a toad, as if it had been waiting all my life for the question to be asked.

"I'm afraid of not taking the risk. Of getting to the end of my life realizing I could have done it but didn't dare the risk."

"Done what?"

"I don't know." Tears of intensity sprang to my eyes. "Whatever."

You can imagine my surprise, because never in my wildest dreams had I thought that that was what I feared the most. If I'd been asked the question in a place less reassuring perhaps than the car with its gentle, womb-like rocking, or by someone I didn't trust, I'd have probably answered one of the common everyday little fears that we all hide from ourselves and each other: fear of death, perhaps, or closets, or having our children flayed before our eyes—ordinary fears.

After that, I stole her question. For two years, I asked everyone I could, at first with a kind of idle curiosity but later with increasing absorption, as if in knowing what people were afraid of I would discover what they valued most. I began to think of it as a clue to the meaning of life.

I asked it of strangers on trains or planes, where, enclosed in anonymity, secrets are shared. I asked it of close friends, of blacks, children, old men, and teenage girls. Once, I even asked it at a Washington cocktail party: I found myself propped on the arm of a sofa, wondering desperately what to say to the hearty man whose eyes were casting for bigger trout in the farthest pools of the room. He said he had worked for twenty years for the CIA.

"What are you most afraid of in life?" I asked, expecting no response. His blue eyes swiveled, locked on mine.

"I'm afraid of the dark," he blurted out. Then: "Actually, I'm afraid of everything. My father was in the Army," he continued with the spurt of confession that follows a secret already divulged. "He was a professional officer, and when I was little he knew I was afraid of the dark. My room was on the top floor in the house. I had to walk up three flights in the dark. So my father—I'll never forget this—tied a string to the light on the third floor. It hung down the stairwell all three flights, so I could flick on the light at the bottom when I went upstairs. . . . But I'm still afraid of the dark."

We were separated almost immediately after that, but for the next hour he came bounding back to me between drinks to add other items to his list of fears.

"I'm afraid of losing my job. . . . I'm afraid of failure . . . I'm afraid of being found out . . . I'm afraid of just about everything."

"We have to go." My husband broke in between us, and I left, being careful, as one must with confidences, to forget his name.

Is there a common thread to fear? I began to research the fears of the literary great—Dr. Johnson's dread of poverty; Shelley, so hypochondriac that he used to search his friends' wrists for signs of leprosy; or Ruskin, who was actually seriously ill and sometimes in and out of the madhouse, who was afraid—not of physical debility—but of being held up to ridicule. There was Charlotte Brontë who craved companionship to break "the canker of constant solitude," but was so scared of company that the prospect of having dinner at a neighbor's house produced a cracking migraine. I copied out Frost's line, "There's nothing I'm afraid of like scared people," and Roosevelt's (cribbed from Thoreau) that "the only fear is fear itself."

One media pundit, hearing of my quest, pounced eagerly on the prey. "It's fear of government," he proclaimed. "That's what most people are concerned about these days." He leaned toward me intently, eyes narrowed. He makes a living playing on men's fears. "Big Brother regulating business, tapping our phones, checking our mail, inspecting our bank accounts. That's the greatest danger of our times." He rocked back in his large leather chair, struck by another thought. "Or perhaps," he said, "it's fear of nuclear destruction."

He was confusing threat, you see, with fear, which is a mistake that nobody I interviewed ever made. No one considered a single item on his list to be of significance.

This was the first insight to emerge: that fear is not necessarily related to immediacy of threat. It is the courageous man who fears cowardice, the success who is concerned with financial failure. Curiously, no one in our blatantly youth-oriented culture mentioned a dread of aging, of losing looks. Was everyone lying? Or does our fear of self-knowledge protect us by repressing truth?

Only three people out of the hundred-odd questioned confessed to fear of death, and they were all in their youthful prime. For the three-star General who had served at the front of two wars, death was not even a contender.

"Fear of humiliation before one's peers," he answered firmly. "That's what drives men into battle—humiliation. To be dishonored . . . it's the greatest fear in man."

This was the *(Continued on page 176)*

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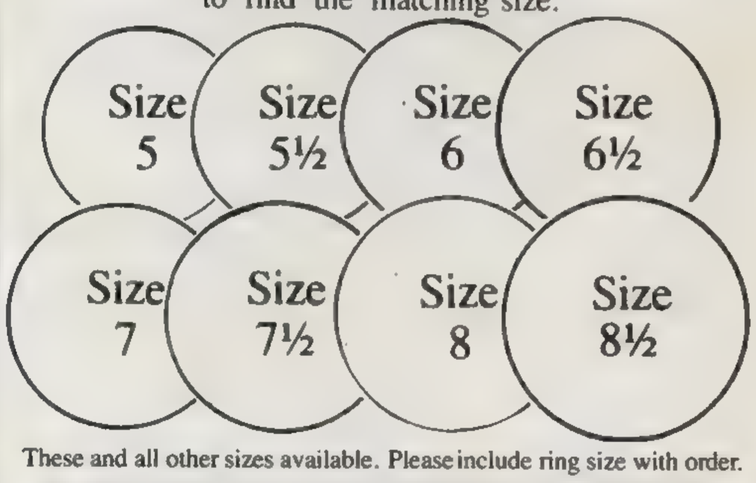

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WOMEN CAN EARN

(Continued from page 166)

cally short of personnel—men or women. Now, out of the U.S.'s 800,000 pilots, only 4000 are women.

● Breaking out of the traditionally "feminine" job categories can pay off for women. A petroleum engineer can earn from $26,000 to $35,000 a year; a financial planner, $50,000. Although right now only 2 percent of the dentists in this country are women, enrollments of women in dental school have increased a staggering 1813 percent since 1970. And for good reason: a dentist can earn from $45,000 to $70,000 per year depending on her specialty. But then maybe we are just following the lead of the Europeans: in Denmark, Sweden, and Greece, dentistry has turned into a "feminine" profession in which the number of women dentists far outnumber the men.

One further suggestion from Kandel: If a woman wants to be certain she is earning exactly the same salary and receiving the same promotion opportunities as her male colleagues, she might enlist. Uncle Sam's Army is now an equal opportunity employer. ▽

MONEY

(Continued from page 146)

limits on the interest that can be charged on revolving accounts.

Many people accept unsolicited offers of credit on the theory that everyone should have unused credit available for emergencies. That's true, but the combined total of the unused credit and the bills you already owe should not (unless you are very, very rich) exceed the danger point of 20 percent. Even if you are able to resist the temptation to borrow too much, there is another important reason for refusing offers of credit you don't need: *unused* credit may be counted against you as an actual debt if you apply for a bank loan. In treating unused credit as money already owed, banks argue that the customer may take advantage of the credit at any time and impair her ability to repay the bank's loan.

If rejecting new credit is one technique for controlling spending, another is to reduce the number of cards in use. I found that my own spending dropped dramatically when I began to rely exclusively on two credit cards. When I was using half a dozen cards, I was able to fool myself about how much I really owed.

A woman who is serious about reducing her debts will have to eliminate or sharply restrict her use of revolving credit. When you know that a bill must be paid in full at the end of the month, you are much less likely to run up charges you can't afford. When you do use revolving-credit accounts with interest charges, reserve them for purchases of durable, necessary items that are going up in price as a result of inflation. It's especially important to avoid charging meals and entertainment on revolving cards.

There are no magic tricks of financial management to make debts disappear, but realistic goals and determination can reverse the upward spiral of borrowing—no small achievement in an inflationary economy—and, in time, reduce the total owed. Anxiety about debt, like the minor pains that propel us to a doctor for a checkup, is a source of discomfort that can work for rather than against us. ▽

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WHAT DO YOU FEAR?

(Continued from page 173)

second pattern to appear, and it was sex-related. Men spoke of humiliation, loss of honor. Women rarely used such terms. If humiliation was the first fear of many men, the second was loss of control, helplessness—a fear that Freud himself admitted to hating, as he also feared poverty, this being analogous to lack of power or control.

I know that when my mother was dying, it was not death she feared but change. Not a chair in the house could be moved, no convenience added, nothing allowed to upset established patterns. She used that for control; for what she was really afraid of was that she would not be strong enough to take on death chin-up with the same stern discipline with which she dealt with life. And though she would not have said it in these words, she was afraid of losing self-command. Which would humiliate her.

"I'm afraid of being poor," answered a wealthy woman in her seventies, haunted by memories of her helplessness during the Depression.

"I'm afraid of losing my health," answered a boxer, recently injured in a fight.

"Ghosts," said an eight-year-old.

"Loss of integrity," answered a woman at a dinner party. "To give away or dishonor what is truly valid or original in me. . . ." But not everyone answered that mystically.

"Death!" replied one intimate friend in a flash. "No, it's pain!" She changed her mind. "No, madness!"

"How interesting," I said. "No one's answered any of those things before."

"Oh." She was stricken with fear, as if this were an exam question she had missed. "What was the question again?"

"What are you most afraid of in life?"

"Oh, what do you fear *in life!*" she laughed, relieved. "In life. Oh. Well. In that case, I'd say, I guess . . . um . . . rejection." She nodded. "Rejection, that's it." Rejection was the third element to come out in the replies. In order then: humiliation; helplessness or loss of control; rejection, leading to isolation from one's fellow man.

A black woman was afraid she "would not be accepted for myself, but only for the color of my skin."

"What?"

"Because sometimes I think I have my job only because of Affirmative Action and not because of who I am."

Each answer holds a germ of tragedy.

"I'm afraid of women."

"I'm afraid of men."

"I'm afraid of not being loved."

"I'm afraid of failure." This was the answer of many men. At first, I took no notice of this reply, cataloging it as the unimaginative response to their professional absorption. I was more interested in the answer of one woman:

"I'm afraid of being mired in the trivia of life." She is a poet, whose responsibilities as the wife of an influential lawyer and mother of teenagers compete continually for her time. I did not see at first that she too was expressing simple fear of failure—as were the men at levels far beyond mere professional competence.

"Fear of failure," said a European banker shooting his cuffs with nervous aggression. "By which I mean, not a failure of any particular piece of business, but failure in the whole dimension of one's life."

How metaphysical the answers become! And then I was struck by another insight: that the women did not use the words "failure" or "success." They gave "rejection" as a major fear, while "failure" was a common response for men. Were the two words synonyms here?

"What do you mean by failure?" I pressed the next man to tag that fear. He is a journalist, bright, pugnacious, tough.

"I mean of being found out," he answered—stunning repetition of the CIA man's phrase!

"Of being *found out?*"

"Of being unacceptable . . . unqualified. . . ." He was struggling for words. "And it's odd because I've never been rejected. I guess I'm afraid of not being loved."

"I'm afraid of not being loved," answered one woman in the throes of divorce. "Of being alone."

So many women echo that.

"I'm afraid of being hurt," answered the Jewish refugee from a German concentration camp. "And also of hurting someone else."

"I'm not afraid of anything," answers the proud eleven-year-old, "except going down the street with my father and having him start skipping, so everyone looks at me."

I burst out laughing. But what was this answer but rejection-fear, again, and by total strangers at that! I smile, indulgent, grateful that finally, as an adult, I've outgrown caring about a stranger's glance.

But have I? One woman had experienced total deprivation: starvation, political imprisonment, disease, despair, disgrace. Expelled from her Communist homeland, she had found herself in her early thirties with no papers, no money, no friends, no language, no family, no past. She had, in one blow, been deprived of identity, of nationality, name, continuity, and human companionship. For a time, she had no place in all the world where she belonged. Her answer:

"I'm afraid of going insane."

Surely isolation is the ultimate horror of mankind. For to be rejected utterly is to lose one's Self. You no longer exist. So all the answers have a common thread, lead to a common goal. Humiliation leads to rejection or isolation, which results in loneliness, the absence of human touch, by which we know we are alive. Fearing rejection, we raise up protective barriers of control. We barricade ourselves behind ambition, power over others, snobbishness, prejudice. And the horror is that paradoxically, each serves only to isolate us from each other all the more.

One day I asked a woman, a psychologist. "What are you most afraid of in life?"

She thought a moment. "I think loneliness."

"What are you talking about?" her new husband interrupted, and when informed of the question, he shrugged. "I don't have one."

"Everyone does!" She laughed. "You have to answer."

"I'd have to think about it for a while."

"No, it's the first thing that comes to mind."

"I really can't think of anything. Well, I'm afraid of something happening to my wife or daughter, that their health would fail."

"That's what I meant," his wife broke in, "when I said *loneliness.*"

"What do you mean?"

"That I would be left without you," she said. "That's my greatest fear."

And they exchanged a look so deep I had to turn away. ▽

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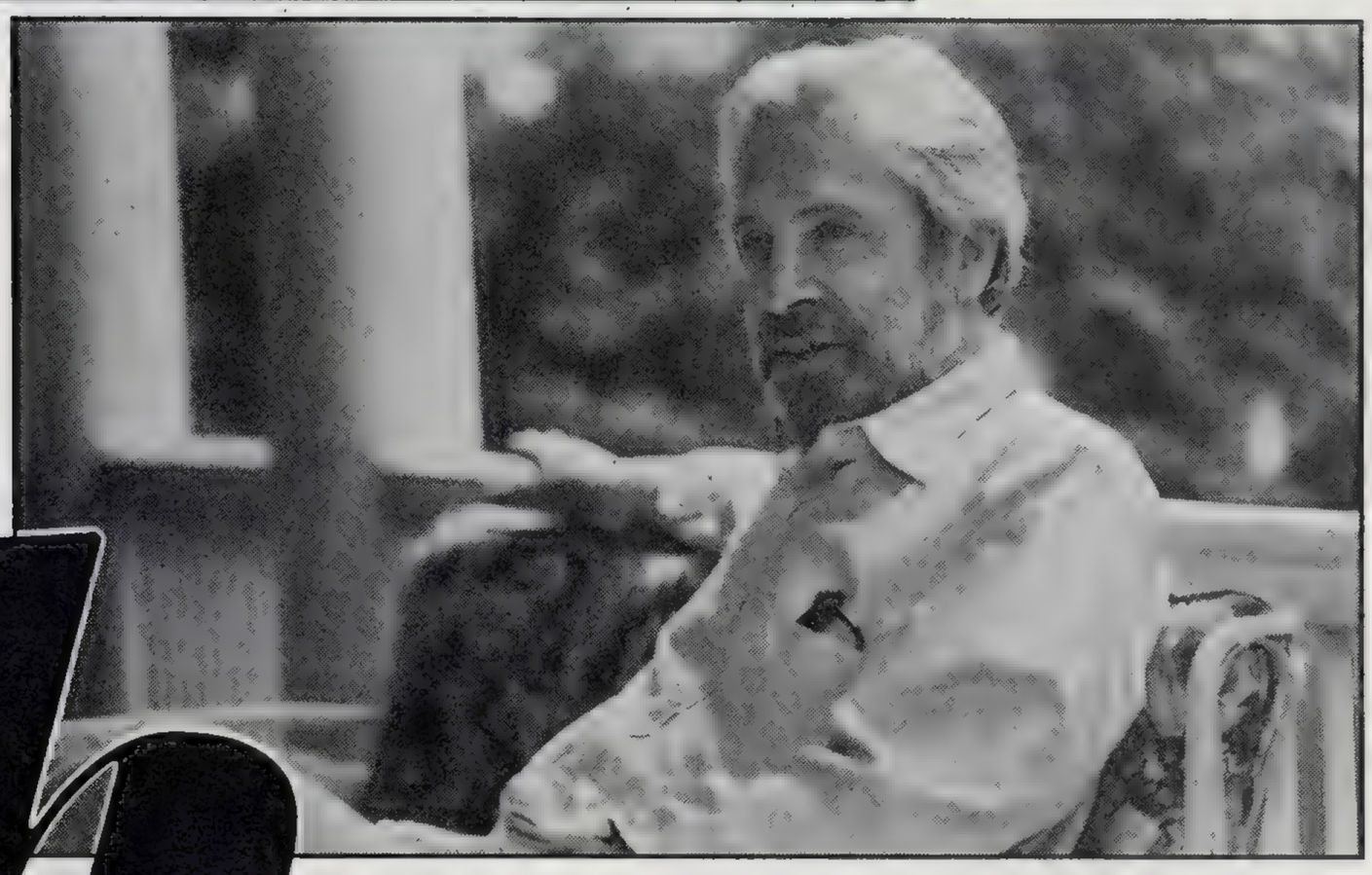
Talking about... Poetry

Anthony Hecht, an American master... his luminous new poem



Brad Bliss

He is that rare poet—serene, startling, because he listens to the world so closely, reflects it so lucidly—whatever he shows you, you feel on your own skin. "Nothing humane is alien to him," wrote Christopher Ricks; and it is precisely this humanity, this uncanny closeness to the nerve centers of the spirit, that makes Hecht's poetry always new.

He lives quietly in upstate New York (teaches at the University of Rochester) with his wife, Helen, herself an author of cookbooks, and their young son. The poet prizes his seclusion—yet admits he could write anywhere, "even—though I hope this never comes to pass—in a prison cell."

Describing himself as a traditional poet, Hecht is an admirer of Bishop, Auden, Merrill—purists all. He muses about influences on his work—but one suspects that Anthony Hecht has always been his own best influence. Writing four books of poetry—including "The Venetian Vespers" and "The Hard Hours," which won a Pulitzer Prize—and a Greek translation, taught him to speak in his own colloquial voice, no less intense for being, at times, a whisper.

Here, published for the first time, a poem written by Anthony Hecht this past summer on a visit to Venice where, it would seem, the very walls spoke to him. As always, he listened well.—C.M.

Meditation

for William Alfred

I

The orchestra tunes up, each instrument
In lunatic monologue, putting on its airs,
Oblivious, haughty, full of self-regard.
The flute fingers its priceless strand of pearls,
Nasal disdain is eructed by the horn,
The strings let drop thin overtones of malice,
Inchoate, like the dense *rhubarb* of voices
At a cocktail party, which the ear sorts out
By alert exclusions, keen selectivities.
A five-way conversation, at its start
Smooth and intelligible as a Brahms quintet,
Disintegrates after the third martini
To dull orchestral nonsense, the garbled fragments
Of domestic friction in a foreign tongue,
Accompanied by a private sense of panic:
This surely must be how old age arrives,
Quite unannounced, when suddenly one fine day
Some trusted faculty has gone forever.

II

After the closing of cathedral doors,
After the last soft footfall fades away,
There still remain artesian, grottoed sounds
Below the threshold of the audible,
Those infinite, unspent reverberations
Of the prayers, coughs, whispers and *amens* of the day,
Afloat upon the marble surfaces.
They continue forever. Nothing is ever lost.
So the shouts of children, enriched, magnified,
Cross-fertilized by the contours of a tunnel,
Promote their little statures for a moment
Of resonance to authority and notice,
A fleeting, bold celebrity that rounds
In perfect circles to attentive shores,
Returning now in still enlarging arcs
To which there is no end. World without end.

III

This perfect company is here engaged
In what is called a sacred conversation.
A seat has been provided for the lady
With her undiapered child in a bright loggia
Floored with *antico verde* and alabaster
Which are cool and pleasing to the feet of saints
Who stand at either side. It is eight o'clock
On a sunny April morning, and there is much here
Worthy of observation. First of all,
No one in all the group seems to be speaking.
The Baptist, in a rude garment of hides,
Vaguely unkempt, is looking straight at the viewer
With serious interest, patient and unblinking.
Across from him, relaxed but powerful,
Stands St. Sebastian, who is neither a ruse
To get a young male nude with classic torso
Into an obviously religious painting,
Nor one who suffers his target martyrdom
Languidly or with a masochist's satisfaction.
He experiences a kind of acupuncture
That in its blessedness has set him free
To attend to everything except himself.
Jerome and Francis, the one in his red hat,
The other tonsured, both of them utterly silent,
Cast their eyes downward as in deep reflection.
Perched on a marble dais below the lady,
A small seraphic consort of viols and lutes
Prepares to play or actually is playing.
They exhibit furrowed, child-like concentration.
A landscape of extraordinary beauty
Leads out behind the personages to where
Beside a stream that turns a water-wheel
A shepherd tends his flock. Far off a ship
Sets sail for the world of commerce. Travellers
Kneel at a wayside shrine near a stone wall.
Game-birds and song-birds strut or take the air
In gliding vectors among cypress spires
By contoured vineyards or groves of olive trees.
A belfry crowns a little knoll behind which
The world recedes into a cobalt blue
Horizon of remote, fine mountain peaks.

The company, though they have turned their backs
To all of this, are aware of everything.
Beneath their words, but audible, the silver
Liquidities of stream and song-bird fall
In cleansing passages, and the water-wheel
Turns out its measured, periodic creak.
They hear the coughs, the raised voices of children
Joyful in the dark tunnel, everything.
Observe with care their tranquil pensiveness.
They hear all the petitions, all the cries
Reverberating over marble floors,
Floating above still water in dark wells.
All the world's woes, all the world's woven woes,
The warp of ages, they hear and understand,
To which is added a final bitterness:
That their own torments, deaths, renunciations,
Made in the name of love, have served as warrant,
Serve to this very morning as fresh warrant
For the infliction of new atrocities.
All this they know. Nothing is ever lost.
It is the condition of their blessedness
To hear and remember every cry of pain
And parse them into a discourse that consorts
In strange agreement with the viols and lutes,
Which, with the water and the meadow bells
And every gathered voice, every *amen* ,
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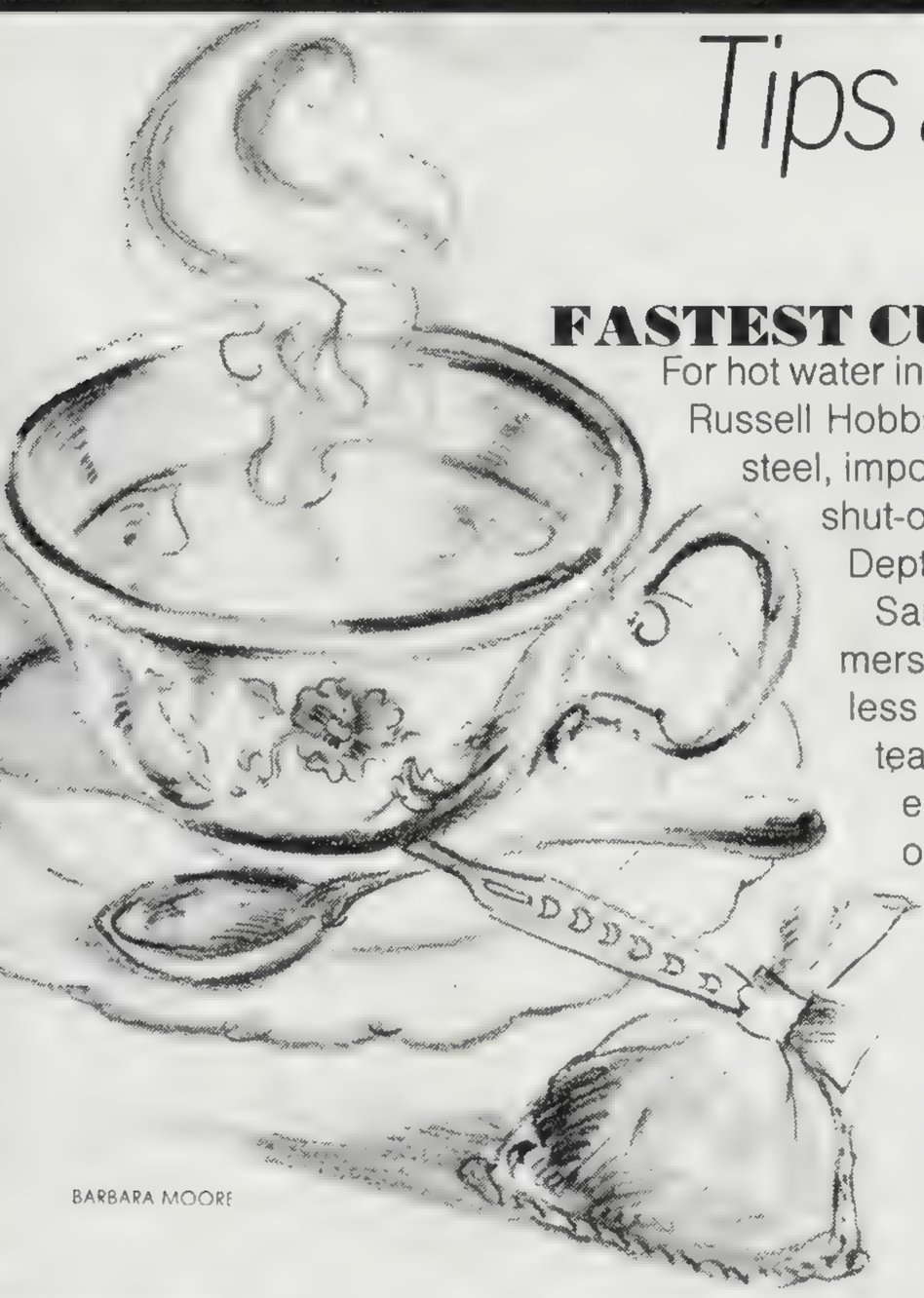
Tips and Treats

By Sandi Cushman Britton



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STAND-INS

Variations that are even better than the originals: sandwich fillings, toast, hors d'oeuvres—

For tea-party sandwiches:

- *instead of watercress, basil leaves (fresh) on thinly sliced, buttered whole-wheat bread.*
- *instead of sliced chicken, paper-thin slices of smoked turkey, with homemade mayonnaise.*
- *instead of cream cheese, mascarpone, that velvety rich Italian cheese that spreads like butter (or very soft cream cheese).*

Note: an attractive way to serve tea sandwiches is to pile them up in a closely fitted pyramid on a large platter. Start eating from the top.

With soups or any other first course that calls for toast:

- *instead of the usual white or whole-wheat bread, sourdough bread.*

In place of whatever hot hors d'oeuvres you usually serve: empanadas.

These traditional South American "turnovers" are now available frozen with a variety of international fillings, made by George and Sherry Zabriskie. You can find them (among other places) at Balducci's, Gimbels East in New York City. All they need to get them party-ready is fifteen minutes' warming in a 350° oven.

JUST DESSERTS

Charlotte Mailliard (everyone loves her parties—her own and the ones she plans for benefits), reports from San Francisco that "every second person" at dinners refuses dessert; but the one dessert no one can pass up, according to Charlotte: "anything very chocolate-y—especially Chocolate Decadence, a cake that is more of a mousse. People fight over seconds." Another winner: tiny tartlets that contain one perfect strawberry, one slice of kiwi fruit—"people feel they are good for them." Also irresistible: Trader Vic's creation at a benefit for the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art: pineapple sherbet on a slice of fresh pineapple, grated fresh ginger on top.

GREEK

Giving an ethnic dinner party is the next best thing to being in a country you love. Kelly and Ernie Anastos (he's the award-winning co-anchorman on WABC-TV's Eyewitness News) are Grecophiles; both have Greek backgrounds, love to share their understanding of the best Greek food with friends. At a recent *yassou* ("greetings") party given as a housewarming, they outdid even themselves. During drinks and dinner in the garden, a singer serenaded guests with Greek and American folk songs. After dinner: dancing to a lively bouzoki record, with plenty of Anastos relatives on hand to demonstrate the authentic Greek steps.

The food: abundant, great tasting, cooked by Kelly and her mother from family recipes. For starters: "Tiropetes," tiny hot cheese puffs made with five kinds of cheese (recipe for these, other dishes, page 184). The main course, tender moussaka, stuffed grape leaves with egg and lemon sauce, a succulent leg of lamb, roasted in lemon juice and oil, hot and flaky spinach pie, crudités with a dip of taramosalata.

On the dessert table: a fruit platter, butter cookies in flower shapes, chocolate balls made with nuts and orange blossom water (recipe page 190), and two traditional Greek pastries, galatoboureko and bakalava.

To drink: the classic Greek white wine, Demestica, and a full-bodied Greek rosé. And with the strong, almost syrupy Greek coffee, Metaxa, the brandy that complements it so well. "*Yassou!*"

Kelly and Ernie Anastos with grand finale of their Greek party: seven irresistible homemade desserts

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GREEK SPECIALTIES

(Continued from page 183)

TARAMOSALATA
about four cups

6 ounces tarama (fish roe, in jars, found in Greek food specialty stores)
1 medium-sized onion, finely grated
8 slices white bread, trimmed
1½ cups olive oil
Juice of 3 lemons
Some finely chopped parsley

In blender or processor, mash tarama and add onion. Moisten bread, squeeze it out and add to tarama. Continue beating tarama, adding alternately olive oil and lemon juice. Beat for about 12 minutes until mixture turns a very pale color. Refrigerate and serve as a dip for raw vegetables. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

TARAMOSALATA PANCAKES
(Specialty of Kelly's mother)
four servings as luncheon dish

6 ounces tarama
1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 teaspoon dried mint leaves
1 pinch baking soda
½ cup water
About 1 cup flour
Olive oil for frying

Mix ingredients, adding only enough flour as you do to make batter a bit thicker than ordinary pancake mix. Drop batter by tablespoons into a bit of sizzling hot olive oil. Fry on both sides until lightly browned. Remove, drain on paper towels, serve while warm.

SPINACH PIE
(Spanakopita, classic Greek dish)
eight servings as luncheon dish
twelve servings as side dish

2 large onions, chopped
½ cup oil
½ cup (1 stick) butter
½ cup farina
3 bags fresh spinach (washed and dried)
8 eggs
1 pound cottage cheese
1 pound feta cheese
Salt and pepper to taste
½ teaspoon dill
½ pound phyllo pastry

Sauté onions in a bit of the oil until golden. Melt 1/2 stick butter, add farina and cook slightly till bubbly. Chop spinach.

In bowl, mix spinach, eggs, cottage cheese, feta, salt and pepper, dill, onions, and farina.

Brush bottom of 14" x 11" pan with some of remaining butter, melted, and oil. Layer 8 phyllo sheets so that they overlap and go up and over sides of pan, brushing melted butter and oil between each sheet as you work. Add spinach mixture, distributing evenly. Draw up overhanging edges of phyllo, brushing each layer with melted butter and oil as you work, until filling is totally covered. Bake in preheated 350° oven for 1 hour. Serve.

(Continued on page 190)

The one secret you won't want to tell your friends about.

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I. MAGNIN

BEAUTY Q&A

(Continued from page 108)

Q **I am a natural blond and have very pale eyelashes. I am considering having them dyed a deeper shade. Is this safe?**

A There are two very definite—and different—opinions on the subject of eyelash dying. The medical experts we took your question to all expressed concern about the extreme sensitivity of the eye area to irritation and allergic reactions; while salon operators who had experience using vegetable-based eyelash dyes reported satisfactory results.

"The skin around the eyes is much more prone to irritation than the skin on any other part of the body," stresses John F. Romano, M.D., clinical instructor in medicine (dermatology), The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "Even if vegetable-type dyes themselves are not toxic, they could be quite irritating if they got inside the eye while the lashes were being dyed. Irritation causes inflammation—and an inflamed eyelid is much more susceptible to infection than is usual."

Peter L. Laino, M.D., associate professor of ophthalmology, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, agrees. "The structure of the eye is such that anything that gets into it, even by accident, is quickly absorbed throughout the body. Allergies to vegetable substances are not uncommon. I would be very wary of using anything close to the eyes without knowing what are its exact ingredients." (This is hard to find out; because none of the eyelash dyes used in salons are offered for retail sale, FDA ingredient labeling regulations do not apply.)

Contact-lens wearers should be especially cautious, according to Dr. Laino. "If the dye is water-soluble, it could destroy soft contact lenses. If your lenses are hard or gas-permeable, you run the risk of stray dye 'pooling' in the tear space between the lens and your eye. This would concentrate the irritation level considerably." Because of this, contact lenses should always be removed before lashes are dyed.

The professionals who do eyelash dying, however, say that based on their experience, the service appears safe. "In five years of doing fifteen to twenty clients a day, we've never had a client with a bad reaction," says Yves Claude, owner of the NYC Yves Claude Hair salon. "Sometimes there is a slight stinging sensation at first, but it disappears instantly." Ilana Harkavi of il-Makiage says, "We use an all-natural vegetable tint. It is not harmful to the eyes, but must be applied properly or the dye can cause irritation. The process should be done only by a professional." All salons emphasize that you should *never* let any other haircoloring product except those specifically formulated for use around the eye area be used to dye your eyelashes, and that you should *never* try to dye your lashes yourself, as this could be harmful.

Before having your lashes dyed, ask the salon to give you a patch test, placing a dime-size spot of the dye on your back or on the inside of your arm. Cover it with an occlusive patch and wait forty-eight hours to check for a reaction. "This will not rule out irritancy to the eye, but it will help to check for an allergic reaction," notes Robert Auerbach, M.D., associate professor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine.

A last bit of advice should you decide to go ahead with this procedure: check your ophthalmologist or dermatologist first.

Q **I have just turned forty and have always worn my hair long. Am I getting too old to wear that length?**

A Not necessarily, according to the top hairstylists we consulted.

"Age shouldn't be the sole determining factor in choosing a hairstyle," says Mary Farr of the Kenneth salon. "The shape of your face, your height, and weight all play a part. Just because you have celebrated your fortieth birthday doesn't mean you have to cut your hair."

"A woman over forty can wear her hair long *if* it is cut in a classic style, clears her shoulders and swings around her face as she moves," believes Garren of Garren at The Plaza/Glemby, who urges his clients to consider their total look. "Proportion is key—your clothes, your hair, the bone structure of your face should all go together. And a woman of that age should pay special attention to the color and tone of her hair, since drab hair is aging."

If you do opt for a change, do it gradually, both experts recommend. You'll be surprised what a big change cutting your hair just a little bit shorter can make. ▽

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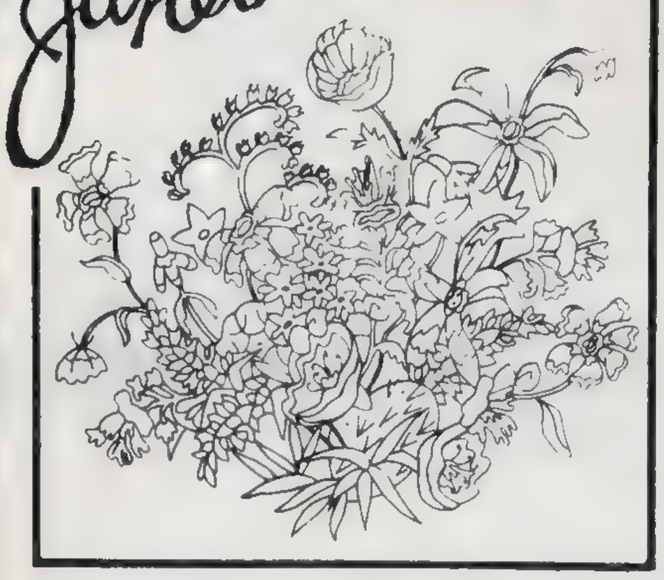

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Janet Shook's previous designs are now the property of the Archives of American Art, the Smithsonian Institution.

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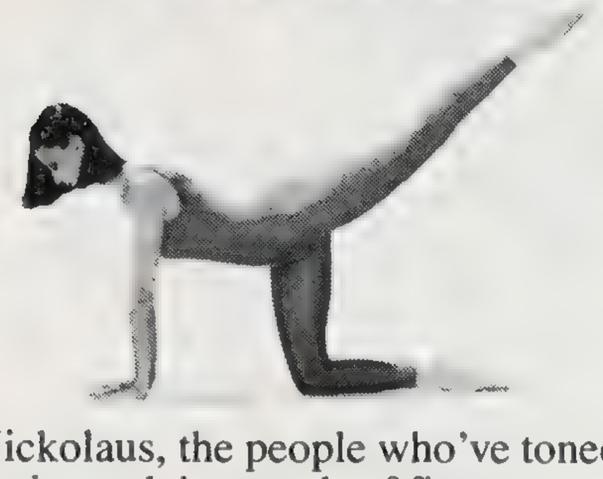

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GREEK SPECIALTIES

(Continued from page 184)

ORANGE BLOSSOM WALNUT CANDIES

about ninety candies

1 pound walnuts, chopped
2 ounces milk chocolate, grated
4 slices dry bread rolled into crumbs
3 tablespoons corn syrup
3 tablespoons sugar
Orange-blossom water, about 2 ounces
Granulated sugar

Mix walnuts, chocolate, bread crumbs, corn syrup, and sugar with your hands. Sprinkle orange-blossom water on as you mix, making sure that the mixture still sticks together, doesn't become too soft. Shape into balls about the size of a marble, and roll them in granulated sugar.

CHEESE PUFFS (Tiropites)

about seventy-five pieces

1 pound feta cheese
8 ounces cream cheese
1 pound ricotta cheese
8 ounces cottage cheese
Grated Parmesan cheese
5 eggs, beaten till fluffy
¼ cup farina
½ stick butter
1 pound phyllo pastry sheets
1 pound melted butter

Blend cheeses in food processor or blender. Cook farina in 1/2 stick butter over low heat until mixture begins to bubble. Add eggs, farina mixture to cheeses, blend well. Cut each phyllo sheet into thirds. Stack up thirds so they remain moist as you work. Brush some melted butter on top of each third as you work, putting teaspoon of cheese/farina mixture on a lower corner of each third. Fold from corner to corner, corner to corner, diagonally as if you were folding a flag to encase filling completely. Continue, till all phyllo, filling, and melted butter is used up.

Bake on buttered cookie sheet in 350° oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

ROLLED GALATOBOUREKO

about sixty pieces

6 eggs
2 cups sugar
1 quart milk
½ cup farina
1 teaspoon lemon peel, grated
1 pound phyllo pastry
¼ pound melted butter
for brushing phyllo
Preheat oven to 350° F

Combine eggs, sugar, blend well. Put milk in saucepan, add eggs, heat to below boiling point. Add farina slowly through a strainer. When mixture thickens, remove from heat and cool. Add lemon peel. Cut each phyllo sheet into thirds. Butter one at a time. Put teaspoon of filling ¼ inch from one end of a strip and roll. Continue till all phyllo is used.

Brush with butter and bake on greased pan for 25 to 30 minutes. ▽

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PRIVATE LIVES

Playing the White House

The special memoirs of a show-stopper

BY BOBBY SHORT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *International entertainer Bobby Short—a legend who has enraptured the most glittering audiences—was invited to a small dinner party at The White House last spring, given by President and Mrs. Reagan in honor of Prince Charles's visit to the United States. Here, Mr. Short on that special evening which sparked this remembrance of glamour present and past.*

Richard Rodgers told me that, once, back in the early 'thirties, he was standing next to George Gershwin at a party. It was a grand spread—the literati, the theater crowd, musicians, and beautiful girls everywhere. The band was playing something very spiffy and Mr. Rodgers was tapping his foot. Mr. Gershwin, also tapping his foot and moving his body a bit with the rhythm, turned to Mr. Rodgers. "That's quite a nice tune the band is playing just now, isn't it?" Mr. Rodgers agreed, then asked, "Who wrote it?"

"I did," said Mr. Gershwin and kept right on tapping his foot.

Someone once suggested that my theme song might be called "I Was Born Too Late." There was a time when this title might have seemed appropriate. The gods, however, made it all up to me, and in truly celestial fashion—there is nothing in this world so instantly magical as a party . . . and I've been to a few.

On the second of May, 1981, our car pulled into the drive leading to the northwest gate of the White House at precisely the hour the invitation requested, seven-thirty. Seeing none of the other guests on the portico ahead, I suggested to the driver that we go around the block just once. No, no, the guard insisted; others had begun to arrive, and it was really quite proper to be exactly on time. Stepping from the car, my date, actress/model Shelley Hack, and I were greeted by the Marine Guard and led into the Grand Foyer, banked with flowers of red, white, and blue. We walked up the Grand Staircase to the private chambers, where Presidents and their wives have lived since the early part of the nineteenth century. This staircase, with its magnificent style and gracious lines, has always excited my curiosity about what lay beyond.

At the White House, parties have always gone into a slump the moment the President and the First Lady, followed by their guests of honor, have left the East Room and disappeared up the stairs to the private quarters. I had watched the Nixons accompany the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in this direction and, more recently, had observed this same kind of exit when President and Mrs. Carter had entertained the Japanese Prime Minister, Masay Oshi Ohira, and Mrs. Ohira.

And now, here I was, walking up the Grand Staircase myself. At the top, a string quartet was playing show tunes. We turned to the right, making our way to the yellow Oval Room, where we found President Reagan standing just outside the door. Robust, smiling, and splendidly dressed, he greeted each guest with a hearty handshake and motioned us into the room, where the First Lady was standing to the right of the guest of honor, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

Shelley and I joined the short line of guests, each of us punctual as pie, all of us eager to meet the royal visitor. When our time came, Mrs. Reagan extended her hand, then introduced us to the Prince with a simple and unaffected "Have you met His Royal Highness?" We had not. We shook the Prince's hand. He responded warmly and in a totally unassuming manner made a modicum of small talk. He was exceedingly charming, open, and terribly relaxed, saying all the right things to the right people.

(Continued on page 209)

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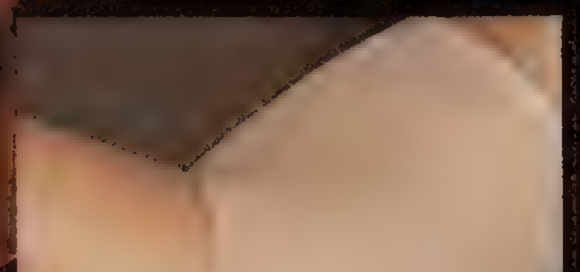

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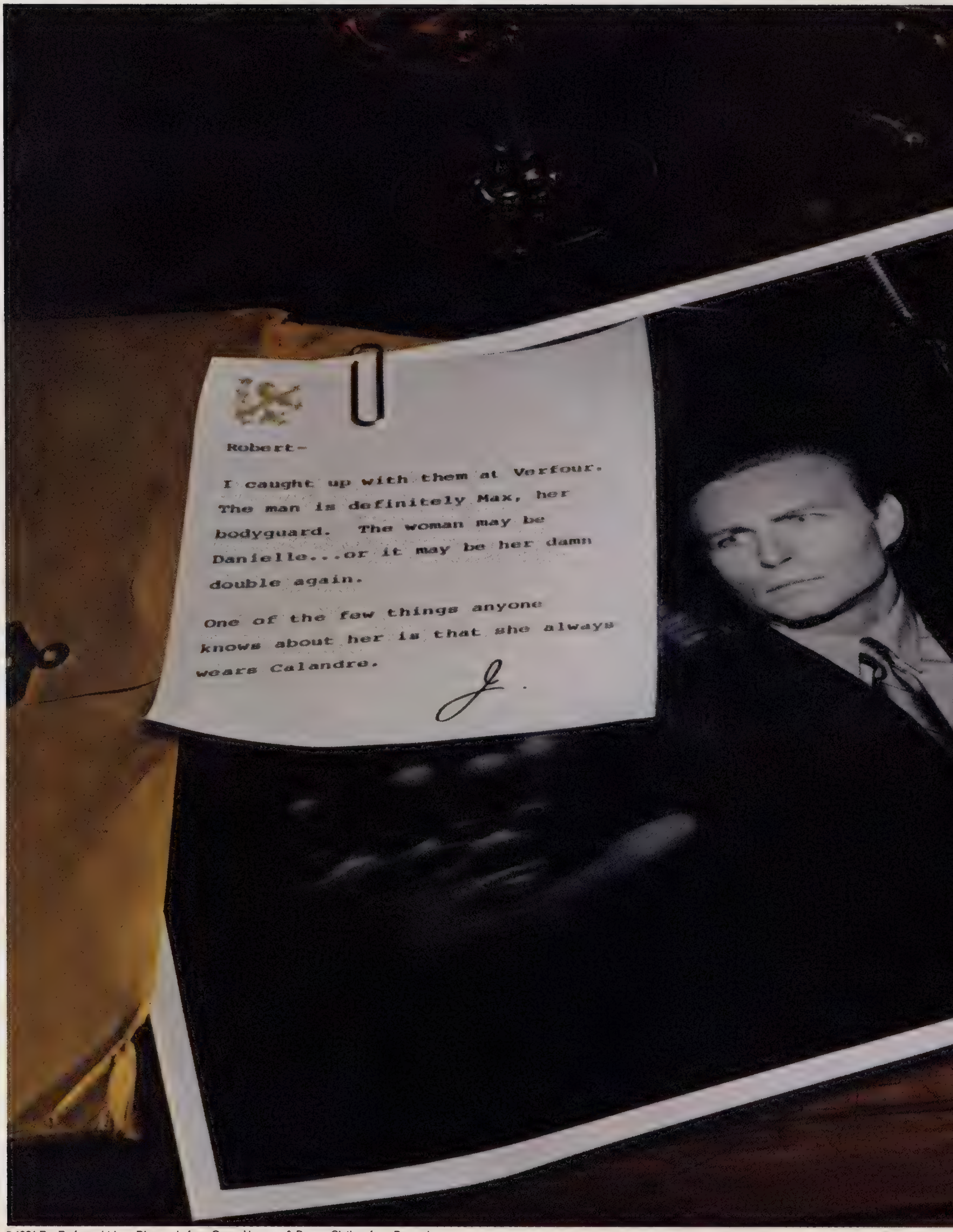

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(Continued from page 202)

From that moment on, the evening was exactly the way Mrs. Reagan had said it would be when she had telephoned me back in March. For the honored guest, she wanted to arrange a small dinner party with some close and amusing friends. Would I come and play? Of course, of course, I said. And here we were, amidst the charm arranged by Ted Graber, Mrs. Reagan's decorator, who was referred to by all the staff as The Magician. In the crosshall and the sitting room, the colors leaned heavily toward yellow and orange—prints, solid tones, and lots of yellow and orange flowers—which gave the rooms a warm and cozy feeling. In the hall, there was a collection of small laquered Chinese tables strewn about, and in the center a six-sided table with a modern bronze sculpture on the top, which the President seemed very proud of.

Shelley and I passed on into the crowd, nodding here and there to familiar faces. I found Jimmy Galanos, my old friend from bygone days in California. We had barely begun to catch up when Nancy Reagan joined us to inquire, like any good hostess, if everything was all right. I complimented her on the gown she was wearing. A Galanos? Naturally. A whisper of navy blue chiffon with white dots had been turned into a confection that suited the First Lady to a tee. Each dot had been covered with bugle beads. The result was something disarmingly simple but majestic enough to meet any prince in the world.

Promptly at quarter past eight, the crowd began to move out into the hall, toward the dining room. There were four tables of eight each. Mrs. Reagan sat with the Prince, and Mrs. Annenberg, Chief of Protocol, was seated on his other side. I was seated between two beauties. On my right was Mrs. Cary Grant, a Britisher now living in Beverly Hills. On my left was an old friend, Robin Hambro, who had been invited at the special request of His Royal Highness. At Mrs. Hambro's left sat the Prince's Private Secretary, Edward Adeane. Next to Mr. Adeane was Betsy Bloomingdale, then Jamie Niven, then Mrs. Zubin Mehta, and then Jerry Zipkin, who led off our conversation with some discussion about people who cannot ever seem to be on time for anything, a fault certainly not in evidence that evening.

Our first course was a crab mousse garnished with fresh asparagus, followed by lamb *en croute.* There were a lot of vegetables, but no bread and butter on the table, and no potatoes, not even a salad. Throughout the meal, I chatted with Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hambro. Mr. Zipkin pointed out to the rest of us the fact that the wallpaper in the dining room had just been returned after some years' absence. Glancing about the wall at the various scenes depicting the American Revolution, Mrs. Grant jokingly commented that the war was clearly a matter of Americans doing perfectly dreadful things to the British.

Shortly after nine, the faultless White House staff passed the plates for dessert. Robin Hambro was the first to admire their simple white and gold design with a proud American eagle on top. Surrendering to her curiosity, she turned her plate over; the rest of us instantly followed suit. Tiffany's, it appeared, had done it again, way back in the 1960s. Dessert was a red sorbet topped with a spun-sugar version of three white ostrich feathers, the Prince of Wales's insignia. With it, a 1975 Schramsberg *blanc de noirs,* one of three outstanding California wines on hand that evening.

Soon, the President rose from his seat a few feet away and, after greeting all of his guests, raised a toast to the Queen of England and to the Prince of Wales. The President's toast was short and informal, joking about how he and the Prince had both "trod the boards"—done some acting—along the way. The Prince, in toasting the President, joked about how the age difference between Lady Diana and himself was exactly the same as between Mr. and Mrs. Reagan. After the Prince's response, Mrs. Reagan led the way to the hall, where coffee and liqueurs were served. Soon after, the President ushered all of us back into the yellow Oval Room, which had been transformed into a miniature concert hall.

The Reagans, His Royal Highness,the Grants, and Mrs. Bloomingdale sat in the front row. Peering in at us was Thomas Jefferson, whose statue—from the monument across the way—was perfectly framed in the window of the concert hall. Beverly Peer and Robert Scott, my accompanists, were in their places; and the President introduced me before I performed.

"There's nothing as magical as a party"

NEW YORK: SPRING 1956
Mrs. William Randolph Hearst was the first to leave the dining room after dinner, sweeping about her mammoth apartment in a manner slightly theatrical. She had great flair. As Millicent Willson, she had performed in another life as part of the Merry Maidens, a trio of young ladies which included her sister, Anita Willson, that had appeared in such turn-of-the-century theatrical offerings as "The Girl From Paris." After her marriage, she quickly became one of New York's leading hostesses. Her evening was very formal, but she maintained a remarkable sense of humor all the while. I recall that her dress had a short train. I overstepped at one point and found that I had halted her progress as she moved throughout her endless rooms. Mortified, I apologized. "Oh, that's nothing," she said. "You've just stepped on my tail, that's all." We continued to the living room.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor came into the room, the Duchess animated and excited, the Duke in high spirits. Elsa Maxwell arrived, as did Maria Callas and Cole Porter. Some curious gossip concerning a sort of "froideur" between Miss Callas, the Duchess, and Elsa was making its way around town through the columns, but Mrs. Hearst's coup that evening was that they were all in the same room, civil and polite as could be. I entertained, all the while wondering if I were getting the words and the music right, and pondering what was on Maria Callas' mind as she listened to my collection of American popular songs.

Earlier in the evening, I had asked Mrs. Reagan to give me a sign when she felt I had performed long enough. After my first group of songs, I rose from the piano and bowed. The Reagans leaned forward and applauded enthusiastically. At my next bow, the Reagans, all smiles, were on their feet as well. Mr. Peer and Mr. Scott joined me in a final bow and suddenly it was over. I moved from the piano, and accepted the warm thanks from my hosts. The Prince of Wales came forward and, in a few words, let me know that he thought the old Porter, Coward, and Fats Waller songs I'd sung made much more sense to him than many of the songs of today. Without a doubt, he could do no wrong after such an observation! It had been gratifying to entertain without microphones, and not a trace of smoke in the air.

LOS ANGELES IN THE EARLY 1940s ABOUT 4:00 A.M.
Nellie Brown staggered from the kitchen into the dining room barely capable of balancing the enormous platter of fried chicken. Her black crêpe de Chine trailed behind her and the topknot she'd arranged had begun to show the slightest inclination that it might not last out the evening. Small beads of perspiration mingled with the opals in her necklace. She returned to the kitchen to fetch an outsized bowl of spaghetti. Other trips like these provided an impressively large green salad, a potato salad, massive platters filled with deviled eggs, black and green California olives,and a medley of relishes.

Her duty done, she returned to the crowd now gathering around the grand piano in the living room. An old friend, Evelyn Royal, had taken on the awesome task of singing while Art Tatum dodged, dipped, and curved in and out of keys and rhythms at the piano with the measured agility of a ski champion. The room was smoky, but the crowd was attentive as Mr. Tatum exercised the grand. Occasionally, there was a whoop from the guests when some daring feat of harmony had been mastered.

Lawrence Brown, Rex Stewart, Johnny Hodges, the Duke himself, Russell Pocope, Ben Webster, Sonny Greer, and Juan Tizol were all on hand. Pretty women in their best clothing moved in and out of the crowd sometimes stopping to mash a kiss on their men. No one bothered to go near the food-laden table until Tatum had swallowed his last beer and was away from the keys. Then we descended like locusts and a silence took over while we looked about for someplace to squat for a while and feed our hungry faces. Many of us settled for the front porch. It was suddenly daylight. The eyes of the early morning travelers were all riveted to the scene on the Browns' lawn, the panorama of eating, drinking, laughing party folk greeting the dawn's early light still dressed for the night.

The room was in stitches when Sammy Cahn finished at the piano. In one of his songs, he'd managed to include the name of every guest present that evening—no mean feat when one considers the collection of names and titles. When Sammy was finished, however, it was clear that it was nearly time to go. The Champagne service continued and there were small groups of people here and there in the hall admiring the handiwork of Mr. Graber. Shelley and I found ourselves deep into a conversation with the President about the discovery of furniture and artifacts long forgotten by White House occupants and tucked away in warehouses around the capital. The President began to speak of Hollywood and his first agent for films. Obviously he was in fine spirits as he accompanied us to the Grand Staircase.

Outside we stepped into our limousine and headed for the Fairfax. It was barely eleven o'clock and it was a Saturday night. ▽

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PERSONAL

"Saber and me": story of a rare friendship

Sometimes a brief encounter becomes a lasting memory

BY ARTHUR MILLER

Arthur Miller, *left,* and friend Saber in Egypt: a wordless rapport

INGE MORATH

The cabin stewards and dining-room people all understood English and French but the sailing crew knew only Arabic and not a syllable of anything else, and I knew no Arabic, so it was rather magical how, on the first day of the voyage my needs as a crippled passenger were silently met. A leg cast is no help, of course, but in a way it is protective and leaves the mind freer than one would suppose to contemplate Egypt and the shores of the Nile. On the first day's outing away from the boat to visit the temple ruins of Luxor, I found myself accompanied by a cabin boy of fourteen who kept close behind me as I followed our group and our guide, Madame Farda Galassi. The main thing was to keep up with our group so as to hear her learned comments on everything, and to do so without appearing to struggle with the crutch; but after a few hours, I found it not at all difficult, especially when every time we came to a halt the boy attendant would rush up and place a red plastic stool under me.

At the end of the day, I handed him a tip which I could see was a mild shock to him; and, indeed, his place was taken next day by a tall fellow in his thirties, well-built and wearing a gray woolen overcoat. The new man's name was Saber, pronounced Sahbair. Necessity was to keep us together for almost all of each day for two weeks with no possibility of verbal communication, and yet it is hard to think of another human who moved me more. When he first showed up, taking the boy's place, I was not at all warm toward him. But I was also helpless without an aide, as Saber was starting to convince me.

The tombs and temples of Egypt, having been constructed with no thought for tourists' convenience, are located in places accessible from the river only by cavalcades of buses and cars which begin their inland trips from the unadorned banks of the river itself. Thus, the boats have to unload passengers capable of walking a plank about fourteen inches wide, placed between the main deck rail and any rock that can be found to support it at the nether end. For a handrail, a pole some twenty-five feet long is held on a crewman's shoulder on shore, the inboard end on the rail itself. Negotiating the plank with one leg in a cast, often over water twelve or so feet below (could one swim in a cast?) was not really as hard as the look on Saber's face made it appear.

On my first attempt to cross the plank, Saber clung to my elbow as I stepped out with my good leg over the abyss. The brilliant thought occurred to me to give him my crutch to hold, and turning half around I did so and he accepted it with immense gratification at being permitted to help. I was then freed to cross the bank without any problem; but as he followed me ashore and tucked the crutch under my armpit, even I was almost convinced that without his mute solicitude I should have tumbled into the ancient waters and died then and there. What relief on his long dark face with each rescue he accomplished!

On the buses, I took the rearmost seat where I could stretch out my bad leg. Always Saber was two rows ahead of me, out of my way, but sufficiently within unobstructed range so that he could spring to the rescue every few minutes with an orange perhaps, a glass of bottled water, a napkin, or sometimes a little white cheese and bread. And as we proceeded through the villages to some excavated site, he would keep glancing back with a look of joyful mourning. Within a single day of such attentions, I had forgotten my earlier suspicions about his reasons for injecting himself into my service; the truth was I knew that I no longer had a damned thing to worry about in Egypt with Saber around, and that was worth anything. I am sure that had we been held up by robbers Saber would have bitten them to death had they approached me in the back of the bus.

Sometimes it was impossible to follow the group across sand where the crutch would sink in, so I had the good luck to be left behind on the bank of the river where Saber would sit me down on a camp chair to receive the local notables, curiosity seekers, children, policemen, other tourists, foreign and Egyptian students—as well as the secret police who managed to show up anywhere and everywhere, Egypt having a great supply of these.

Only once in the two weeks I was served by Saber was I forced to disappoint him—for as in all master-servant relations the obligations gradually become mutual, each by turns slipping into the other's role. At Beni Hassan, I was supplied with a burro on which to cross a stretch of perhaps a quarter mile of sand. With the hands of the proprietor and his assistant ready to catch me on either side of the animal, and my crutch and stool carried by a third fellow a few yards behind, I turned completely around to observe the effect on Saber. He was trailing along about fifteen yards back there with his cautious—one might say alarmed—gaze always on me, hoping, I was sure, that the animal would bolt and that it would be left to him to bring it under control. He looked forlorned until he got his stool and my crutch back, his tokens of office. Unable to exchange a single word between us it was left to our eyes to communicate. He understood, of course, that I was in the hands of the burro-owner not by choice but by custom; and, when I was returned to the river bank and dismounted, he rushed in sweeping aside the imposters, and gripped my arm until I was safely on the ground again.

On such occasions, when I was receiving, so to speak—our group having left for whatever temple or tomb—Saber was at his best. It may well be that a wounded man has some special attractiveness for Egyptians, perhaps for the Middle East in general. There was always a deferential quality to the attitudes of the curious who by some grapevine would come hurrying along the desert to come and have a look. They would form a rough circle about half a dozen yards off, rather huddling together for tactile reassurance, murmuring to one another, and occasionally pointing at the white cast and the old rubber I used to cover the foot. Possibly it brought to mind war or some outrageous adventure. In truth, I had fallen off a low ladder in my barn.

On one of these trips, I was settled comfortably in my chair on a high sandy bank overlooking the river, some dozen or so onlookers taking me in and Saber stationing himself four or five paces to one side, gripping my crutch in his left hand. He would stand erect, never ceasing to glance over at me, especially if I so much as shifted the position of my bad leg. It occurred to me that I was a bit like the village idiot who has been touched by God, so appealing was my leg for these people, so fearsome and at the same time fascinating. I could feel a vague thumping in the ground, suddenly, and then saw a moving mist of sand in the near distance and in a moment a beautiful brown Morgan horse had galloped to a halt a few yards away and an officer in brown military uniform slid off and handed the reins to a nearby fellow and came over to me.

He looked about twenty-eight or so, a bit overweight, with extremely curious black eyes, an intelligent grin, and a tremendous eagerness, it seemed, to communicate even with his halting English. From nowhere, a folding chair was produced for him and he sat beside me to stare into my face with a look of wonder.

He was in charge of the police for some fifteen miles in both directions along the river but had a degree in foreign trade—a profession for which there was not very much demand at the moment, however. What he deeply wished to know was how I wrote, what time I got up in the morning, how *(Continued on page 212)*

SABER AND ME

(Continued from page 211)

many hours I worked, when I had begun my career, what had prompted me to think I had any ability, when I made my first royalty. The fact was, he was interviewing me for the police magazine, which every officer read, and my appearance in it would be a great coup for him because so many of his colleagues wanted to be writers.

"And you want to be a writer, too?"

"Oh yes!" he grinned, shyly but insisting upon his vision of himself.

"Have you tried to write anything?"

"Oh yes, I do, but I don't know what to write about. How does one know that?"

"Well, you can start with what happens. With what you experience yourself. You must have experiences on your job."

He looked around at the little crowd of impoverished people and I could see that he found little glamour in his material. He had already told me he was a movie fan and a devotee of theater and television, as well as poetry. This crowd of ragged kids and flyblown men was hardly the stuff of even a small masterpiece. Clearly, he did not think my advice too overwhelmingly helpful.

In a while he stood up, excused himself, thanked me, mounted his horse and galloped off, banging his heels against the horse's flanks. Within fifteen minutes, I saw, off in the sunblasted distance, a small crowd of men trotting beside a donkey on which a man was seated, supported by hands on all sides, a man who appeared to be ready to slide to the ground at any moment. And when his animal came to halt nearby, he indeed was allowed to slide off and he slumped to the ground trying to catch his breath. In one hand he held a cane and in the other a flashlight, indicating he had spent time in the dark tombs up ahead.

Once he had his breath, he nodded to me in greeting and we shook hands. He was Professor—, a retired Egyptologist who by prearrangement had met our group in one of the tombs they were visiting. But just as he had arrived at the meeting place and was preparing to dismount from his donkey, my policeman friend had galloped past at top speed and caused his donkey to rear, throwing him so unexpectedly to the ground that he had had his breath knocked out and had fainted. He was in his mid-seventies, bald, cheerful, and he spoke with a lisp. This, as well as his staccato way of speaking gave his remarks a Joycean air of free flight which repelled any attempt at comprehension. But at the same time he seemed so warm and cheerful and, occasionally, so informative about the ancient times that one never gave up trying to understand him.

Finally, when the group had returned on its dozen burros and one by one had crossed the plank, it was my turn to go into my act. As always, the crowd pressed closer to observe either my skill or my thrilling flop into the water, Saber enforcing silence upon them with his indignant looks until I was safely aboard, then hurrying after me with my crutch and—when he was lucky—my bush jacket.

I was surprised, once the boat was under way and the beautiful shore once again sliding placidly by, that the policeman was with us. He would accompany us to the next town, his home. In fact, he had galloped off so fast in order to give his horse to someone who would bring it back to headquarters for him. He was not finished with me yet.

He really had to know how one selected a subject. He was aching to write, knew he had talent, but simply had no idea of how to decide what to write about.

"How can I tell you what to write about?"

"Yes, I know, but . . . if you were in this country what would interest you to write about?"

"How about a policeman?"

He laughed knowingly. "My magazine has already published *The Price.*"

"Well then what happened this week, this month on your beat? Don't people get into conflicts? Don't you have to arrest anyone?"

"Not often . . ." Then some inner vision took over his face. "There was something two months ago. . . ." He seemed slightly uncomfortable about telling it. But then he launched himself. "There was a girl in one of the villages—she had a baby; the father wanted to marry her, and after the baby was born they got married. The night of the wedding the father had to leave around midnight for his job. She remained asleep. Her mother cut her throat."

"Why?"

" 'To clean our honor,' she said."

"Well, that's a hell of a story, why don't you write that?"

He stared out across the serpentine wake of the boat. "But is it interesting?"

"Well, what did you do with the mother?"

"I arrested her. She is in prison now."

"Why don't you write it?"

"You really think so?"

"Of course. It's a terrifying story, a wonderful story."

It was impossible to tell if he agreed with me, but there was an excitement in his dark eyes, a challenge, perhaps, which he wasn't sure he dared accept.

We landed, and the policeman, waving to all of us, walked across the plank and turned to await the professor, who also lived in this town. The old man was carrying a gift, a large book of photographs of Egypt given him by our host whom he revered. He was also carrying his flashlight and his walking stick. Midway across the plank something in him failed; he swayed and the book slipped out of his grasp and into the water where a crewman waded out and rescued it, but not before it was soaked. The Professor, nearly crumpling, managed to make it to the shore where he fell to the ground. He could not bear to turn back to the onlookers aboard the boat as the police officer helped him up a flight of stairs to the road above the river.

We left the boat in Cairo at the foot of a great hotel. Our group was shaking hands, kissing, promising letters, running back to cabins to retrieve forgotten items. I made it for the last time across the plank and for the last time felt Saber's big hand under my elbow as I stepped to the ground. Tears were flowing in his eyes and he stood with head hanging, trying not to show his weakness, yet trying to smile too. This enormous man. I shook his hand, then pressed his arm and finally half-embraced him. For the last time, he handed me my crutch, his wand of office which by now he had invested with the value of the sublime. There was something so absurd in his weeping that I could not bear to linger with him and, with one last wordless wave, went on my way to the hotel. I could only think that in some way past understanding we had been good for one another. ▽

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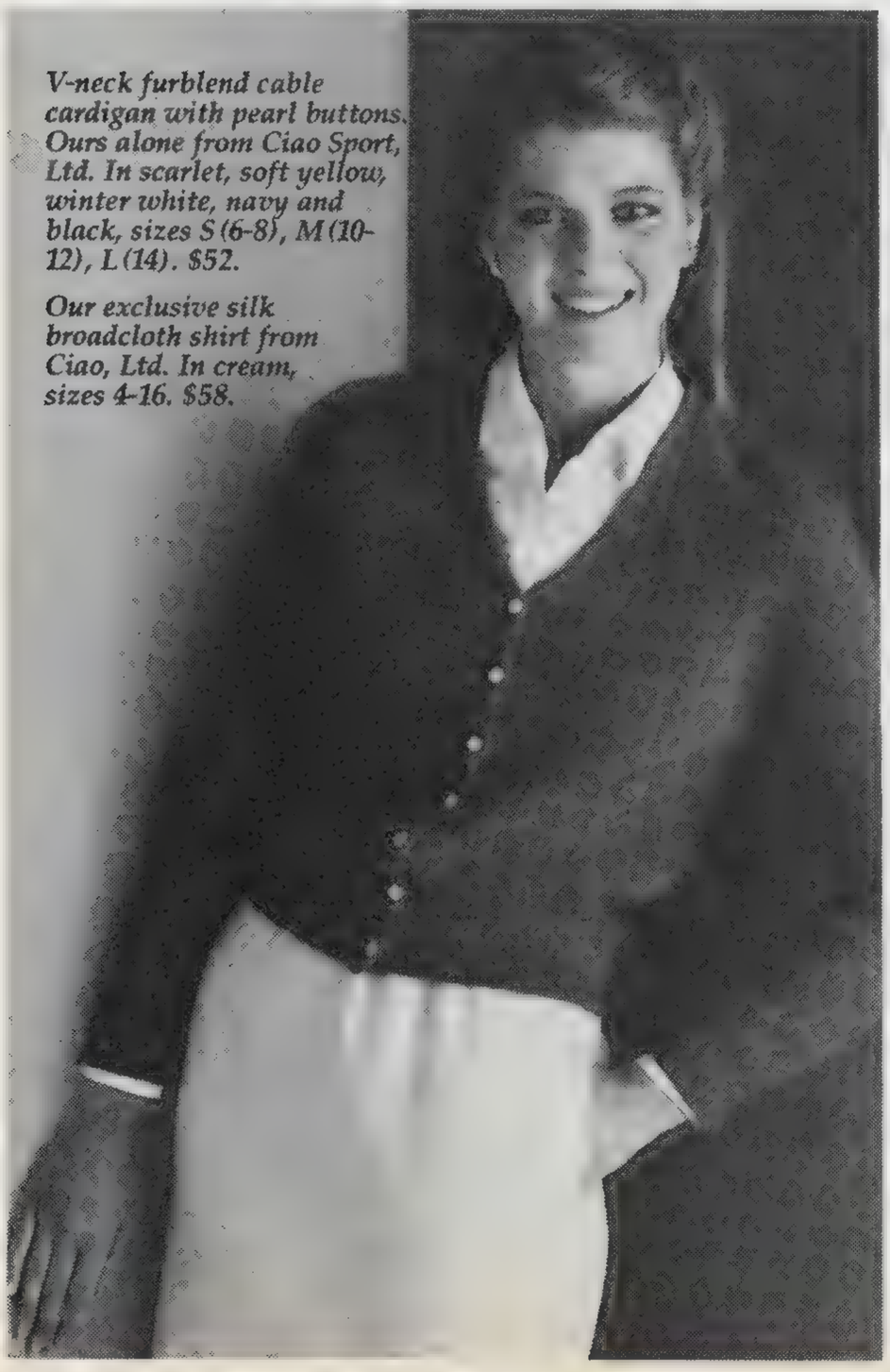

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **November**

Your Scorpio profile: Scorpios are sparkling, hard-driving dynamos who strive for perfection—in work and in romance—and who expect the same from others. Your emotional nature places a high price on love and friendship, your intellectual side craves power. Scorpios make strong teammates, in intellectual endeavors and in athletic pursuits, but they'd much rather run the show!

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Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 21

Work may seem very routine this month, but don't be too concerned if you find yourself taking more orders than you give out. Your creative imagination and level of efficiency are both soaring, particularly between the 10th and the 28th. The 26th is a key time to impress someone in the public eye. On the 29th, you reach the peak of your winning streak, so plan to spend the day with someone you love.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

For the past year, your sign has been ruled by generous Jupiter—showering your social and your professional life with unlimited positive energy. But, on the 27th, serious-minded Scorpio takes over. It's time to roll up your sleeves and devote some time to hard work and practical thought. Don't despair, your labors will pay off, and sooner than you might imagine; Uranus moves into your sign at month's end, promising an exciting turn of events in the coming winter months. Get set! This is the main act.

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

If your social life has been lagging lately, things are bound to pick up. On the 16th, Uranus will inspire you to project a rarely seen side of your personality—as joyous Jupiter springs into your life on the 26th, this may result in a glowing, magnetic new you! And, under Jupiter's sunny influence, prepare to make some winning new friends who won't let you down.

Aquarius

JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

This will be a month of big changes. As your ruler, Uranus, shifts into scholarly Sagittarius for a seven-year stay. You will shake off that lust for power, and devote more time to the give and take of ideas with others. Take a trip the first week and clear your head of the past. Discuss new plans with a loved one on the 9th, but wait until after the full moon, on the 11th, to forge into your brave new world.

Pisces

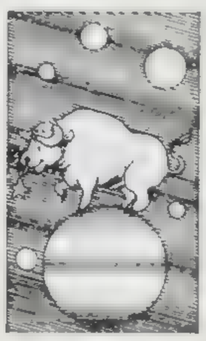
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

From the 1st to the 15th, your ruler, Neptune, will bask in the glow of Uranus, the planet of fame. If you have any new plans in the works, now is the time to present them to the people who count; you should have no trouble impressing your audience, and influential friends will be on hand to boost your efforts. This is a rare opportunity to get what you want—be sure to go after it!

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

The first ten days of the month may feel like one long uphill battle. As Mars passes into Virgo, work will seem unusually demanding. Don't panic! If you pace yourself, and enlist the aid of some coworkers, you can sail through this slump, with some good news on the 11th to break the monotony. A familiar face from the past resurfaces on the 22nd with a favor to ask. Don't hesitate to offer your help; it may open up a whole new world of opportunity.

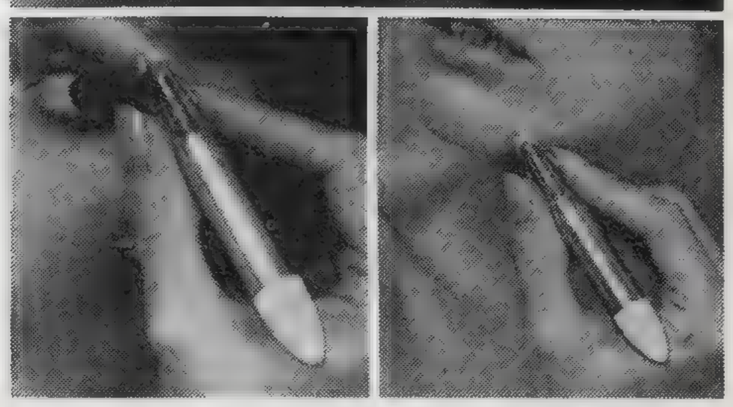


Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

The late autumn chill always whisks you into a period of challenge, but you *know* you can handle it! From the 10th to the 28th, a powerful stranger may try to meddle in your business. Never fear—your inherent charms, influenced by dulcet Venus, ease you out of the danger zone. Look for good news late in the month; a surprise award or acknowledgement triggers a period of positive reinforcement all around, which will surely strengthen your position in the public eye. With a little effort, you can dazzle all winter long, so lay the groundwork now.

(Continued on page 217)



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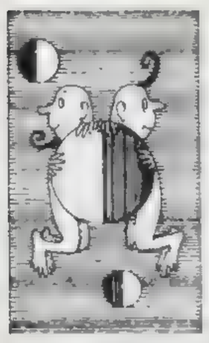
HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 215)



Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 20

From the 10th to the 29th your ruler, Mercury, is directly influenced by serious-minded Scorpio. This will make you drive a hard bargain; you expect a lot from friends and co-workers—and you get it. Don't be put off by frustrating tedium around the 16th—it will be offset by heartening news that reaches you on the 18th. By the 22nd, an old challenger shows up—be prepared to outwit him once and for all!

Cancer

JUNE 21–JULY 22

Mercury and Scorpio have always been a powerful combination for you, and from the 10th to the 24th, all signs will point to your success—breezing you into an unusually active period. Keep the momentum going; collect on old debts the 22nd, work on turning some longtime dreams into realities on the 24th. At month's end, lucky Jupiter enters Scorpio, bringing you a profound sense of emotional security.

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

When powerful Uranus enters the fiery sign of Sagittarius on the 16th, you are thrust into a seven-year cycle that will bring you to long-awaited prominence. It's time to lay a foundation for the path to lofty new horizons. Size up partners carefully—you're on a fast track, and friends will have to keep up. Commit yourself to written promises on the 20th. The 22nd sheds new light on your goals.

Virgo

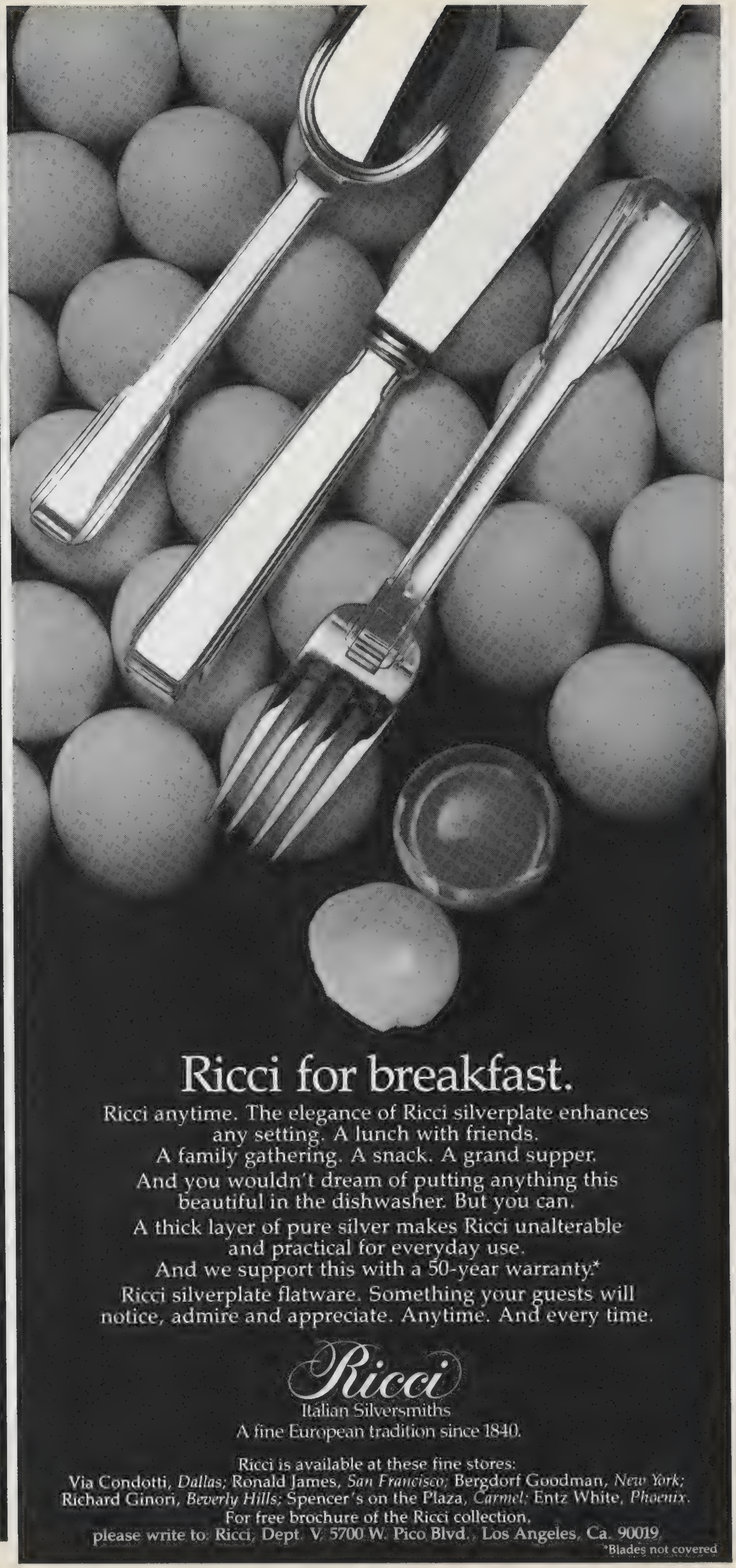
AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

The warrior Mars passes through Virgo during the first ten days of the month, bringing your strong leadership qualities to the fore. It's time to take command! Tie up any loose ends at work by the 22nd. After the new moon on the 26th, Sagittarius, the sign of scholarship, unites with forceful Uranus, bringing you in contact with important new associates who will play a significant role in shaping your future.

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

It's time to get organized, and with practical Capricorn spurring you on, you can accomplish plenty in a short time. You may be delighted to find yourself surrounded by new opportunities—it is the influence of bountiful Jupiter, under whose protection you can do no wrong. Move quickly—on the 26th, this state of grace will pass.



Youth & beauty, age & wisdom

"Many women, myself included, are actually looking forward to life on the other side of youth and beauty"

BY MARY KAY BLAKELY

EDITORS NOTE: *Beginning here, a regular column for Vogue by Mary Kay Blakely, co-editor of "Pulling Our Own Strings," an anthology of women's humor; a teacher of women's studies at Indiana University in Fort Wayne; and the mother of two young sons.*

The man in my TV set was warning me about the dreadful effects "looking my age" could have on my happiness. There is certainly plenty of evidence which supports the notion that, while age may have a positive effect on wine and cheese, it will cause a woman to become invisible. She will disappear from the culture. She won't be offered starring roles in movies or be needed to sell any cars/tools/luggage/etc. She won't be featured on runways, or billboards, or posters, and what possible reason could an older woman have for showing up on a beach? Youth and beauty, the voice in my TV cautioned me, are about all that men can really appreciate in women. That's why it is important not to let yourself go, he said, "because you don't want to look like your mother."

I could not see the face of the man speaking —his voice came from behind scenes of beautiful young women he admired, all smiling demurely with eyes at half mast. I imagined he was fat. Perhaps bald. He was not a man, in my imagination, who would be at all appealing to the women he admired. But these revengeful fantasies quickly subsided, because I also thought the man was wrong.

What he didn't know, apparently, was that many women, myself included, are actually looking forward to life on the other side of youth and beauty. Reports filtering back from friends who have already begun looking like their mothers are very favorable. Reports from the mothers themselves are enthusiastic. These women are discovering that age and wisdom can be very appealing alternatives. A woman interested in achieving wisdom, in fact, may find that youth and beauty, and the attention of men can be very mixed blessings. It's hard to think during the age of youth and beauty.

I first discovered how incompatible thinking was with youth and beauty when I was in Sister Theresa's sixth grade math class. I was engrossed in the problem of getting Driver A to Minneapolis before Driver B. Before I could even get Driver A to Duluth, however, I felt a distraction from the race; I became aware of an intrusive presence. My face felt warm, and, without even looking up, I knew it was Danny Pascelli again. Danny Pascelli was the first boy in the class to grow the faint hint of a mustache, which he thought entitled him to the privileges of manhood. That is, while I never tried to look particularly alluring in my saddle shoes and uniform skirt, Danny Pascelli considered it his duty to give me daily reports on my developing puberty. I felt my concentration slip away, the answer escape me, under the pressure of an oncoming comment.

"You know," Danny said, looking up from my anklets, "you would be a really pretty girl if you would only shave your legs."

I had not been thinking about my legs, but for the rest of the afternoon I thought almost exclusively about them. The experience taught me one indisputable fact: A girl's progress on a difficult math problem could be interpreted at any moment by the hair on her legs.

Youth and beauty, I learned, cannot have a mind of its own—it takes its direction from the voices behind the scenes. It must be thoughtless, because thought, as it moves across a face, changes it. If the thought is complex, it will furrow her brow, leaving the lines of reflection there. If the thought is painful, it will leave a shadow around the eyes, invoking a mood of seriousness. If it's a stimulating or exciting thought, it will alert the eyelids, and shatter the illusion of vulnerability and passivity.

But youth and beauty are not all that will waylay a woman trying to solve her own puzzles. Youth and beauty lead, invariably, to housework, not math. The role of "wife and mother," she will soon perceive, is unlike "husband and father" in that it is assumed to be incompatible with other titles, like surgeon, or politician, or attorney. While the position of "wife and mother" will not require all of her attention all the time, it does require half of her attention all the time. She may have only a few minutes to let herself go into her own thoughts between the pressing questions, "Who took my library book?" and "Where are my socks?" She may still wear an unconscious smile and her eyes half opened, not because she's trying to imitate youth and beauty, but because she hasn't had eight hours of sleep since those days.

You can begin to imagine why the threats of age and the dire results of "letting yourself go" might not be so alarming for a woman who still has a math problem to solve. During the first twenty years, she learned about life from the perspective of men, and for the next twenty, through the eyes and the needs of her children. It is only in her forties that a woman might begin to see things for herself. As the visions of men and children merge with her own, there is the dawning of wisdom in the face of a woman. The lines of thought leave a sense of power and confidence that's not easily distracted. That's why the man in my TV set is not crazy about having women look like their mothers. It isn't easy to fool a mother.

If the man in my TV could come out and face a woman the age of his mother, he would encounter a face that knows some things. She might know, for example, that at age three, he had an accident on the way to the bathroom or that, at age eight, he only got to the end of the block when he ran away from home or, age fifteen, he feared no woman would marry a man whose voice hadn't changed or, age twenty-one, he had no idea what he wanted to be when he grew up. There's no limit to the things a woman who looks like your mother might know, and she is not likely to regard the young man with perfect seriousness.

By the time a woman has passed through youth and beauty and wife and mother, there is, perhaps for the first time in her life, the possibility of a peer relationship with men. The men who populate her life, if they are honest men, no longer entertain the notion that they are her superiors in intellect, in strength, in character. They have been startled, too many times, by the examples of her "intuition"—the depth of perception, the uncanny insight, the complex connections that come with her triple vision of men and children and herself.

Nor are women who have seen much of life likely to believe anymore in men's infallibility. Men and women, wise with years and experience, have learned the truth about each other. The illusions are gone. As one woman I know has put it, "By the time you are my age, you've seen what men look like in their boxer shorts. It's hard to intimidate a woman once she knows what you look like in boxer shorts."

The prospect of looking like my mother doesn't frighten me. I see in her face, and in the faces of other women I admire, a remarkable beauty. Their expressions reflect a genuine enthusiasm, an enviable self-confidence, an expanding wisdom that only years and experience can leave there. The face of an older woman is truthful—it smiles when it is amused, not because it aims to please. It's both humbled by the compromise and struggle of life and proud of its history. It brings the lines of intelligence together with the lines of compassion, suggesting multiple layers of understanding.

There's a photograph I look to frequently, to learn what age might do for a woman, a portrait of a writer in her fifties. She is sitting at her desk, her chin on her hands, a few wisps of hair neglectfully falling from the bun at the back of her neck. She is lost in thought, her eyes staring intently on some vision outside the range of the camera. She seems to be unconscious of the requirements of her gender—she is not smiling or looking demure. Her posture is confident, there is a certainty about her—it's impossible to imagine anyone's barging in to ask that she please do something with her hair. It's unthinkable that anyone would want to interrupt the beauty that thought is weaving on the woman's face.

It's not a simple task to absorb the beauty, to comprehend the character, that appears in the face of a woman accustomed to thinking for herself. It's the beauty that emerges when the lines of thought are allowed to linger on a woman's face long enough to catch a glimpse of the truth. That is, if the woman has managed to really "let herself go." ▽

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Talking about... Dance

A home for American ballet: Robert Joffrey talks about his company, how times in dance have changed

By Holly Brubach

It all started, in 1956, with six dancers, one of whom also played the piano, and a tape recorder. Their first engagement was in Frostburg, Maryland, at ten in the morning. If this was not exactly a full-fledged ballet company by today's standards, no matter—it was the only ballet most of the people in the audience had ever seen. It was the Joffrey Ballet and, in the twenty-five years since, it has acquired forty more dancers, replaced the tape recorder with an orchestra, toured the world, and established a reputation for itself as a prominent company with an adventurous repertory and a youthful following, a company that could make ballet—like rock music and pop art—speak for the moment in which we live.

Though New York City was its base, the Joffrey Ballet spent its first nine years on the road, all over America. "The whole purpose of the company was to be American—American ballets, American performers," founder Robert Joffrey says. "If you were to make a list of all the choreographers in the world today, you'd find that the majority are American." And has the Joffrey Ballet played a part in that statistic? "I hope so.

"When we started, there were a few stars of a large company on tour, doing versions of *Swan Lake* with five or six people, but no small company doing original ballets, works created for them. We tried, from the very beginning, to have productions, however modest—to present a theatrical experience involving light and sets, music and dance. I felt it was important to commission scores and to create works specifically for the talents of the individual dancers. And then also to have ballets that are part of our heritage—not from Petipa or the Classical period, not *The Nutcracker* or *Coppélia* or *Giselle,* but ballets from 1900 on, from the Diaghilev period. Ballets that were landmarks and important to their time—like *Parade* or *The Green Table* or *Moves* or *Petrouchka.*"

According to plan, the Joffrey has become a showcase for the works of young American choreographers, like Laura Dean, Twyla Tharp, Eliot Feld. And for certain twentieth-century classics, like Sir Frederick Ashton's *A Wedding Bouquet,* ballets too intimate to survive in big opera houses. "The emphasis has been on working with the choreographer, whenever possible. And if the choreographer is not available, then we work with the people who have danced that ballet, so that the heritage is passed on from one generation to the next and carefully preserved." Both Gerald Arpino, the company's resident choreographer, and Joffrey himself have made some fifty ballets—many of them, signposts of their own times: Arpino's *Trinity,* in 1970, set to rock music; Joffrey's *Astarte,* in 1967, a mixed-media ballet that made use of strobe lighting and projected images.

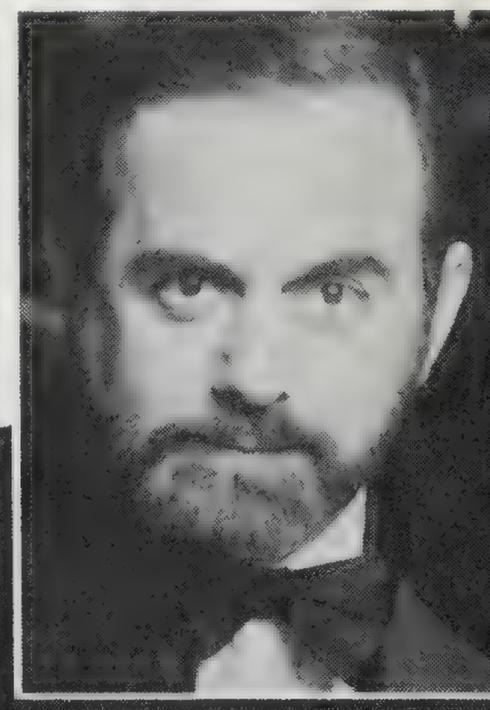
Blueprints for the company's twenty-fifth anniversary celebration in New York this fall call for a gala retrospective that brings together Joffrey alumni and combines film, photographs, and other records of past performances in a single evening's program. Then, in the spring, the company goes on tour—and takes the retrospective program along, to five cities that have played a special role in the company's history.

"When I began," Joffrey says, "there were very few scholarships for dancers, not many American teachers. No regional companies of professional caliber. Dancers were very isolated in the 'forties and 'fifties—there were basically two companies you could join, and that was it. No community to belong to. And the dancers then were not so specific—everybody in ballet did a little tap and acrobatics, too.

"But now you find that people are better trained, that they specialize. We have dancers trained in America who are now teaching. And it used to be that men didn't dance until high school or after they'd started college—but now they are starting to enter dance at an earlier age.

"As a choreographer, I'm motivated by dancers. My interest has always been in the company." And would he continue to choreograph if it weren't for the company? Joffrey doesn't even stop to consider: "I think I will always have the company. Even when we had difficulties, it never occurred to me that I wouldn't have the company."

The Joffrey Ballet at the City Center, NYC, through Nov. 22.



The Joffrey Ballet, now—in Gerald Arpino's "Epode" (1979), above. And then—in Joffrey's "Pas des Déesses" (1951), below. Right, Robert Joffrey.

HERBERT MIGDOLL

Talking about... TV

Playing it fast and loose in soap-opera land

By James Wolcott

GENERAL HOSPITAL

Message T-shirts are one of the tackier scourges of the modern age. How can you respect a woman who bops down the street with her date wearing a T-shirt which announces "I'M WITH STUPID?" Or a man who smirkingly parts the swing-doors of a bar in a shirt bearing the message "TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT?" The frightening thing is that these people will someday bring children into the world, innocent little tykes who will be wheeled through the streets in their strollers with the words "I WENT TO NEW YORK AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT" stenciled across dribble-spotted cotton. Occasionally, however, message T-shirts do serve a purpose: they tip you off to shifts in public taste. This summer, I noticed more and more young women sporting T-shirts plugging the ABC daytime soap *General Hospital*. Once, emerging from the shadows of the subway into bright sunlight, there were three teenage girls wearing identical T-shirts across which the following words ran like a ticker-tape giggle: "WE'D RATHER BE WATCHING GENERAL HOSPITAL." I smacked my forehead in puzzlement.

Puzzlement, because *General Hospital* is a curious show to be catching fire now—it's been embedded in ABC's daytime schedule for close to two decades. In the early 1960s, when I was but a freckled youth and all the world was a fishin' pond, I used to spend the cloudier days of summer catching up on the doings at *General Hospital*. Back then, the man holding down the fort at *GH* was Dr. Steve Hardy, played by John Beradino, a former major-league ballplayer (career average: .249) whose trademark as an actor was the Dry Knowing Chuckle. Dr. Hardy had a Dry Knowing Chuckle for every occasion. "Doctor, Nurse Willis is leaving us. . .she's having a baby." "Congratulations!" Dr. Hardy would say with an affectionate nod as noises escaped from his throat which suggested loose peanuts rattling around in an empty Cracker Jack box. Now and then Beradino crunched his brow to register concern, but most of the time he relied on his chuckle to reassure those not long for this world: "Miss Graves, these tests are purely routine—you'll be skating figure-eights again before you know it, uh-*ahuh*-huh." A few episodes later, they'd be wheeling poor Miss Graves into the elevator, a sheet over her head as Dr. Hardy leaned stoically on the reception-desk counter, crunching his brow.

"General Hospital" is the sexiest of the soaps. . . romance is indulged for its own sake — for the sheer flirty pleasure of making the blood quicken"

What *General Hospital* has done to rejuvenate itself is tuck Dr. Hardy and his chuckle into a dusty corner and bring on a troop of ripe upstarts. John Beradino hasn't been banished from the show—he still glides in to toss off wise advice to the nurses knotted at the elevator—but he no longer dominates the action. He's been swept aside by the soap world's youth movement, as have so many of the older stars on daytime TV. With more and more women entering the work-force, producers have been forced to concentrate on luring younger viewers to the soaps, which explains why they spice up the shows in the summer months with stories about teeny-bopper sex and older women/younger men interludes—they want to hook kids and keep them hooked when they return to school. (*All My Children* and *The Young and the Restless,* for example, have always been big campus favorites.)

The youth movement can have rather cruel consequences. On older CBS soaps like *As the World Turns* *(Continued on page 252)*

Above left, GH's legendary lovers: raffish Luke Spencer played by "cult-fave" Anthony Geary and his luscious love-bunny Laura (Genie Francis). Below, from right: Geary, Francis, and Tristan Rogers who "takes off his shirt to the sighing delight of millions."

James Wolcott *writes about TV regularly for "The Village Voice," about movies for "Texas Monthly," and, he says, "about soap-opera vamps and other women who misbehave" for Vogue.*

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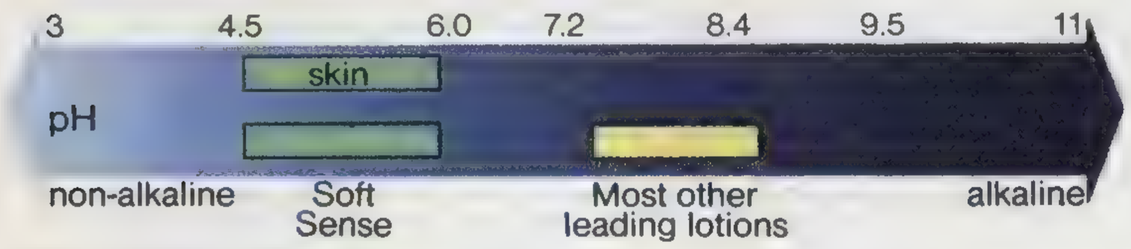

*Tests conducted in 1980-81

New Soft Sense has oil-free softeners that absorb fast without leaving a greasy feeling. So you could even blow a cotton ball off your hand.

Your skin will feel softer and smoother.

You could even blow a cotton ball off your hand.

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WOMEN NOW

What women need now: a new alliance with men

Are the fighting days over? A book of caution, and hope

BY MARY CANTWELL

There are two things I remember about the only college reunion I ever attended. The first is that one classmate had become a lesbian and, possibly defiant about having no baby pictures, showed up instead with her very young lover. The rest of us, glad of a weekend away from husbands and small children, came alone, but with snapshots. Those who weren't married didn't come at all. They had nothing whatsoever to show.

The second is that every other woman there was talking about a recently published book called *The Feminine Mystique*, and some performed a skit based on it for the class dinner. I wish I could recall that skit; it might help me recall what we were thinking in 1964, if anything. Younger than the group of women from whom Ms. Friedan drew most of her research, we were, nonetheless, the group that most quickly embraced this latest resurgence of feminism. I am not sure why—those older may have had too much to lose, and those younger may have been diverted by Woodstock. It is ironic, though, that a generation which had been characterized as "silent" should have turned out, in the end, to have been so noisy. In feminism, it appears, we finally found our voice.

I remember the years that followed very well, however, simply because my friends and I were thinking harder, and more excitedly, than

Straight talk about families, work, getting along—the bedrock issues

we had since we'd left school. I am nostalgic for those days, in the same way that one is nostalgic for the beginning of a marriage—the time when one has very little but doesn't know it, and when the future lies ahead. (There comes a moment in every life, no matter how happy, when there is no longer a future, only a realization of the continuity of change.) And when I reread *The Feminine Mystique* recently, I was again sitting cross-legged in New York living rooms listening to women who told me that everything that had gone wrong in my life had gone wrong because I was female. (Oversimplification is at the heart of every revolution.) Once more, I heard a well-known scriptwriter, now dead, saying I was lucky to be too young to have been analyzed by a Freudian, Freud being fatal to women. I remember parades, though I was not a marcher, and anger, which I was too confused to use effectively, and, above all, a sense that I was slowly, but very surely, dropping my excess baggage. *The Feminine Mystique* is awkward and somewhat disordered (Ms. Friedan's style and thinking have the sprawl of a well-used couch), but if you want to know why the Women's Movement—read this book. It may not be art, but it is history.

Now Betty Friedan has written another awkward and somewhat disordered work. It is titled *The Second Stage* (Summit Books), and if you want to know where the Women's Movement is now—read this book.

Ms. Friedan is a fine researcher, and a woman of enormous common sense and pragmatism. She is, as she puts it, "uncomfortable with metaphysical speculation"; she is equally uncomfortable with many of the Movement's theoreticians. What lies *(Continued on page 240)*

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LIVING IN THE USA

The New Righteousness—changing our laws, your life

It's called the Family Protection Act but whose family is it protecting?

BY FRANCES FITZGERALD

The United States Congress is now considering the so-called Family Protection Act, a bill whose stated purpose is "to strengthen the American family and to promote the virtues of family life through education, tax assistance and related measures." The bill is in fact the opening salvo in the New Right's campaign against the rights of women, children, and homosexuals, and against the integrity of the public school system. The bill would weaken the power of the federal government to combat discrimination by race, sex, and creed, and it would—by legislative fiat—invalidate the 1963 decision of the Supreme Court against prayer in the schools.

To sweeten the bill, its sponsors have included a number of provisions with appeal across the political spectrum, notably a tax deduction for those who have elderly or handicapped relatives living in their households. The introduction to the bill, however, points to the more ominous aspects of the legislation. According to that introduction,

"The Congress finds that:

(1) a stable and healthy family is the foundation of a society and its culture;
(2) the family in America is the lifeline of America's continued existence and the cornerstone of America's growth and future development;
(3) certain Government policies have . . . undermined and diminished the viability of the American family; and
(4) the policy of the Government of the United States should . . . be directed and limited to the strengthening of the American family . . ."

The Founding Fathers, of course, believed that the society was formed of individuals, each one of whom had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This bill, however, states that a corporate unit called "the family" is the building block of society; at the very least it implies that single people do not participate in the growth of the country. One of the sponsors of the bill, Representative Albert Lee Smith of Birmingham, Alabama, went one step further in his floor statement. "The American family," he said, "is the first unit of government in our society," thus offering an interpretation of the U.S. Constitution quite unique to himself.

The introduction to the bill gives no definition of "the family," but it clearly identifies the aggressor against it as federal government policy. The other sponsor of the bill, Senator Roger Jepsen, was more explicit on this point. "The family," he said in his floor statement, "has become the favorite target of some organizations and intellectuals bent on transforming the social order . . . Very subtly, over a period of relatively few years, bureaucrats have spun a suffocating web of programs and regulations that has threatened the very existence of the traditional family."

Senator Jepsen and Rep. Smith would like to persuade us that social activists, bureaucrats, and "secular humanists" are to be blamed for such phenomena as the divorce rate, the retirement villages in Florida, and the detachment of "sexual activity in young people from the imperatives of morality and responsibility." What they mean is that the government could outlaw abortion, free access to contraception, affirmative action, and adequate Social Security payments.

One idea: to protect the family—deny women, kids, and gays their rights

The first major section of the Act, entitled "Family Preservation," makes it clear why the drafters did not define "the family," for the effect of this section would be to take rights away from certain family members and give them to others. In this section are laws which would deny federal funding to any institution that supplied an unmarried minor with contraceptive devices or abortion counseling without parental notification.

There is a law that would give parents clearer rights over the moral and religious education of their children—perhaps veto power over much of what the schools might teach them. Other laws would bar the federal government from overriding state statutes on child abuse or juvenile delinquency, and would redefine the term "child abuse" so that it "does not include discipline or corporal punishment methods applied by a parent." The sponsors insist that "corporal punishment" means spanking; but, the English language being what it is, the definition would effectively legalize child abuse. It is a matter of some interest that the very people who would deny the rights of children are the same people who most vociferously claim rights for fetuses.

As it concerns the rights of women, the "Family Preservation" title would negate any federal law that overrides state statutes on spouse abuse, and prevent the Legal Services Corporation from assisting those suing for abortion counseling, for divorce, or for a divorce settlement. Thus not even a battered wife could obtain free legal help in getting a divorce: that presumably would be another "government intrusion" into "the family."

To add insult to injury, another section of the bill would deny federal funds to educational materials which "do not reflect a balance between the status role of men and women, do not reflect different ways in which women and men live and do not contribute to the American way of life as it has been historically understood." The purpose of this garbled sentence is presumably to fix sex-role stereotypes in the amber of the good old days when men were men and women were "gals."

Along with women and children, homosexuals are to be put in their place. One Family Protection Act provision would bar the Legal Services Corporation from assisting in litigation for homosexual rights; another would stop federal funds from going to any person or institution for the purpose of "advocating, promoting, or suggesting homosexuality . . . as a lifestyle." Thus all educational materials developed with federal funds would have to portray homosexuals as sick or sinful. In sum, the first title of the bill would seem to indicate that the real dangers to the family came from women, children, and homosexuals who stood up for their rights.

Rep. Smith has called the Legal Services Corporation a "federal boondoggle" which should be entirely eliminated. The tax deductions in the Family Protection Act could, however, cost the federal budget far more than the Legal Services Corporation. True, some of the tax laws might serve the cause of family preservation in some families. The deduction for elderly or handicapped dependents might enable some families to keep their relatives at home—rather than sending them off to hospitals or nursing homes. (And since the Reagan administration has cut back future Social Security benefits, many elderly people who could now afford Florida may have no choice but to live with their children.) The law allowing one spouse a deduction to create a retirement savings account for the other would be of great help to homemakers who earned no income whatsoever. (It would also be an incentive for married women to stay out of the work force.) Finally, the further deductions for adoption might facilitate the adoption of hard-to-place children. What is notable about the tax laws, however, is that, being tax deductions, they would help only middle- or upper-middle-income families and would give no protection to poor families.

What is remarkable about the bill as a whole is that it offers nothing whatever to the poor; indeed, it would deny poor people the legal protection they now have—not only in divorce and abortion counseling cases but in litigation for school desegregation.

This bill is called the Family Protection Act, but it really should be called the Private School Promotion *(Continued on page 238)*

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n'est pas un parfum pour les femmes effacées.

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LIVING IN THE USA

(Continued from page 236)

Bill, for the bulk of it concerns education and would benefit only the private schools. By far the largest tax deduction in this bill—$2500 a year—would go to those who wished to send their children to private educational institutions, from kindergarten through college. Called an "education savings account" plan, this provision could be a replacement for the tuition tax credit plan except that it would give no credit to poor families. It would, however, subsidize a whole new network of private schools and colleges. Another FPA law would give all educational affiliates of churches—such as schools, day-care centers, and orphanages—complete freedom from all federal regulations, including all guidelines designed to overcome racial imbalance. A third law would shield all tax-exempt schools from prosecution for racial or religious discrimination. (Apparently, racial integration is also bad for families.) This bill would of course permit segregated academies to mushroom in certain states, and it would permit fly-by-night churches to run Dickensian youth homes. Interestingly, the Moral Majority and other white fundamentalist groups have long lobbied for such a set of laws.

While the FPA would give free rein to private school operators, it would effectively cripple the public education system in many parts of the country. The "education savings account" plan would by itself spell disaster, for it would drain away middle-class students and erode the tax base from the public schools, leaving impoverished schools to educate the very poorest children.

The FPA would also eliminate all federal regulation over the curriculum, administration, and personnel of the public schools. The sponsors argue, quite rightly, the importance of community participation in the schools, but teachers must have some degree of academic freedom, and "community control" so often means control by a small minority in the community.

When added to this deregulation, the next set of laws would seem to be a blueprint for the domination of the schools by fanatical minor-

"Public education would be crippled"

ities. These laws would stop federal funds from going to any school which (a) prohibited parents or "representatives of the community" from participating in decisions relating to the study of religion; (b) stopped parents from visiting classes; or (c) prohibited parental review of textbooks prior to their use in the classroom. Such laws would of course give enormous power to fundamentalist groups which even now are attempting to purge the schools of "secular humanism" in the form of evolutionary theory and novels like *Brave New World*; and they would allow any group of parents to censor textbooks on even the most arbitrary of grounds.

Finally, and most disturbingly from a Constitutional point of view, the FPA would allow any group to hold prayer meetings in the public schools and would put the whole issue of school prayers beyond the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. In certain communities the schools would surely become battlefields for political and religious wars. Ironically, the only thing these communities could not struggle about would be the depiction of men and women in textbooks.

In all likelihood, the FPA will not reach the floor of Congress in its present form. The strategists of the New Right drafted the bill two years ago as a model for their legislation to serve, first, as a loyalty test for the "pro-family" movement, and secondly, as a legislative basket from which their Congressmen could draw. In all likelihood, the FPA's provisions will come to the floor one at a time as separate bills or as riders on other pieces of legislation. The New Right strategists will be using them as probes to discover the mood of the Congress and the intentions of the Reagan administration with respect to abortion, women's rights, civil rights, and so on. Where they see an opening, they will proceed to write new legislation and to broaden their line of attack.

Some of the FPA provisions—notably the laws on school prayer—have the potential for creating a major storm in the Congress over the Constitutional issues involved. Other provisions could just slip through on omnibus bills, or be passed as strategic concessions to the New Right. Powerful conservatives like Senators Jesse Helms and Paul Laxalt (the first sponsor of the bill) will be counting such votes and watching for their opportunity to turn, on the tide of the administration and the Congress, against the liberal social legislation of the 'seventies and against the Supreme Court decisions on abortion and the public schools. ▽

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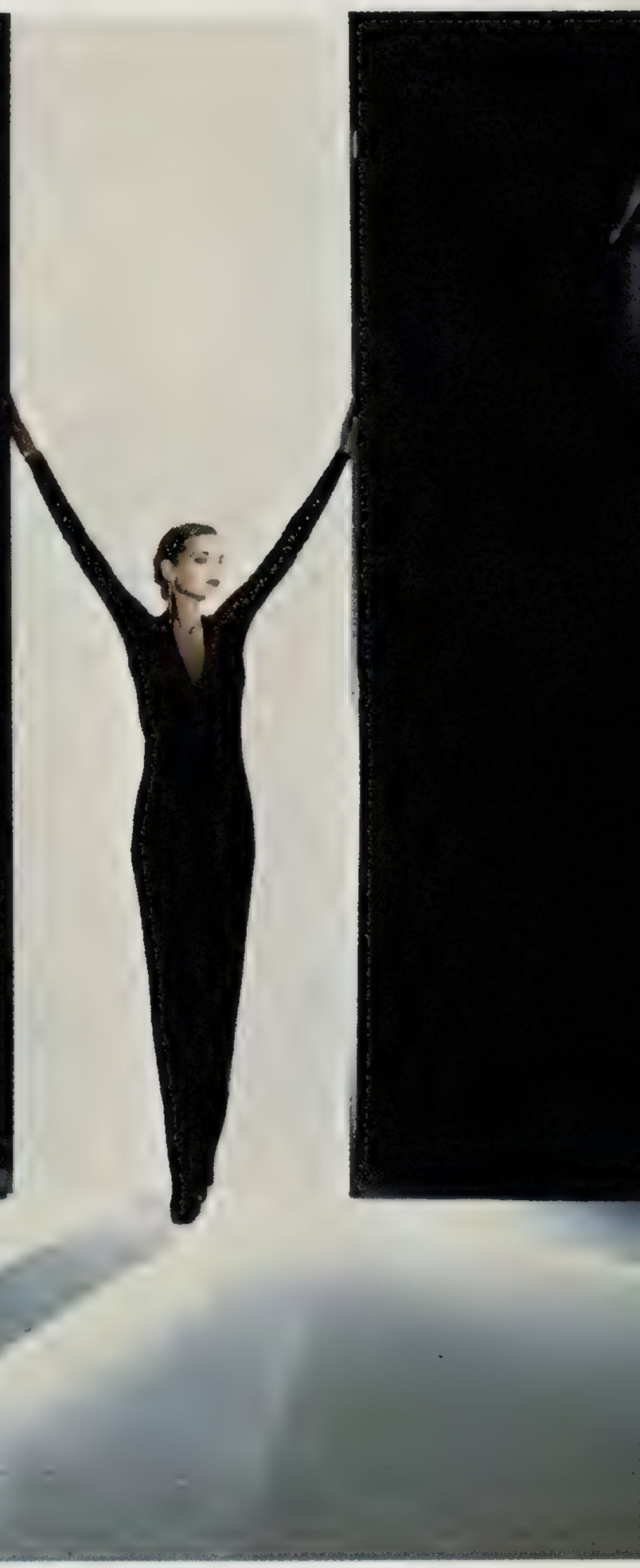

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WHAT WOMEN NEED

(Continued from page 232)

behind rape, pornography, and millenia of patriarchy is of academic interest to her. She believes that women have qualities peculiar to women, and whether they are intrinsic (for which there's no proof) or the result of conditioning (for which there's plenty) is not a question with which she bothers her head. Like a good shop steward, Ms. Friedan puts her considerable energies into enlisting members for the union. In *The Feminine Mystique*, Ms. Friedan spoke to the mainstream; in *The Second Stage,* she is the mainstream. And if she is alarmed about the state of the Women's Movement now, it is because she realizes how fragile the web that connects its members.

The Women's Movement resembles the Black Movement in that while it has extraordinary political and economic ramifications its message must also be internalized. It is predicated on its adherents' acquiring a strong self-image, and it was the promise of that strength that catapulted so many disparate people into activism. "I want to be an autonomous woman" was how one used to put it, without knowing precisely what was meant.

At the start, sharing a sex, embarking on the same voyage, was enough. But once the thrill of that linkage had worn off, the Movement began to fragment as the multiple diversities of human character and intelligence became apparent again. That it has retained its thrust is astonishing; that there has been, and still is, infighting (to which Ms. Friedan is a contributor) is inevitable. The Movement does not, after all, propose solutions. Instead it poses questions for which—if one takes them to their logical conclusion—there is but one answer: the absolute interchangeability of sex role. Can we deny men the options we are seeking for ourselves? Altruism forces a "no"; so does practicality. If we are free to move into men's worlds, so they should be free to move into ours. Besides, we ask ourselves, who will take care of the children?

That women must join forces with men now is the nexus of *The Second Stage*. Although separatism was once vital to the Women's Movement, Ms. Friedan sees it, at this point in time, as potentially destructive to it. Her thesis is reminiscent of the old "We're not talking about women's rights; we're talking about human rights," but the argument has a new relevance in light of the current resistance to many tenets of the Movement. On the so-called new breed of man, though, she is no more successful than anybody else: after reading the reams written on that mythic male, one always concludes that if he isn't Alan Alda he's got to be Phil Donahue.

In *The Second Stage*, however, Ms. Friedan is involved with much more than the second stage per se; in actuality, she takes the reader on an all-inclusive tour of contemporary feminism. One hears, as is customary in such accounts, women talking about their lives—but I, for one, am bored with casebooks. What is far more interesting is Betty Friedan's overview of the politics of feminism and the failure to get the E.R.A. ratified, her discussion of women at West Point and their run-ins with the most conservative aspects of American masculinity, and her perception of what "family" means now.

It is when she is talking about families and the economics thereof that Ms. Friedan is at her surest. Reading about many couples speaking on the need for two paychecks per family one might assume that all that lies between them and the slums of Calcutta is that second salary. For most Americans, it does not; but face a citizenry raised to believe that each generation will be a little farther up the socioeconomic ladder than its predecessor with galloping inflation, and the working wife is inevitable. "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations" is the specter at every American feast—and two paychecks seems to be the only sure means to blot out the words. When Ms. Friedan is discussing, wisely and well, how American thinking must be restructured towards flextime, parental leaves, and guaranteed child care, she is proceeding from the realities of modern American life.

Betty Friedan understands why so many women (and men) still fear feminism, and she is especially perceptive about the controversy surrounding abortion. But . . . is this, I ask myself, what we should be going toward? I am looking at a recent fashion feature in *The New York Times Magazine* called "Dressing for the Top." The models, we're told, are women who've "made it to the top of the corporate ladder." And, but that a straight, confining skirt replaces trousers, they are dressed like badly tailored men. One of them says that women's clothes should reflect those of men in the same profession. Reflect . . . the word is still reflect. The whole point of the Women's Movement is not only to join the club, but to change its rules. That's the job Betty Friedan thinks we should be working on now. ▽

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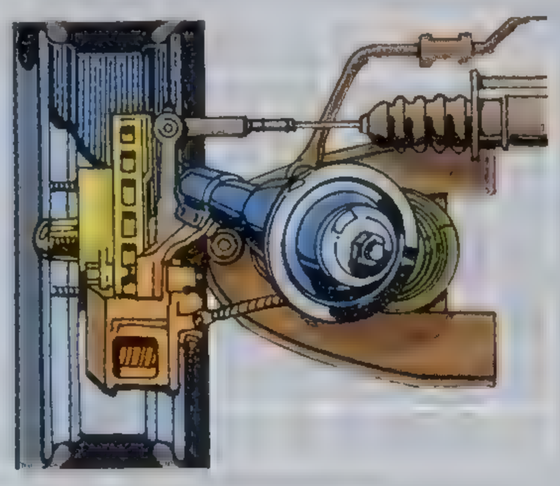

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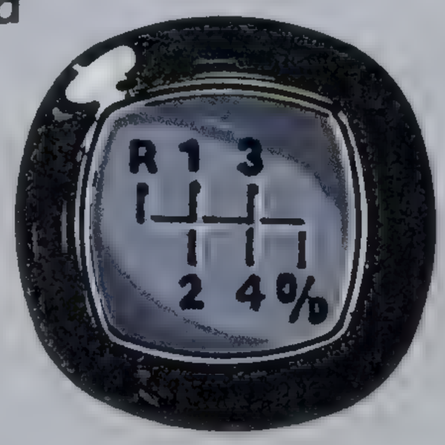

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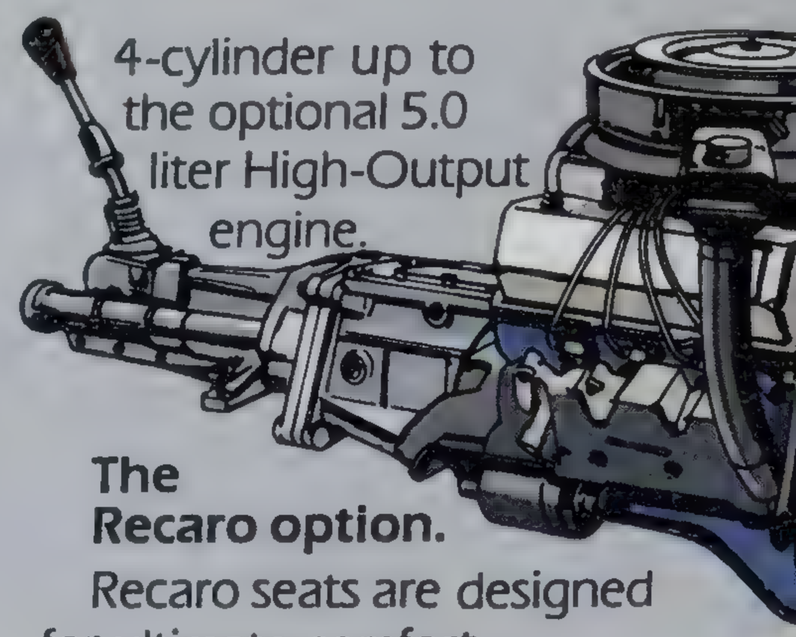

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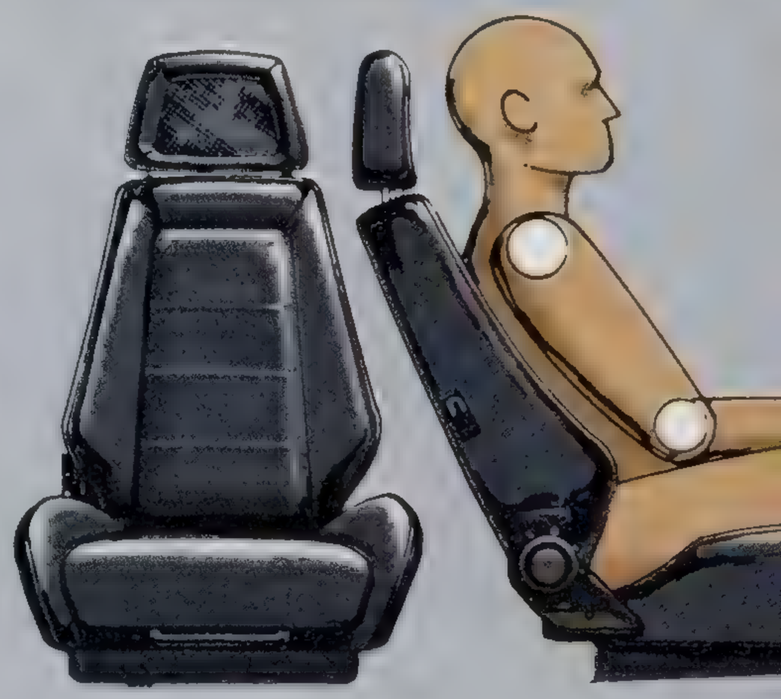

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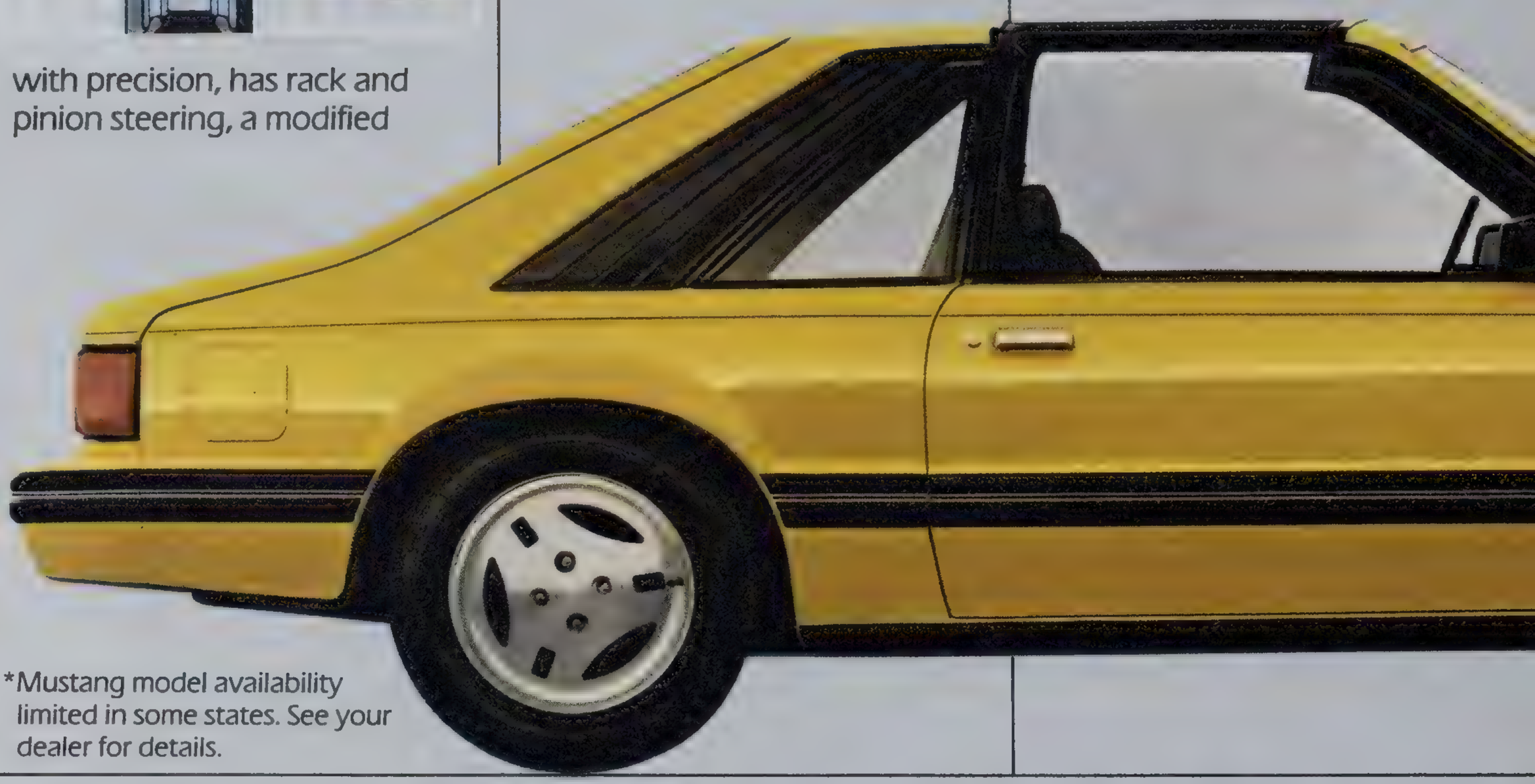

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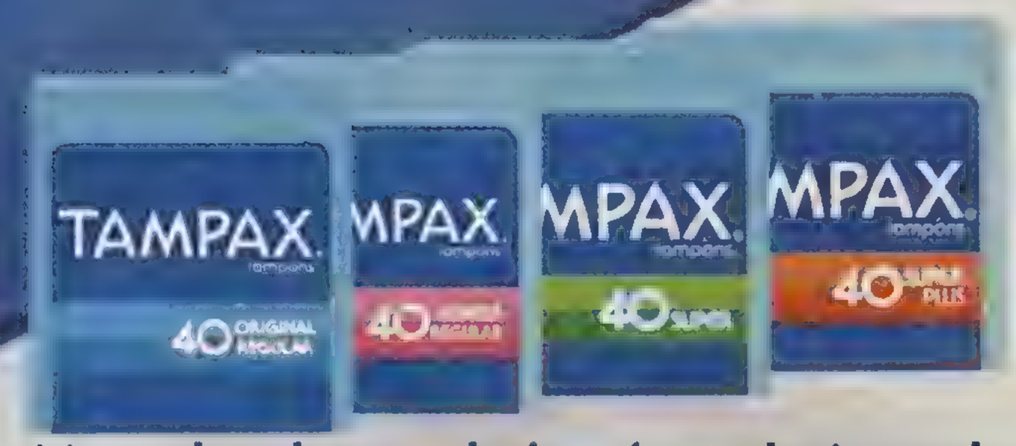

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Mind Health

Discoveries and Ideas

Sexual cues...enhancing self-image...verbal intimacy ...photographs of the unconscious

By Suzanne Fields

LIVING WITH YOURSELF

Now, psychiatrists are beginning to make distinctions between two kinds of loneliness: the normal, healthy longing for a lost person or situation they call "mature aloneness," and the destructive "borderline aloneness," which is characterized by feelings of emptiness, despair, rage, and even panic. "Borderline aloneness" often occurs after the breakup of a romance. The bereft sufferer blots out all sustaining images of having been loved in the past, retaining only angry memories. The feeling of being abandoned may follow even a routine separation; the suffering person has trouble believing that the lover will return.

Gerald Adler, M.D., a Harvard psychiatrist writing in the *American Journal of Psychiatry,* says those who suffer "borderline aloneness" seem to have missed a crucial development lesson in remembering and trusting in the "permanence" of a loved one. There's a stage when children learn to comfort themselves by evoking the memory of parents through such "transitional objects" as a security blanket or toy—which is then spontaneously relinquished, when the child learns to call up pleasant memories of the absent parents without props. Some people never learn to do that, Dr. Adler writes, but "these defects can be repaired in therapy when the patient learns that the therapist can survive his fury and continue to be a caring, protective individual who does not retaliate or abandon the patient." The sufferer can then begin to develop self-worth, learning to like herself enough to want to spend time alone.

SEXUAL CONFUSION: HOW MEN MISINTERPRET WOMEN

Males and females interpret signals from dress, setting, and behavior in significantly different ways, reports Jacqueline D. Goodchilds, Ph.D., in a study at U.C.L.A. While neither boys nor girls among the 432 adolescents in the study paid much attention to the ways boys dress, it was learned that the boys almost always read sexual cues from the ways the girls dressed. Young girls, showing what they consider an innocent flash of flesh—an open collar, a short skirt—often unwittingly invited unwanted advances.

Researchers in the study, funded by the National Institute of Mental Health, also asked both boys and girls for their interpretations of social behavior—a date's touching their hair, looking deeply into their eyes, and talking directly about sex and love. The girls thought such episodes to be expressions of love and admiration; the boys saw them as expressions of sexual arousal and interest. Dr. Goodchilds and her researchers took little comfort in the implications of their findings. "It appears," they said, with just a touch of rue, "that the battle of the sexes will continue on that most intimate of battlefields—dating and sexual relations."

PICTURES OF HEALTH

The camera may, or may not, lie. Nevertheless, psychotherapists are using photographs, often lifted from fading family albums (as well as film, video, and holography), to help some patients see where they once were and how far they have moved. Brian Zakem, editor of *Phototherapy* magazine, one of the organizers of the new International Phototherapy Association, and a clinical associate with William Kir-Stimon, Ph.D., and Associates in Flossmoor, IL, asked his patients to bring in their family albums, which were used as catalysts to evoke memories buried deep within the psyche. The photographs are also used as a personalized Rorschach-like test for responses to images. In our highly verbal culture, patients hide themselves with words. A photograph helps tap unconscious visual material that slips through verbal censors, giving the patients new insights.

IS STRESS OVERSTRESSED?

Has the term "mid-life crisis" worn out its welcome? Some psychologists now believe the concept has been "vulgarized" to the point that people often expect to face "a fearsome set of stressors" instead of a time when the knowledge, experience, and network of support acquired in younger years can be used for a great burst of accomplishment. Ransom J. Arthur, M.D., professor of psychiatry and dean of the School of Medicine, Oregon Health Sciences University, told the American Psychiatric Association that the years between forty and sixty should be seen as a period when nearly all of us begin to develop an "inner life" and to examine the inevitable gap between what we wished to become and what we actually have become. Liberation from youthful illusions can free us for new challenges, Dr. Arthur believes. Though making intimate new friendships during the middle years is often difficult, mid-life gives us the opportunity to develop mentoring relationships with younger persons, sharing what we have learned. "Generativity," says Dr. Arthur, "leads to a sense of esteem for one's own life, and to a conviction of personal integrity. One can then accept one's unique life pattern as having been the best possible playing out of the hand that was dealt at birth and in childhood."

A HAPPY MARRIAGE—THE MAIN INGREDIENT

It may pay to take a second look at your spouse. Researchers studying intimacy among thirty couples in Canada have isolated one crucial ingredient in a good marriage: an accurate and realistic perception of your spouse's important traits. Equally important: his agreement with your perception of him. For example, if a wife sees her husband as "organized," or "aggressive," or "idealistic"—and he does, too—their marriage is usually characterized by a high degree of intimacy. Couples of this type were also the ones who encouraged their family "to act openly and to express their feelings directly," wrote Edward Waring, M.D., associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Western Ontario, in the journal *Psychiatry.* "The capacity of spouses to share personal and private attitudes, beliefs, and ideas may be the major determinant of marital adjustment."

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COMPANIES WITH CONSCIENCES

When it comes to choosing cosmetics and treatment products, women are faced with choices—a myriad of them—at the counter . . . and to make the right decisions consumers are demanding—and now receiving—the kind of information needed to make intelligent choices . . . whether it's deciding which makeup color to go for this season, the best sunscreen, the right treatment. Cases in point: Clinique's Physicians' Service Center, operating full scale, fully staffed since January, answers M.D. queries via phone and offers doctors' information—at no charge—about cosmetic products and specific needs their patients are having with makeup, sun protection, treatments. . . . Stagelight Cosmetics, this year, is offering makeup workshops for the older woman who wants to learn how her makeup—and its application—should change. You can sign up alone . . . or with a group of friends for a private workshop (212/757-4851). . . . "Until now, no integrated information program existed for the people (mostly women) who spend three billion dollars on cosmetics and 1.5 billion dollars on plastic surgery each year," says Frances Kingsley, Evelyn Marshall's president, in explaining the reasoning behind the Marshall "holistic" seminars held across the country, with plastic surgeons and dermatologists. "Our seminars give a woman a unique preview of her options with a variety of expert opinions."

NEWS ON SPAS

Just opened in October: The Spa at the Sonoma Mission Inn, in Boyes Hot Spring, California, an hour's drive from San Francisco, and offering an intensive "closed-door" session during the week, opening up the facilities to all hotel guests over weekends. First report: Margaux Hemingway showed up before the spa was open and the staff (from Baden-Baden and The Golden Door) gave her a five-day program, at the conclusion of which Margaux lost ten pounds!

SCENT: A MODERN WOMAN'S VIEW. . .

The brains behind Cartier's first fragrance is thirty-year-old president Nathalie Hocq, a woman in "synch" with the times who knows the kind of scent a woman wants today, as evidenced by Cartier's philosophy: "For women," she says, "there are two approaches. The modern woman has two views of life—and for her we have two perfumes. One, for her active life, for the time a woman wears casual clothes . . . doesn't 'dress' for day . . . is not overdone with too much makeup, but wants to wear scent. The other scent, for night, for the time a woman wants to be more of a woman. For her, we have two Oriental/florals—one day; the other, night—both 'related' and meant to be worn alone—or with night layered on day" . . . much as you would add a gold scarf as a "turner" going from office to evening.

"Women today want two scents—one, for the time they're casual, not 'dressed' for day; the other, at night"

WOMEN AND TRAVEL

One out of every eighteen people checking into a hotel today is a businesswoman traveling alone. To provide them with safe as well as comfortable service, some hotels are now opening "Executive Women's Floors," for which special elevator keys are needed and no men are allowed. The Albuquerque Hilton was among the first to offer this; there are now women's suites at the Drake (Chicago) and the new Vista International (at the World Trade Center, New York City). At the Albuquerque, "amenities" include hair dryers, hair products (Vidal Sassoon's) in every room. Most welcome service: a portable self-service minibar, so a woman, if she wanted a drink, wouldn't have to venture to the lobby bar alone.

—DOROTHY SCHEFER

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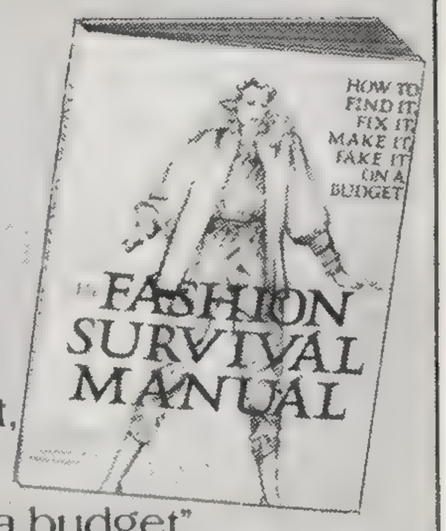

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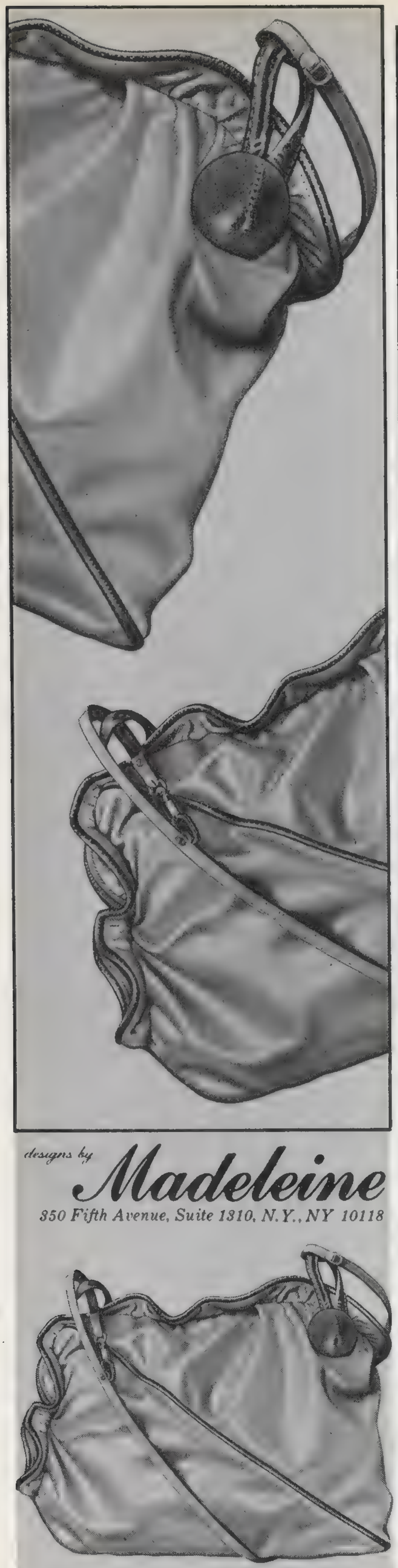

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 26)

Getting a kink out of fashion
Generally, I find Vogue's editorial pages to be well thought out and beautifully photographed. Sometimes they are on the "kinky" side but that can be fun.

However, in the August issue, you overstepped the fun. I refer to the "New Look Makers" that begin on page 255. Had this same spread been done in a man's magazine with the woman-as-victim, there are few among us who would not be outraged. Reversing the roles does not make it all right. What you are saying with material like this—however subliminally—is that violence is fashionable. How sad.

Kathy Sladek
Chicago IL

The fashion layout on pages 254-261 of the August issue of Vogue, I found to be very offensive. Must the female models be shown abusing the men in such a manner?

Displays such as this set the ERA and respect for the sexes back many years. . . .

Cornelius E. O'Brien
Wayne NJ

What makes you think that pictures of women abusing men are any more desirable than those of men abusing women? Your series in the August issue (p. 254-261) attests to a sad lack of creativity and imagination amongst your staff. Nudity is not what your readers expect or desire from Vogue. We depend on Vogue for fashion inspiration—there are plenty of publications for those who are inspired by zero-fashion-bareness.

Jo Bennitt
Lakewood CA

The universal language
I once had a man who would say to me "Let's make love," ("Taking Sides," by John Simon, page 90, August issue) and later had a man who would say "Let's dash." Perhaps because the latter was an English major he felt if something could be expressed with one word as well as two, use it. Nevertheless, the "Let's dash" man was more decisive, more sensitive, and much sexier.

Carolyn Francis
Milwaukee WI

I enjoyed John Simon's article, "Re-inventing the Language of Love," in your August issue. Earlier this summer, my co-workers and I discussed this same topic and had a contest to devise a suitable equivalent for "lover." Although I have never used it, and it failed to impress my co-workers; I rather like my suggestion: "comrade-in-arms."

Colleen Bryant
Cambidge MA

More than friends
"Women, Friendship, and Bitchiness," by Anne Beatts in your August issue was excellent. Now I know why I love all my girlfriends as much as I do! Thanks for a fantastic article and magazine.

Beth Damon
Long Beach CA

What was romantic when?
I was appalled when I started reading Amy Gross's "What's Romantic Now?" article in the July issue. She states that "what was romantic in the twelfth century when romantic love was invented was sexual frustration," and bases her statement on Denis de Rougemont's book *Love in the Western World.*

I am a medieval scholar with my speciality in the twelfth century, dealing with the problem of romantic love. And while I have not read M. Rougemont's work, I do happen to know that the problem of twelfth century "romantic" love is far from settled. To begin with, while the twelfth century was a "renaissance" period in the Middle Ages, it certainly did not "invent" romantic love. It did not, in fact, invent much of anything. Many of its ideas of love were taken directly from the Church fathers, St. Bernard or the ancients. If Ms. Gross would research further she would discover that much of the "romantic" love is based on Ovid and he certainly did not write in the twelfth century. Despite that, a critical argument is now in full swing as to whether those Troubadour poets who write in a manner which many uninitiated moderns term "romantic" and "sexual frustration" were not, in fact, simply mouthing a literary convention of the time which had, then as now, no basis in actual life.

Ms. Gross, I enjoy your writing, and I did enjoy, and for the most part, agree with your estimation of romantic love. But please, before making a broad, sweeping statement like that again, check a few other sources as well.

Linda S. Weaver
Phoenix AZ

Author's reply: *Thank you. I will.*

Facing facts about fat
Congratulations to Mimi Sheraton for writing, and to Vogue for publishing that refreshingly honest, no-nonsense article, "How I Lost Thirty-Five Pounds." I loved it. Ms. Sheraton is absolutely right: Older plump faces *do* look better than older skinny faces. If thin women realized how much more attractive they could look, they would put on an extra pound of weight for every year after the age of sixty.

As my husband of thirty years frequently reminds me—and I'm *only* fifty-three—"More people are looking at your face than your bottom."

Sheila Hailey
Nassau, Bahamas

On dolphins and definitions
In the April issue of Vogue, under the heading "Barbados," there are two references to dining on dolphin at the Atlantis Hotel and the Pisces restaurant.

Because of scientific reports emphasizing the intelligence, playfulness, and gentleness of our friends, the dolphins, and a superb National Geographic special on their receptivity to the overtures of a group of animal-loving young people, I was deeply distressed when I read of dolphins as a specialty of the house.

I realize that you were not responsible for putting them on the menu, but I could not remain silent. After the senseless slaughter of dolphins in Japan, any insensitivity to their plight has been magnified.

Please refrain from mentioning dolphins as delicacies for the palate in the future.

Jane Wilson
Verona NJ

Editor's reply: *The dolphin mentioned in our Barbados article have no connection (other than the same name) with our playful and intelligent mammal porpoise friends. The dolphin we spoke about are a common food fish found in the Caribbean (check the second definition in the dictionary) and they bear no relation to "Flipper."*

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GENERAL HOSPITAL

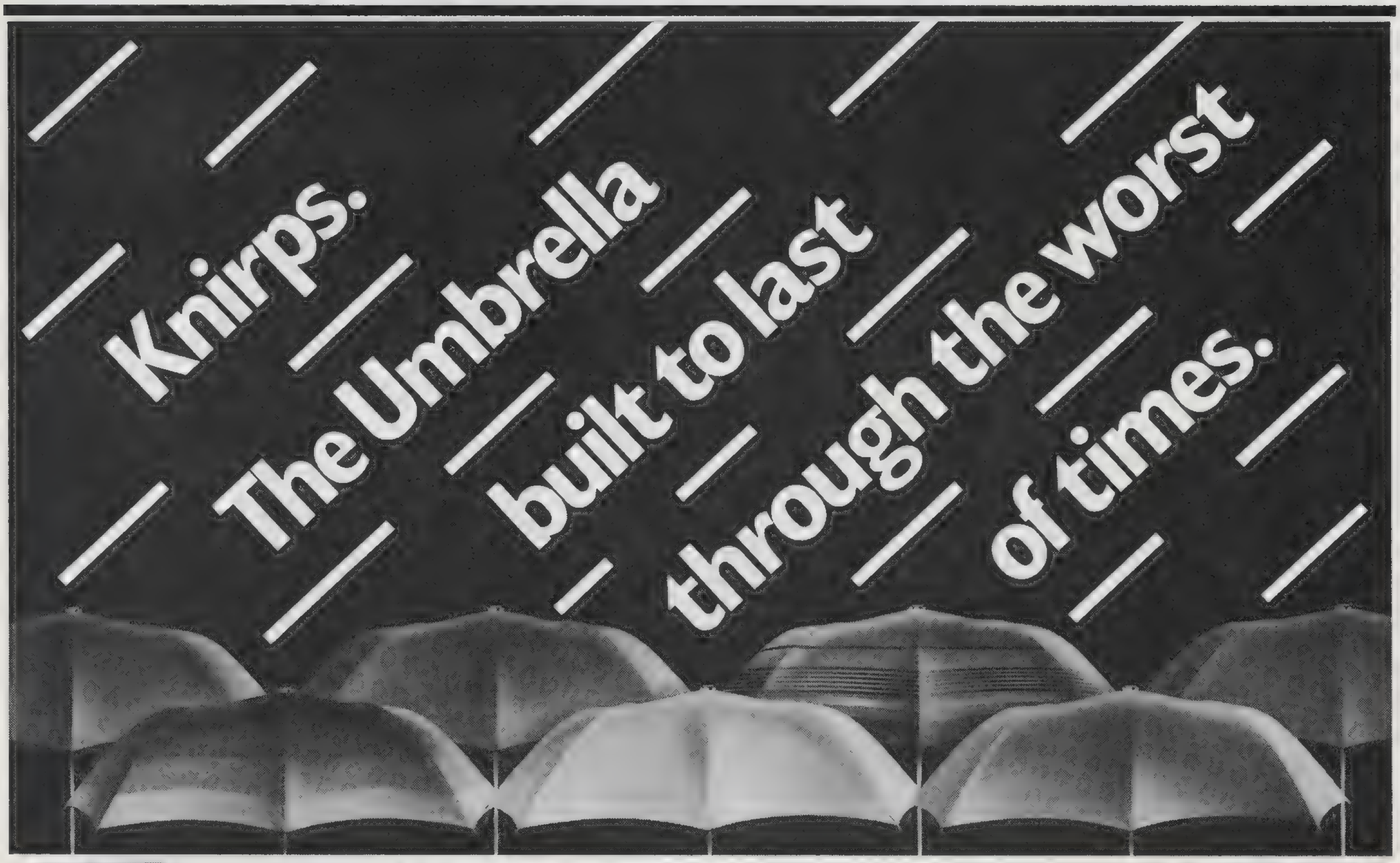
(Continued from page 222)

and *The Guiding Light,* characters who have been keeping the furniture warm for ages have been unceremoniously carted off to the Twilight Zone. Every time a fresh-faced ingenue opens a closet door, you expect to see Grandpa hanging from a coatrack, doing a crossword puzzle to pass the time.

The moody Byronic cavalier in *General Hospital*'s youth push is Anthony Geary, who makes tender hearts flutter in the role of Luke Spencer. In the last couple of years, Geary has become a cult fave causing ripples of swoons whenever he turns up on campuses or shopping malls for promotional appearances. For $5.50, you can even send away for a Tony Geary Friendship Kit which includes a color poster, a bio, a membership card, and a pack of wallet-size photos. I must confess that Geary's popularity has me licked. True, he looks refreshingly different from the run of soap-opera studs. While most of the men adorning daytime TV have a casual, rugged, chiseled-dimple glossiness (they look as if they came out of the womb clutching a blow-dryer), Geary is an odd original: a goofball wiseacre with a chicken-like chin, a broad, strong brow, and an untamed flare of orange macaroni curls. Unlike many of his fellow actors, Geary has alert, quick eyes which tell you something is going on upstairs. In comedy scenes, he has a raffish seediness—he capers with the eagerness of a Dickensian lowlife. But in his dramatic outbursts, he can be bad enough to set the wolves a-howling. Perspiration pops from his forehead as he shakes his fists and *demands* that everybody back off and give him some breathing room. Not even Dr. Hardy's Dry Knowing Chuckle can cool his defiant wrath.

Anthony Geary isn't the only one on *General Hospital* causing palpitations. Newcomers Tristan Rogers and Thaao Penghlis often take off their shirts to the sighing delights of millions, and Genie Francis (who plays Luke's love-bunny, Laura) occasionally cavorts about in a loose-fitting sarong. But the show's greatest strength is its quickness—its hipness. *GH* is perhaps the fleetest-paced soap on TV. In a soap like *Search for Tomorrow*, birds can migrate from one tip of America to another in the time it takes for a gossiping meddler to stir sugar in her coffee. On *GH*, the action always pops; the show is very playful, very self-aware—it has winking fun at the expense of soap-opera conventions. *General Hospital*'s sexiness—and it is, I think, the sexiest of soaps—arises out of this playfulness. On the other soaps, romance is only the first plodding step to matrimony; but on *GH*, romance is indulged for its own sake—for the sheer flirty pleasure of making the blood quicken. When a nurse is introduced to the new doctor in the ward, her eyes rake him from stem to stern with measure-taking amusement. One nurse—Bobbie Spencer, played by Jacklyn Zeman—always has a look of eye-widened surprise, as if she has just been pinched by an admirer (and enjoyed it). It's this goosiness that gives *General Hospital* its teasing appeal. If anything, the greatest danger in *General Hospital*'s path is the temptation to cuten things up past the edge of camp. In one recent plot line, the writers have had Luke and Laura doing battle with a brilliant, mad scientist who intended to spray the earth with vile chemicals and give everyone webbed feet, or something. That's the sort of story more at home in a tattered copy of *Adventure Comics* than in an up-to-date soap, and it didn't help matters that the actor playing the brilliant, mad scientist used to swish about in a black cape as an evil wanker on *Battlestar Galactica*. (His presence only accented how juvenile the plot line was.) Perhaps the popularity of *General Hospital* has gone to the writers' heads like a fizzing rush of Champagne. The time may soon be ripe for Dr. Hardy to poke his head into a script conference and shake an admonishing finger at one and all. That'll sober 'em up. ▽

> "When a nurse is introduced to the new doctor in the ward, her eyes rake him from stem to stern with measure-taking amusement"



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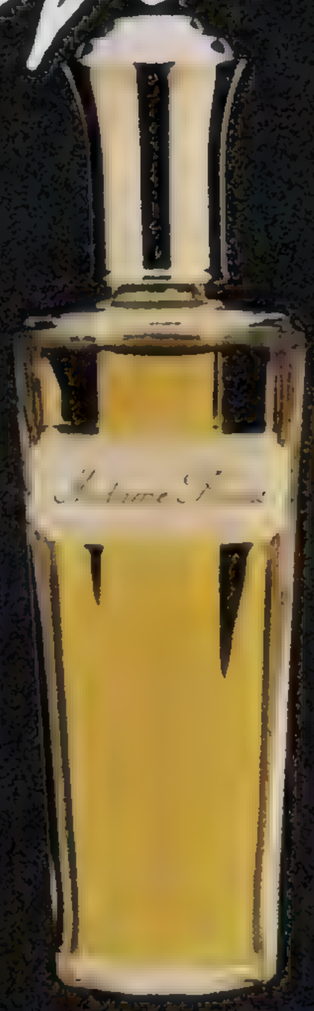

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New shape to hair... analyzing condition

LONG hair: For those who have it, the surprise of mixing two textures, *above*—loose waves around the face, curlier ends. Done with a curling iron, spritz of water by stylist John Sahag.

Hair Now

osmetic hair analyzers can help determine your hair's condition, an important consideration if you're thinking color or perm. How they work: a hair strand is magnified through a microviewer so a trained technician can look at the root, cortex medulla, and cuticle. Hair's overall condition is indicated by the appearance of the cuticle—a broken cuticle means dryness and lack of sheen; the size of the root determines strength, while the amount of protein in the cortex medulla indicates elasticity. After your hair is analyzed, products are recommended to bring your hair back to a "normal" condition. The technician also advises whether your hair can respond safely to chemical processes. Check the René Furterer counters in department stores. They're offering the service, complete with their hair treatments—gentle, organic, effective.

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Large photo, *above*: Dress by Léonard of Paris; earrings by M&J Savitt.

BOB HIEMSTRA

Style ideas. . .

The way to get "wide" hair. . . . Left: Mist hair with setting lotion, brush up into a ponytail; let dry, then release. From NYC stylist Gerard Bollei. . . . Below: The way French stylist Camille Albane is adding volume to wavy hair: by cutting width into natural waves.

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There's a fog rolling in.

You're in Pawgansett, dear. It holds the world record for fog.

The "t" in my typewriter is sticking. I have seventeen cans of lentil soup. And my Paco Rabanne cologne, which I use to lure shy maidens out of the woods, is gone, all gone.

You're going to have to do better than that.

All right, I'm lonely. I miss you. I miss your cute little broken nose. I miss the sight of you in bed in the morning, all pink and pearly and surly.

And you want me to catch the train up.

Hurry! This thing they call love is about to burst the bounds of decency. And, darling...

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Kate Hardiman, Marblehead
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Saks Fifth Avenue, Boston
The Wool Shop, Osterville, Wellesley
The Wolle House, Plymouth
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Mettler Inc., Charlevoix
Miner's, Bloomfield Hills, Bloomfield
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Book to movie: "The French Lieutenant's Woman"

The novelist tells of the joys, perils, of making a surprise-hit new film

BY JOHN FOWLES

If the saga of the filming, or more accurately the non-filming of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* cannot equal that of several other novels—most notably *Under the Volcano*—it had some remarkable episodes. I have not forgotten the evening when one famous actress telephoned to say that a quite literally princely friend had offered her the leading role in the picture. She had seen his option agreement, and her call was mere courtesy, to ask if I approved of his choice. I then had, as gently as I could, since I knew where the option really lay, to convince her that someone had just bought himself a very expensive piece of worthless legal paper. To my regret the gentleman concerned preferred to lose his money than have his gullibility exposed in court. It would have made a very pretty case.

But I should have difficulty now listing all the other more entitled producers and directors who were to a greater or lesser degree, at one point or another, "involved." There were times when my tirelessly active partner in the enterprise, Tom Maschler, and I grew distinctly cynical, as once again an initiative died and yet, by some mysterious perversity, always another candidate sprang from this increasingly worn turf. After eight or nine years of this, and after the failure of the most serious attempt (by Fred Zinnemann) to get a production going, we both began to suspect the venture was perennially doomed. I knew television was prepared to go ahead, and was on the reluctant brink of giving up any hope of the senior medium. It was only then that whatever fickle gods rule the cinema decided to smile on us.

Before the book was even published, and knowing I was less than happy with two previous films drawn from my other novels, Tom Maschler (who was to prove as gifted an impromptu film agent as he is a publisher) persuaded me that I must this time insist on something that no producer happily grants: not just the usual token say in the choice of who shall direct, but a definite power to veto anyone I did not like. (We insisted on this—more than once at the cost of otherwise attractive offers—in all the dealings that were to come.) We also agreed that we would if possible have no truck with the ridiculous system whereby the finished script goes in search of a director, rather than the other way around. We had no argument over the director we should approach first. It was Karel Reisz. In 1969, we therefore took the book, still only in proof, to him.

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Karel was sympathetic—and we had a devoted ally in his wife, the actress Betsy Blair—but it was a singularly bad moment to try to tempt him. He had only recently finished a difficult period picture, *Isadora*, and the thought of yet another was too much (as Karel himself has remarked, the trouble with the genre is that one can find oneself spending as much time on period as on picture). Even if we had not realised it then, the next few years would have taught us just how difficult a project we were landed with. Looking back, I suspect a chief thing that baulked and frustrated the directors and writers we talked with was the distinctly mushroom reputation of the book itself. It had been lucky enough to gain not only a huge commercial but a considerable critical success, and its text was in grave danger of becoming sacrosanct. I remember a meeting with Robert Bolt, who had firmly declined the script, but wanted to tell us why. By the end of it, I felt more than half persuaded by his thesis: that as it stood (or lay printed) the book was, and would always remain, unfilmable. (I recall Bob Bolt, and his friendly honesty, a great deal more kindly than another well-known writer who also turned the script down—this time on the grounds that he could not help propagate a story so biased to the female side.)

Meryl Streep, in the movie's title role: providing miracles of tenacity and faith

It was toward the end of this period that we began to feel that what the project needed above all else was a demon barber—in politer terms, someone sufficiently skilled and independent to be able to rethink and recast the thing from the bottom up. Once again, we had no argument as to the best man for that difficult task. It was Harold Pinter. Then one day, he did by chance form part of a development deal we were offered—but alas, he was the only part of it we truly wanted, and he very naturally declined to rat on his proposed partners. As with Karel, we felt we had forever lost our chance.

In 1978, almost a decade after that first approach and faced with the imminent collapse of yet another option, Tom went back to Karel; and, at last, fortune was kind to us. This time he said yes, with the one proviso that he could persuade Harold to tackle the script. Tom and I spent a fortnight on tenterhooks while the two discussed possible solutions to all the problems. Then the second miracle happened: we found ourselves with the writer and director we wanted. Further miracles were needed, and largely provided by the faith, tenacity and patience of Karel—and his leading actress and actor, Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons—in the face of an unusually grim array of pre-production problems. But at last the day we had very nearly ceased to believe in did come to pass. On May 27, 1980, Karel stood beside his camera crew outside a country house near Lyme Regis, Sam the servant stood with a bunch of flowers on his starting-mark, and the magic word was said.

I most certainly mean no dispraise of the previous writers who did take the plunge if I say that none had succeeded. The chief stumbling-block was in any case one I have already suggested, and which no novelist can blame very sincerely—that of trying to remain faithful to the book. But *The French Lieutenant's Woman* was written at a time when I began to develop strong and perhaps idiosyncratic views on the proper domains of the cinema and the novel. There are of course large parts of those domains, since both media are essentially narrative, that overlap; yet there are others that are no-go territory . . . visual things the word can never capture (think, for instance of the appalling paucity of vocabulary to define the endless nuances of facial expression), and word things the camera will never photograph nor actors ever speak.

Novels that consciously utilize this area forbidden to the film-maker (more anciently, to the illustrator) obviously pose very great problems; and the only likely result of 'being faithful' to such a book is a script spilling over with dialogue that is (through no fault of the screenwriter) really not dramatic dialogue at all, but an attempt to crush into a small valise all those long paragraphs of description, historical digression, character analysis and the rest that the vast portmanteau of novel form was specifically evolved to contain.

It is not only that language itself first arose to designate and 'show' things that could not be physically seen; the evolution of the novel, especially in our own century, and increasingly since the rise of structuralism and semiology (or a more exact knowledge of the nature of language and fictional text), has been more and more concerned with all those aspects of life and modes of feeling that can *never* be represented visually. It is not perhaps entirely chance that the invention of motion photography, this sudden great leap in our powers of exploring and imitating the outward of perception, coincided so exactly with the journey into inner space initiated *(Continued on page 269)*

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BOOK TO MOVIE

(Continued from page 266)

by Freud and his compeers. The year 1895 saw not only the very first showing of the very first film but also the publication of *Studies in Hysteria*, that is, the birth of psycho-analysis.

This business of proper domains is one reason I am no longer in the least interested in scripting my own fiction. To assemble a book with a considerable and deliberate number of elements you know cannot be filmed, and then to disassemble and reconstruct it out of the elements that can, is surely an occupation best left to masochists or narcissists. Nowhere can there be a clearer case for a fresh and outside mind on the job. The second reason is that I know I am, like most novelists, far too corrupted by and addicted to the solitary freedoms of prose fiction (where the one megalomaniac plays producer, director, all the cast *and* camera) ever to be any good at a team art—or team anything, for that matter. The third reason is that true scriptwriters are a race apart in a craft apart. It is only vanity that makes other writers believe that anyone can turn a hand to it. I believed so myself, once. Then one day, I persuaded Sidney Carroll to give me a copy of the superb scenario he wrote, with Robert Rossen, for *The Hustler*, and recognized (as I do again here) a league I shall never be in.

Another major problem with *The French Lieutenant's Woman* was what one critic called its stereoscopic vision, the fact that it is written from both a mid-Victorian and a modern viewpoint. None of the directors who worked on it ever wanted to dodge that 'diachronic' dilemma, though they came up with many different solutions. Nor, incidentally, did any of the producers. As one studio head of production put it to me, he was profoundly uninterested in buying a latterday Victorian romance when there were hundreds of the genuine article—and from the most formidable corpus of writers of English fiction—lying about out of copyright and to be had for nothing.

A popular previous answer proposed an extension of a device used in the book, the creation of a character who was tacitly the author and also had a part in the Victorian story . . . someone who could both join the action from within and stand back and comment on it, rather as Anton Walbrook did in Max Ophuls' celebrated film, *La Ronde*. I never much fancied that, or only once. My path crossed Peter Ustinov's, in the unlikely setting of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and we spent an enjoyable evening discussing the idea. I best recall a wicked and marvelously mimicked series of anecdotes about a far more famous writer than either of us (and for whose work I had expressed too innocent an admiration). The skepticism about novelists' motives in general and the sending-up, through this one instance, of their public masks and private realities sold me lock, stock and barrel in the great raconteur's cause. He remains the only surrogate I could ever have borne in that role of author-ringmaster, had it ever survived discussion stage.

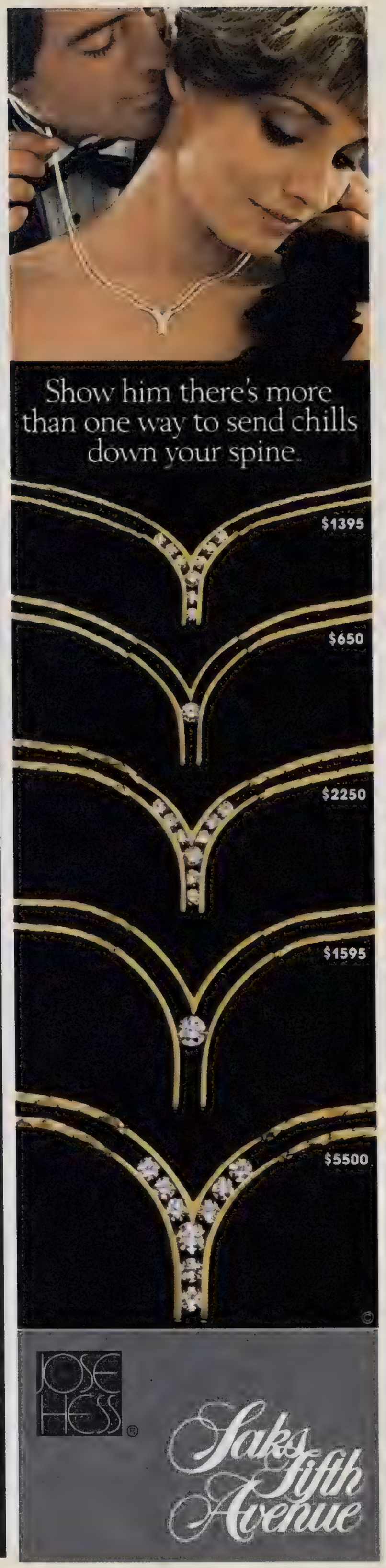
I am convinced now, in retrospect, that the only feasible answer was the one that Harold and Karel hit upon. We had all before been made blind to its existence by the more immediate problem of compressing an already dense and probably over-plotted book into two hours' screen time. The idea of adding an entirely new dimension and relationship to it would never have occurred to us; and quite reasonably so, with almost anyone but Harold Pinter.

I do not need to dwell on his universally acknowledged qualities as playwright, as creator of the kind of dialogue that can speak worlds in its smallest phrases, even its silences, and not least as an issuer of the kind of challenge that every intelligent actor and actress likes to face. In those contexts this script speaks for itself. But his genius has a further string, and that seems to me to be his truly remarkable gift for reducing the long and complex without distortion. It may to the ignorant seem something of a negative or cutting-scissors skill; yet it is in fact infinitely valuable—and positive—in the cinema. The one practical advantage the novel factory (or novelist) has over his or her cinema equivalent lies in simplicity of production. The actual process of making a narrative film, however few the characters and simple the locations, is hideously complicated—and expensive; and the greatest gift a good screenwriter can give a director is not so much a version 'faithful' to the book as a version faithful to the very different production capability (and relation with audience) of the cinema.

I do not think of the present script as a mere 'version' of my novel; but as the blueprint (since of course this pudding's proof must lie finally in the seeing) of a brilliant metaphor for it. I approve entirely of this approach, and not only because I believe original authors have no right to interfere once they have got the scenarist and director they want, but even more because I am sure that viable transitions from the one medium to the other need just such an imaginative leap. Neither good film nor good novel has ever been made on a basis of safety. My same approval, I should add, went to the casting of an American actress in the title role. My liking for that possibility long ante-dated our good fortune in attracting Meryl Streep to the part, and for the same reason I have just mentioned: the metaphorical leap such a casting implies. In this particular case it also has for me a historical justice, since the principal freedom the heroine seeks is associated much more in my mind with nineteenth-century America than Victorian Britain. I suggested as much in the original novel.

If all novelists want is a literally faithful version of their books they should never in their right (or money-spurning) minds sell to the cinema. The longer the final cut, the more of the original they can hope to see; and if a literal fidelity is to be the criterion, the several hours a television serial can offer are manifestly superior to the miserable 110 minutes or so that distribution exigencies impose on the motion picture. I have heard film-makers envy this luxury of time granted their television counterparts; but I suspect that in this they betray their own *métier*. The arbitrary limits imposed on film length are like those imposed on the dramatist by the physical stage, or on the poet by fixed form and metrical law. This is certainly one principal reason—in my view—why the cinema remains at its best a major art and television, except in very rare hands (like the late David Mercer's or Dennis Potter's), still dangerously close to a recording device, or mere translating machine.

I am often asked why I sell film rights at all, given the high risk of seeing nothing but a travesty as the end-product. It is a question I have invited, since in a later novel, *Daniel Martin*, I did not hide the *(Continued on page 271)*



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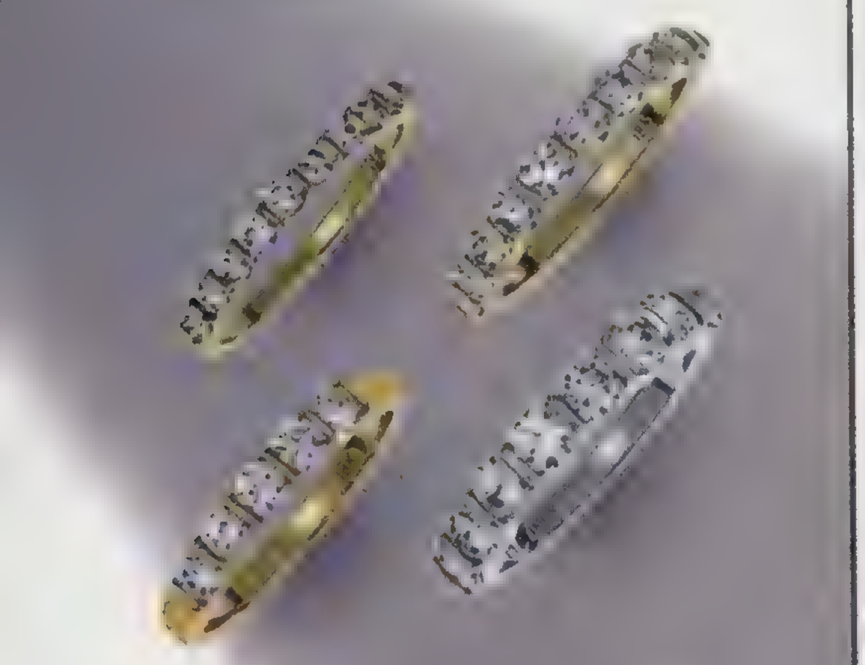

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BOOK TO MOVIE

(Continued from page 269)

contempt I feel for many aspects of the commercial cinema—or more exactly, since cost of production and mode of recoupment make all cinema more or less commercial, of the cinema where accountants reign, where profit comes first and everything else a long way after. This vile ethos was neatly exemplified in the main reason given by one studio when it turned down a forerunner of the present script. Its chief fault, we were informed, was that there was only one character with whom an American audience could happily identify . . . my little example of blind Victorian capitalism, the London store-owner, Mr. Freeman. It was a nice question who was most insulted—the author, the director and screen-writer, or the studio-reader's fellow-countrymen. We decided in the end that it was, by several lengths, the last.

But for true cinema, cinema conceived and executed by artists as an art, or at least as a craft by sincere craftsmen, I have always had the greatest liking and respect. I have never had any belief in the notion that the cinema is 'killing' the novel (television is another matter, but even that has to do with the ubiquitous availability of reception, not with what is shown). The two ways of telling stories are much nearer sisters than anything else. A good director is always partly a novelist, and *vice versa* (and from long before the invention of photography). Quite apart from avowedly *auteur* cinema, the shared need to narrate, to create new worlds of character and atmosphere, to play the godgame, brings us incomparably closer than any other pairs of artists in different arts. It is the techniques that are so different, not the final aims; and if I have to justify (as rather an alarming number of readers have told me I must) the selling of rights, one reason certainly lies in my fascination with that difference of technique. Discovering its exact nature can be a very instructive experience for novelists, even when—perhaps, most of all when—the screened result disappoints.

The experience is also valuable in another way, one that may partly explain why some authors crave the literal fidelity I spoke about just now. Novelists have an almost archetypal fear that illustration will overstamp text, more precisely that their readers' imaginations (a vitally *creative* part in the total experience of the book) will be pinned down and manacled by a set of specific images. This began long before the cinema, of course. The harmony we may feel now between Dickens and his two great illustrators, Cruikshank and "Phiz," certainly did not always exist at the time of creation. But it seems to me that this is a test, or challenge, the author is foolish to refuse—and even more foolish if, having accepted it, he or she tries to step over into another art and dictate how things are to be done there. It is particularly absurd in novelists, who are notoriously resentful of editorial interference in their own work.

If the text is worth its salt, it will survive being 'visualized'. If it meets its match, then word and image will marry, as has happened with Dickens, and enhance each other. If image does 'drown' text, then the latter was never going to survive, anyway. I was not amused (everyone else thought it hilariously funny) when a studio publicity man turned up in London during the present production and demanded to know why nothing had been done about the novelisation of Harold's script. But I took his general point: there is more than one way of telling a story, even inside the one medium, let alone in others. Risking the possibility that the film or television way turns out better, or will deeply change or colour how people respond to the literary way, is also a salutary experience; and one day someone will write a better novelisation than the film it is based on.

Cynics may think I am sliding over the most important reason: money. I am not so noble-minded I could deny that the money has its attractions; and I am not so modest I will not point out that rather more than my own bank-balance is involved. I have never seen a contemporary British novelist or playwright congratulated by government or industry for his or her contribution to foreign-currency earnings, job creation and so on; and I do not expect to do so, even though I doubt whether we are, Stakhanovite head for head, to be beaten in that particular race. It is true that we are only the indirect cause of the many millions of dollars that film productions of our work have brought into the post-war series of economies—all of which have failed miserably to support a national film industry. None the less, I think one has to be very sure indeed of one's motives before deciding that one's text is too precious a thing to be risked in the 'vulgarity' of a mass medium. What is really in the scales is not personal public image, or even personal financial reward, but work and wages for a lot of other people . . . and well beyond our ailing film industry proper.

But my chief private reason has to do with something else. Novelists are condemned to one of the loneliest professions in terms of work, and our wistful envy (the reverse of the coin of our megalomania) of those who work communally in the theatre, and now in the cinema, has a long record. I remember standing, that first day of shooting, with Harold and Karel during a break between takes, listening to them discuss some minor problem. I am sure it was the most banal and ordinary experience for them, but for me it was strange—as it has been strange on previous similar occasions. Words, all those endless rows of algebra on a page, are literally become flesh, have provoked this very actual presence, all this devotion, ingenuity, teamwork, skill with eye and ear. One has an odd sense of having come in for a moment from the cold. The strangeness was also, for me, this time, compounded by an unusual sense of trust. On 'first day', with a difficult project in a difficult medium, it could not have been anything to do with a certainty of the final-cut kind; but it had very much to do with a certainty that my two partners had done their best to achieve it.

That good moment at launching, in my philosophy of life just as important a thing as an eventually successful voyage, I owe, we all owe, to what follows. To a degree difficult to convey to the outsider, indeed to anyone who had not lived through ten years of abortive attempts, this script, this new keel, performed the final miracle. Quite simply, it at last made possible. ▽

John Fowles *is the author of numerous novels and nonfiction works, most recently, "Stonehenge". This essay originally appeared in "The French Lieutenant's Woman: A Screenplay by Harold Pinter with a Foreword by John Fowles," which Little, Brown published last month.*

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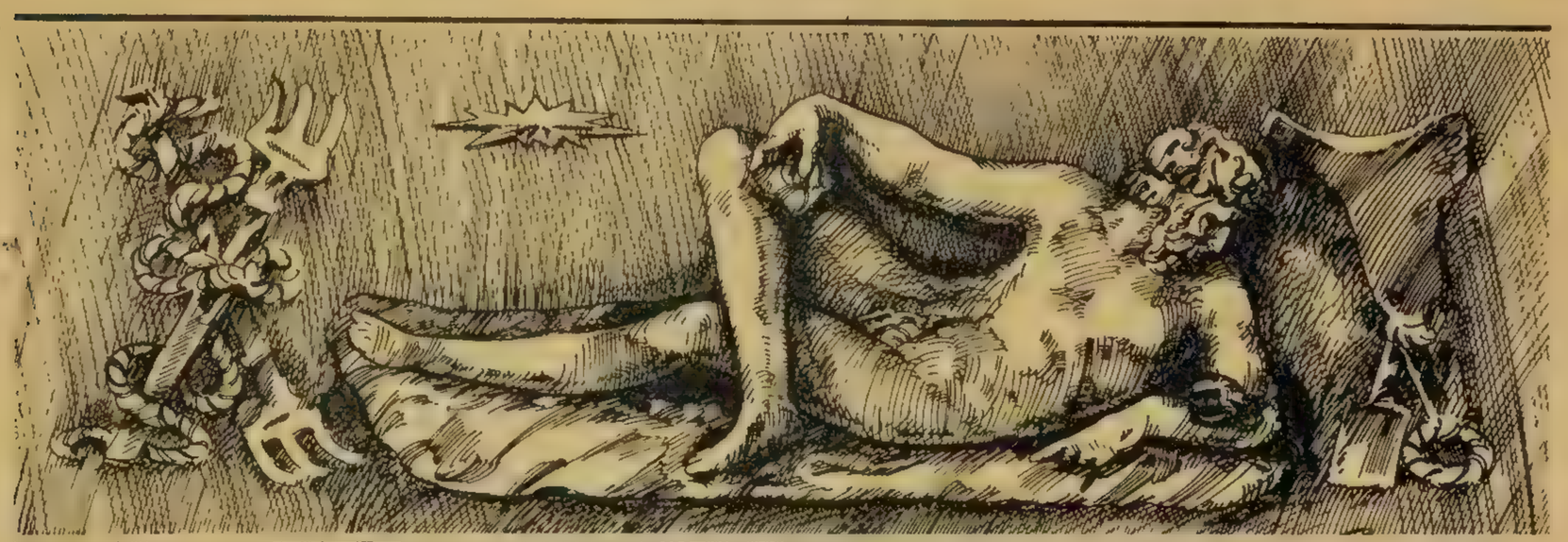

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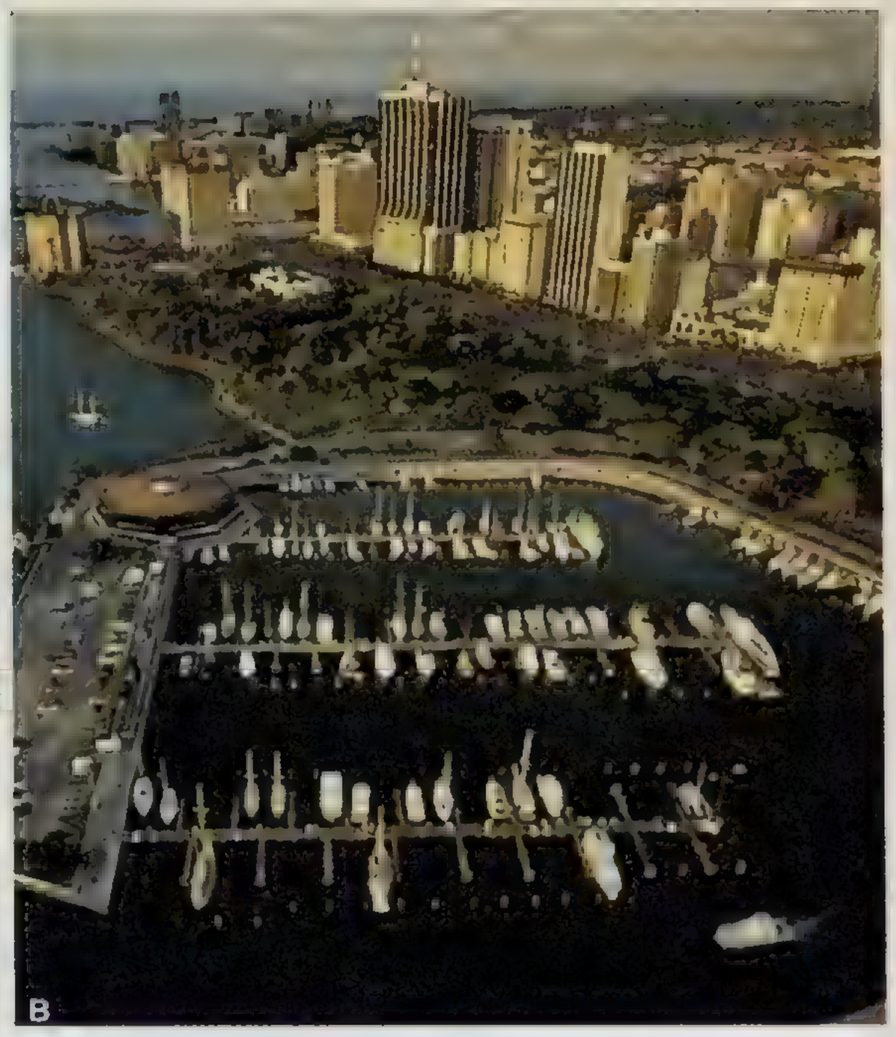
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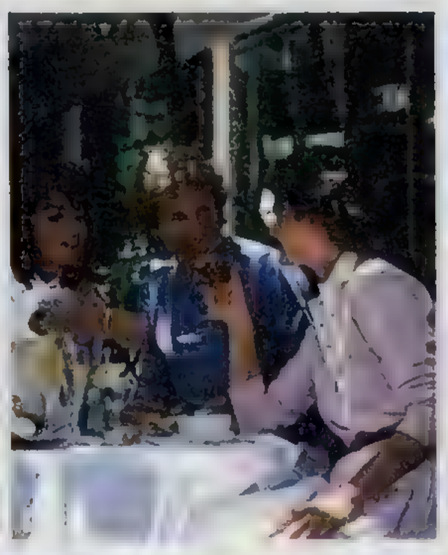

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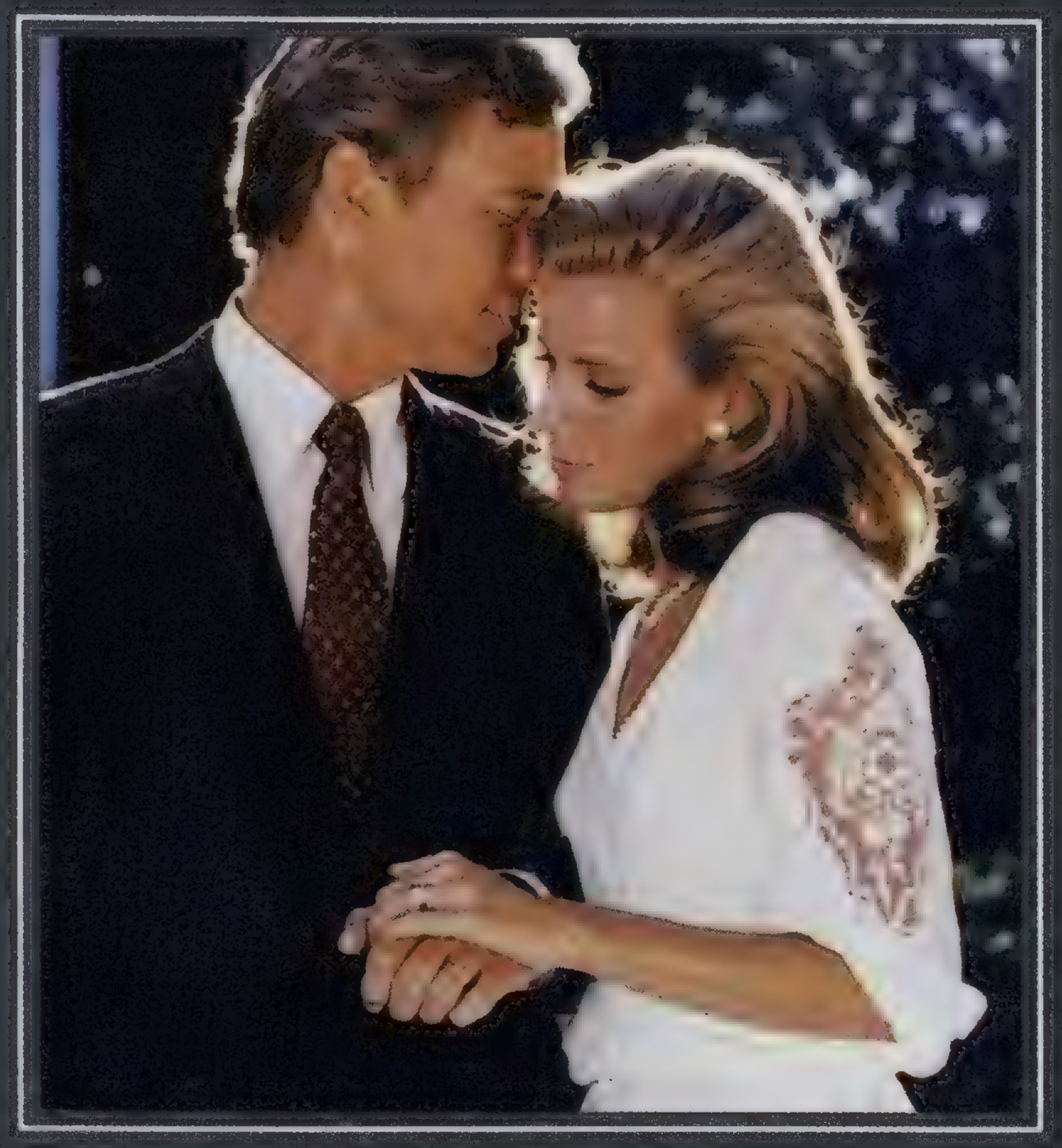

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WOMEN NOW

Mary McCarthy: an American classic

A literary lioness at home in Maine—the quiet life?

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

SUSAN WOOD

Mary McCarthy (Mrs. West) before her 1805 Maine house: "She respects the hierarchies that, in New England, form the backbone of social life."

Main Street in Castine, Maine, rolls resolutely down to the bay: a broad lap of blue water, belted by islands. On top of the hill (uptown, they call it here) the white houses with black shutters line up to face the street. Their lawns border neatly on the public province—a neighborly gesture. Yet every house keeps its formal distance, its private point of view. It is only as you near the docks that buildings start to coalesce; a proportionate scaling-down of façades seems to broaden the thoroughfare, and verticals are leveled by the sea.

In the harbor sits a battleship: the State of Maine, in summer residence—training ship of the Maine Maritime Academy, quartered uptown. On a midsummer afternoon, crewing boats circle the iron hulk, and dip their oars into the bay. Crewmen sit rocking in their orange lifejackets. One day, they will board their vessel and put out to sea. Meanwhile, their very presence braces the town. In the early hours of the day, Castine is roused by the chant of male voices—a phalanx of young midshipmen marching past the green lawns of the Academy, marking time.

Uptown, in her kitchen, Mrs. James West ties a brightly striped apron around her waist and sets about making blackberry ice.

The world knows Mrs. West, by reputation, as Mary McCarthy. Castine knows her, by custom, as one of the gentry who summer here. She has been coming to Castine now for fifteen years. The town seems almost indifferent to Mary McCarthy's reputation—her power and influence as a literary critic, and her notoriety. The controversial opinions of the author of *The Group,* widely considered the most "malicious" and "delicious" wit of her day, are not in question here. More important that she is on a first-name basis with her neighbors; that she looks and acts the owner of a fine old Maine house; and that she respects the subtle hierarchies that, in a quiet New England town, form the backbone of social life.

The Mrs. West of today bears a hazy *(Continued on page 291)*

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MARY McCARTHY

(Continued from page 283)

but decided resemblance to the younger Mary McCarthy. That woman was striking, if not beautiful, with her oval face, green eyes remarkable for their long, sensuous lashes (a McCarthy family trademark), dark hair pulled back from her face into a taut, immaculate bun. Her face, jutting out from its severe hairdo, was almost too distinct; she had a character which, she has said, is germane to "all truly intellectual women," that of a "romantic desperado"—but in the classic vein.

The woman who is now crossing her kitchen with a bowl of blackberries is a rather stout New England matron of sixty-nine, with iron grey hair, sturdy legs, and an alert expression that has not changed, substantially, in thirty years. It is a face that makes judgments. The tomatoes on the windowsill, the flowers on the counter, the hair that curls just so far, and no farther, along her cheek (a recent hairstyle—she got tired, she says, of that bun) seem carefully placed; she appears to be a woman who respects order and civility, especially in small things.

Her husband, James West, is a native Mainer, with prim-and-proper lips and teasing eyes. He is a storyteller, and can charm a room full of people when he wants to; more often, he prefers to be watching her. A diplomat, Mr. West moves discreetly within the aura of his wife's reputation. If she has visitors, he will absent himself graciously, returning later with a bouquet of wildflowers ("I am always well in the wildwood," he says). With a clean cloth, he wipes the dew off the porch chairs.

The Wests' house, built in 1805, is a sturdy survivor of the Federal era. This is a house that bespeaks pride of function; its form is perfectly correct. Trim, spare, shingled, its one ornament is a webbed fan window just above the front door: giving the house the air of a dowager who, by way of dressing for a ball, puts on a single antique brooch.

Inside is a cluster of neat rooms, tucked in at the corners. Privacy before space, manners before majesty: the essential New England style. At the house's center, "morning and evening" staircases meet, suggesting public and private destinations. The back staircase, straight and narrow, is a path to the kitchen and pantry. The front staircase sweeps geometrically upward from the foyer and, at the landing, offers infinite perspectives. It is a proper staircase, taking the measure of its guests.

Mrs. West moves around her house quietly, with an air of determination. Houses such as this, in which each room has a name and a purpose—library, parlor, pantry—enforce decisions: where the tea should be served, where to sit and talk. Social behavior is defined by the modest formality of the downstairs rooms, and their furniture. The tightly upholstered loveseat, tough as a bench, invites a certain breed of conversation; the George II lectern, with its open copy of a large volume called *The Monastic World,* suggests Sundays spent in silent, even-handed pursuits, such as reading, or gardening; the long low bookcase, painted white, proffers (with a becoming modesty) its china dish of potpourri.

Mary McCarthy writes that, as a little girl, she lived in a house where there were always "treats" such as "a glorious May basket my father hung on my doorknob . . . the little electric stove on which *(Continued on page 292)*

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MARY McCARTHY

(Continued from page 291)

my mother made us chocolate and cambric tea in the afternoons"—a pretty world for a child to live in. It was replaced, after her parents' death when Mary was six, by the dark, musty house of her guardians; and, as she points out, the great shock to her was esthetic: "I had been rudely set down in a place where beauty was not a value at all."

Here, in Maine, the beauties are inherited, and not nearly so ephemeral. Things last, and time gives them value. Or the value comes from their homeliness. Incidental objects—milk cans painted blue to match the blue wood floor and made into lamps, or a needlepoint sailing ship stitched by a sailor—have a legitimacy here that they could never have in, say, a New York City apartment: they are, in effect, local color, a sign that the Wests, however Continental their tastes in other things, are also Mainers, or mean to be. Still, there are Louis XVI Directoire chairs in the dining room and, in the hallway, a Venini chandelier.

Most of the smaller objects here, Mrs. West explains, were gifts, and remind her of people she loves. Robert Lowell gave her the chandelier. Hannah Arendt, a close friend, gave her the ancient Persian chalice; her brother Kevin McCarthy, the actor, gave her the Chinese ivory hand. . . . "Oh, Mary," interjects James with his teasing smile, "I gave you a present too—and I live with you." She smiles back, and shows it proudly: a sturdy Sheffield inkstand, dated 1895.

The Wests have been married now for twenty years. It was Mary McCarthy's fourth marriage, his second. His work as a diplomat (recently retired) based them in Paris, where they still spend most of the year. In Paris, Mary McCarthy writes all day, until about 7:00 P.M., goes out often. Here in Maine, she says, they lead a quieter life: croquet on the lawn, breakfast on the terrace. Though the Wests bring a French cook here with them in the summers, Mary especially likes to cook—jams and jellies, and that wonderful blackberry ice with its rose geranium leaves for flavor. "I love recipes that involve pushing things through sieves," she admits, and that idea makes her laugh.

It is strangely unsettling to see Mary McCarthy, the sharp-tongued social critic, puttering serenely about her kitchen. It is like seeing a lioness who is behaving like a house cat; one wonders where her claws are, and when she is going to use them. As, with a chummy nod to James West, she passes confidently out the back door with her wicker basket to go pick flowers in her garden, it seems inconceivable that this could be the same woman who once, in another seaside town, countered an unkinder husband's refusal to help her out with the garbage by giving him a sharp slap across the face. It could never happen here.

She had, and still has, a reputation for being a mercilessly accurate critic. In 1937 she antagonized nearly all of her colleagues by publishing, in *The Nation,* a series of articles reflecting their lack of judgment and taste. Retaliation was swift; she became known as "Bloody Mary," "Contrary Mary." Katherine Ann Porter called her "in some ways the worst tempered woman in American letters." A reviewer from *The Wall Street Journal* wrote: "Miss McCarthy doesn't merely criticize authors and actors—she dices them, shreds them, cooks them at a fast boil and then leaves them to simmer." Not, surely, in a country kitchen, with tomatoes ripening on the windowsill and a pot of blackberries on the stove.

Mrs. West is polite to everyone. She respects the conventions. She will not woo people, but she will not cut them, either. "We're not social here like in Blue Hill"—the neighboring town—and yet relations with the townspeople are good, natural. She is not the first or only famous literary figure to appear in Castine. Elizabeth Hardwick has a summer place close by, near the bay, in that part of the town called "the neck." And Elizabeth Bishop lived here before removing to her island solitude, some miles off. When Robert Lowell lived in town, there used to be a French circle that gathered to read Molière, Villon, Chateaubriand. So Mary McCarthy is no stranger here; she is, on the contrary, a proper element of Castine life.

A big-boned, elderly woman in a sleepy bayside town. She writes in this house sometimes, at a prim white desk in her study. A stuffed arctic owl (James West's gift to her after she published *Birds of America*) looks down at her from the bookcase. Sitting here in her nurse-white skirt and navy-blue sweater (the exact blue of her wicker chairs) she is an American classic, an arrangement by Whistler in navy blue and white.

Mary McCarthy at sixty-nine, the author of novels, stories, essays (most recently, *Ideas and The Novel*) and non-fiction works (ranging from *The Stones of Florence* to *The Mask of State: Watergate Portraits*), with a career that spans nearly five decades, may well make a claim to be one of America's most accomplished and respected authors. She can still be startling, as evidenced by the lawsuit waged against her by her old enemy Lillian Hellman. McCarthy's statement, in a rare TV appearance on the Dick Cavett Show, that Hellman is "a bad writer and a dishonest writer" and that "every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the' " was a classic flourish. It brought Mary McCarthy into the headlines, for the first time in years, and woke up the literary establishment with an honest-to-God issue: whether, in fact, critics have a right to lambaste authors in public. So seriously was this issue taken (every luminary from Norman Mailer to Diana Trilling had something to say), and so outraged were Hellman's advocates, that McCarthy came out of it all looking at worst like a formidable critical presence, at best like an oracle speaking eternal truths.

Yet for a number of years Mary McCarthy has kept a certain distance from American literary life. In the past she relished controversy; now she seems wearied by it. She does not appear to the public often: an occasional interview to promote one of her books, an infrequent article, and that is all. As the Hellman incident proves, McCarthy still has power; but, except for that one lapse (even the New England matron has her wicked ways), she has been reluctant to use it. Shuttling from Castine to Paris, from Paris to Castine, she seems to be a woman who is skirting her reputation, a writer in retreat.

What could she be retreating from—her reputation, created mainly by *The Group,* as a popular writer, and the lingering suspicion, despite the propriety of other works (*Memories of a Catholic Girlhood, Ideas and The Novel*) that she is not entirely "serious"? She has, in fact, been consistently *(Continued on page 295)*

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MARY McCARTHY

(Continued from page 292)

serious for years; her recent work has had neither the savage humor nor the forbidden flavor of gossip that made *The Group* such a commercial success. She has stopped writing "sexy" books. She is no longer eccentric (the Vassar girl turned bohemian), and seldom dangerous; it is a rare diplomat's wife who likes to collect enemies. Why, for that matter, should a woman in her sixties, with a life's work behind her, want particularly to be risqué? On the other hand, why should such a woman be so eager to remove herself from her sphere of influence? Whatever the motive, McCarthy has backed off, as far as is reasonable, from the world that attracted and repelled her, and gave an edge to her wit.

She came to that world from a considerable distance. As a child, living in Minneapolis, she wanted to be an actress. Later, in boarding school, she conceived the desire to be a writer, "getting up at four in the morning to write a seventeen-page medieval romance before breakfast. . . ." She was "composing a novelette in study hall about the life of a middle-aged prostitute ('Her eyes were as turbid as dishwater')" when the idea of going East, and becoming a Vassar girl, took hold of her. The Vassar girl, as she soon discovered, "will have chosen Vassar in all probability with the idea of transcending her background." McCarthy not only transcended hers, she erased it. The orphan from Seattle was replaced by a sleek, sophisticated young woman who, in time, became the theater critic for the *Partisan Review,* the wife of the formidable author and editor Edmund Wilson, and one of the most visible literary celebrities of her day.

She wrote, in her fiction, about failed marriages and complicated affairs, about women who were trying to elude the commonplace. The details of their lives were remarkably similar to the details of McCarthy's own life, and these women often resembled her. When Martha Sinnot, in *A Charmed Life,* defied her husband ("she immediately distributed the guilt by setting down one pail of garbage and slapping him across his grinning face") it was hard not to think of Mary and Edmund Wilson. Yet she herself was wary of these resemblances; her life, to her, was one thing, her fiction another. She was careful not to glamorize herself—in print, at least—or to deceive anyone about who she really was.

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood was a systematic attempt to extricate the real Mary McCarthy from the mass of uncertain details surrounding her history. She analyzed her orphaned, lonely childhood, rejecting its pathos; she probed her memory to try to distinguish the realities of her life from its fantasies. She told each autobiographical story, then corrected it, separating real memories from insubstantial ones, and fiction from fact. Coming after a particularly choice memory, such corrections had a tart flavor, a cleansing effect. That effect remains the strongest virtue of Mary McCarthy's writing, though the appetite for it is, arguably, her most obvious personal vice.

She believed, and still does, that (in Martha Sinnot's words), "the hardest course was the right one; in her experience, this was almost an invariable law. If her nature shrank from the task, if it hid and cried piteously for mercy, that was a sign that *(Continued on page 297)*

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YOU & LOU II

MARY McCARTHY

(Continued from page 295)

she was in the presence of the ethical." Mary McCarthy continually set herself challenges. She has not always acted morally, as she readily admits; but she considers it a moral obligation to answer for her actions. If she has lied or (worse) behaved in a cowardly way, she is the first to accuse herself.

For a woman so scrupulous about her motives, it would be heresy to retreat, knowingly, from any situation. When she has retreated in the past, it has nearly always been because circumstances took her unawares.

In an essay called "My Confession" (confessing is a kind of legal skill with her) she tells how Trotsky's fate was decided by his decision one day to go duck hunting. He got wet during the hunt and caught the flu, which made him miss Lenin's funeral and the subsequent political struggle that changed the future of Russia, and decided his death. "One can foresee the consequences of a revolution or a war," wrote Trotsky with an existential shrug, "but it is impossible to foresee the consequences of an autumn shooting trip for wild ducks." Muses Mary McCarthy, "It may be that the whims of chance are really the importunities of design. But if there is a design, it aims, in real lives, like the reader's or mine or Trotsky's, to look natural and fortuitous; that is how it gets us into its web." Trotsky shrugs, McCarthy investigates. She is shrewder than he is.

She is always trying to foresee consequences; it would not be in her nature to do otherwise. One of the stories she tells in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* is about a decision she once made, as a student in a convent school, to lose her faith. The motive, as she says, was attention-getting: if she could claim something so outrageous, the older girls would notice and admire her. " 'Say you've lost your faith,' the devil prompted, assuring me that there was no risk if I chose my moment carefully. Starting Monday morning, we were going to have a retreat, to be preached by a stirring Jesuit. If I lost my faith on, say, Sunday, I could regain it during the three days of retreat, in time for Wednesday confessions."

But for Mary McCarthy, with her Catholic's instinct for renunciation, this retreat became a spiritual crisis: she really did lose her faith. Having lost it, she felt, and still feels, obliged to live with the consequences. "Unregenerate," she calls herself, and that obstinate refusal to take the easy way out is, with her, a point of pride. "If," she writes, "the kind of God exists who would damn me for not working out a deal with him, then that is unfortunate. I would not care to spend eternity in the company of such a person."

McCarthy seems, to her admirers, an extremely forthright woman, exacting and scrupulous. To her critics, she seems devious and vindictive, and a sham. That is probably because her actions do not invariably match the standards she sets for herself and for others. Nevertheless, as Doris Grumbach puts it in her biography, McCarthy is, in spirit, "the reformer who is willing to discard the baby in order to be permanently rid of the bath water."

In general, McCarthy assumes, she will tend in the wrong directions—a Freudian transcription of original sin—but her better part will object, and hopefully in time. "The moral part of her," Martha Sinnot (Sin-Not) realizes, "seemed to square its shoulders dissociating itself from the mass of weakness that remained. . . . The lawgiver was impractical, a real lady, disdaining to soil its hands. . . . Martha could have laughed aloud, except for the pride and awe she felt in the acquaintance."

Mary McCarthy seems, at this point of her life, to be living fairly comfortably with the lawgiver, the lady. She has become cautious, and she tends to measure her words. She is writing more slowly now—not, as she points out, because of age; because of perfectionism. That she should have gravitated toward Maine, where pride, willpower, and stubborn speech are a form of good breeding seems, upon consideration, natural. If she has retreated from the world she knew, she has probably by now understood her motives, and corrected them. The reasons for leaving are not, necessarily, the reasons for staying away.

She seems, in some ways, a size too large for this daintily proportioned part of the world—the " 'stranger to this ground' " as Grumbach has called her, "orphaned, excluded, the Westerner come East, the Catholic among Protestants, the end girl of the rooming group, the American abroad." A Western-born woman, her feet are built for long strides. Here, she measures her steps. She fits into this decorous space the way an ingenious salesman will fit an oversized foot into a shoe, making everything "snug." She moves discreetly here, because here the oldest definitions apply: it is only by tucking in tight, by pinching around the edges, that civilized life takes shape.

Mary McCarthy is a proud woman, with a grim (if ironic) sense of mission. New England offers a context for that stripped-down pride; it is America without varnish, without excuses. And Maine, that proud syllable, is New England unregenerate: propriety with a sheet of snow, legitimacy with a widow's walk, morality with an evergreen tip.

If she has retreated here it is, possibly, another kind of retreat—the military kind. Castine, in Colonial days, was famous for it: the kind of retreat armies make when the old position becomes untenable, to realign themselves on new ground. There is the sense, with Mary McCarthy, of a shoring up of forces—against age, or her own rebellious instincts. Perhaps living with a diplomat has helped: to a certain extent she has learned the art of equivocation. That is an art of survival, at its best.

She is, in some real sense, an American classic. If she was ever propelled by ignoble impulses, she has since made them honorable. Her ancestors were "wreckers," land pirates on the Nova Scotia coast who lured ships to their destruction. Grumbach calls their descendant, Mary McCarthy, a wrecker too, and rightly, because that is the impulse that produced some of her wickedest work. Those pirate ancestors gave birth to solid citizens, and wrecker Mary McCarthy finally became legitimate. That is in the American tradition, the legacy of scoundrels to their heirs.

She is walking toward the camera now with slow, even steps, her arms swinging military style, between twin rows of plantain lily down her front path—Mary the martinet. She even favors, in her clothing, regimental stripes, echoed by the upholstery on her furniture. Her posture is excellent. She is wearing long white stockings with dark, buckled shoes, like those worn by the founding fathers whose enormous cartoon portrait hangs in her front hall. She is, consciously, her own ancestor. Her own uncompromising judge. ▽

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Lutèce: the best of the best

Recipes from the greatest French restaurant in the United States

BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

One of the most comforting aspects of New York City's Restaurant Lutèce, considered by many the best French restaurant in this country, is that for all of its grandeur there is always country food on the menu. (For more Lutèce, photos, see pages 448, 449.) A perfectly roasted baby chicken *(Poussin Roti aux Fines Herbes),* crisp skinned, succulent, and scented with tarragon is one of our favorites. Enticing, too, is the Fricassee of Chicken with caramelized shallots and scallions, sauced in cream and white wine with a refreshing splash of lemon, surrounded by rich fresh noodles.

If you think duck has too much fat for you, owner/chef André Soltner's devilish expertise with duck, raspberries, and raspberry vinegar will change your mind. Sweet and sour, with a crackling skin, raspberry-delicious, no duck was ever treated so genially.

And M. Soltner's "homemade" cheese, a smooth and garlic-y Alsatian specialty called Bibelskaes, is a delicious novelty on a cheese tray, or spread on crackers to serve with drinks. Monsieur Soltner tells a heart-warming story about the origins of "Mama's Lemon Tarts," a delectable combination of fresh lemon and almond-crisp meringue cake that is occasionally on the menu. It seems that one of Monsieur Soltner's most devoted clients, a rich and worldly Swiss gentleman, always longed for a tart that his mother had baked every Sunday during his childhood. He described it with such loving nostalgia that Monsieur Soltner was determined to duplicate it. After weeks of conscientious experimentation, he presented it as a surprise to his client, who was overcome with joy. "*C'est ça*!" he exclaimed, "*Voilà la tarte au citron de maman!*"

Here, Monsieur Soltner's recipes for all of these remarkable Lutèce delicacies.

ROAST SPRING CHICKENS (Poussin Roti aux Fines Herbes)

two servings

2 1–1¼ pound spring chickens (or Cornish hens)
2 tablespoons olive oil
4 tablespoons butter
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
½ cup white wine
¼ cup chopped fresh tarragon

Brown chickens on top of stove in oil and half of butter till golden brown on all sides. Season on all sides with salt and pepper to taste. Transfer to pan to preheated 400° oven and bake for 20–25 minutes. Baste with pan juices every five minutes. When chickens are very crisp, remove from oven. Discard fat in pan. Transfer chickens to heated platter. Add remaining butter to pan and cook till it turns light brown. Deglaze pan with wine. Add tarragon and cook to reduce pan juices for 3–4 minutes. Strain through a *chinois* or other fine-meshed strainer over chickens and serve. New potatoes, boiled in their jackets till tender then peeled and sauteed in butter till well browned, make the perfect accompaniment.

Excellent served with a Rouge d'Alsace wine.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE WITH SHALLOTS (Fricassée de Volaille aux échalotes)

two to three servings

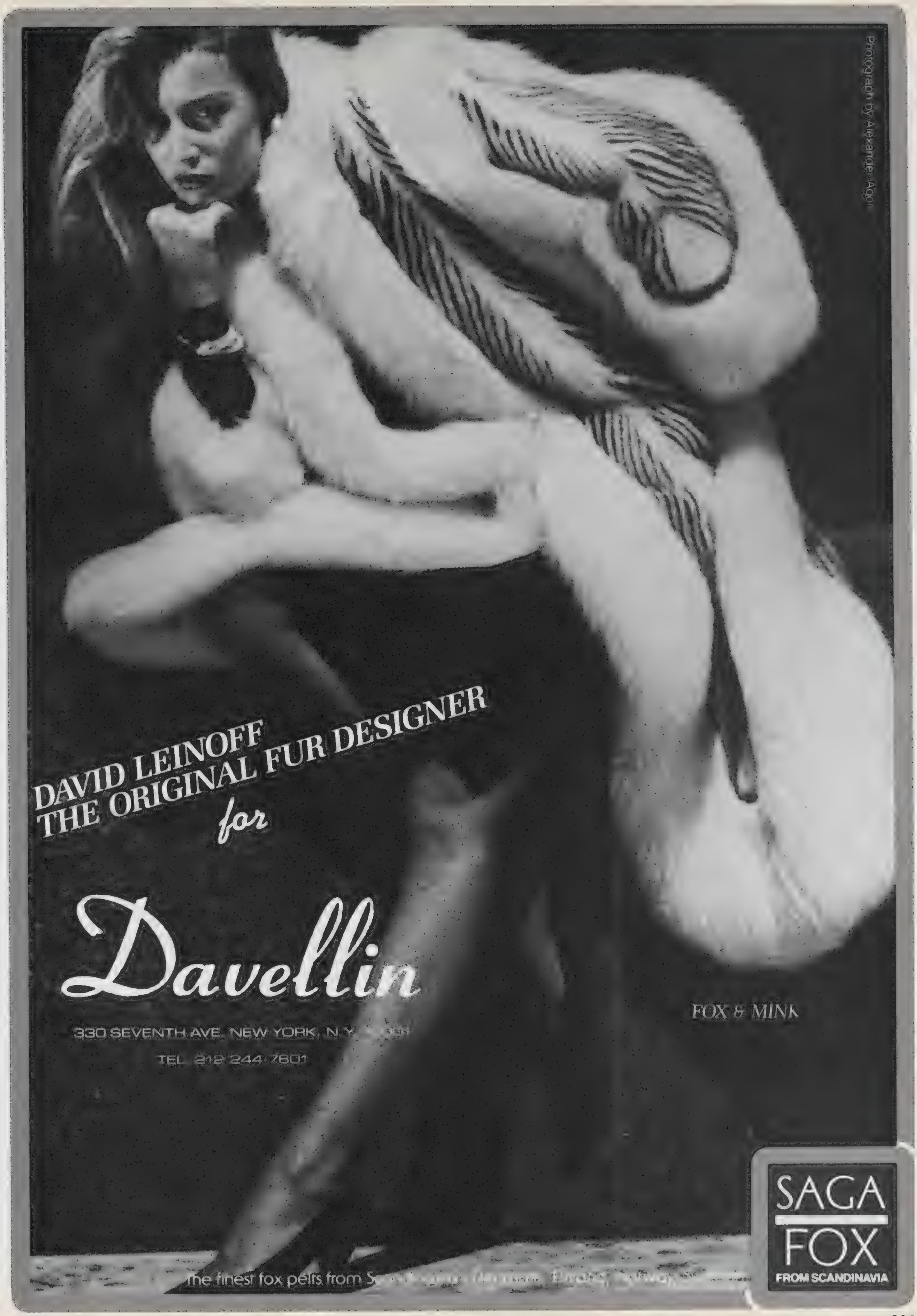
2½ pound chicken (ask butcher to cut chicken into 8 pieces, to remove bone from breast and thighs, and to give you the bones)
Salt, freshly ground pepper
2 shallots, peeled, thinly sliced
½ pound sweet butter
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup water
1 cup cream
Juice of half a lemon
8–9 scallions
12 large unpeeled shallots, cooked in salted water for 3 minutes, then peeled
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons water
½ pound fresh noodles (or packaged)

Sprinkle chicken pieces with salt and pepper. Melt 2–3 tablespoons butter in heavy skillet. Sauté chicken skin side down, over medium heat till brown, then turn and brown on other side. Reserve.

In same skillet, sauté chicken bones till lightly browned (about 6 minutes) adding more butter if needed. Add 2 sliced shallots and sauté for 1 minute longer, stirring. Add wine, water, and cook uncovered for 15 minutes. Then add cream, lemon juice, and pieces of chicken. Cover and cook over medium heat for 10 minutes.

Cut off white part of scallions and blanch in salted boiling water for 3 minutes. Cut off 1 inch of green parts (discard rest) and slice very fine. Reserve.

In heavy skillet, heat 4 tablespoons of butter. Add cooked *(Continued on page 300)*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(Continued from page 298)

shallots and sprinkle them with salt and pepper to taste and with teaspoon of sugar. Add 2 tablespoons of water. Cook over high heat, shaking skillet, for about 8 minutes or till shallots are caramel colored on all sides. Add blanched scallions and cook for 2 more minutes.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water till tender, then drain well and sauté for 1 minute or 2 in 4 tablespoons of butter. Season with salt and pepper. Place noodles in middle of large serving dish (earthenware if possible) with chicken pieces all around. Keep warm.

Reduce sauce in which chicken was cooked to 2/3 of original amount. Strain sauce over chicken and noodles. Add shallots and scallions. Sprinkle chopped green scallions over all and serve very hot.

DUCK WITH RASPBERRIES (Canard aux Framboises)

four servings

5 pound duck, cut into 8 pieces, breast boned
1 carrot
1 onion
2 cups dry white wine
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
4–5 peppercorns
¼ pound butter
2 sugar cubes
2 cloves garlic
½ cup raspberry vinegar
1 teaspoon tomato purée
2 ripe tomatoes, seeded, peeled, coarsely chopped and mashed
A bouquet garni, made by tying together or wrapping in piece of cheesecloth: a bay leaf, a sprig or two fresh thyme or 1/2 teaspoon dried, sprig or two of fresh tarragon or 1/2 teaspoon dried, sprig or two of parsley
1 cup fresh raspberries (if unavailable, use cup of frozen berries defrosted, carefully drained, or cup of raspberries in syrup (such as Norwood Hill Orchards brand), carefully drained

Make stock with bones, wings, and neck of duck. Put them in pot with carrot and onion. Add wine and enough water just to cover. (Wine and water should be more or less equal amounts although a little more wine than water will not hurt.) Add 1/2 teaspoon of salt and 4 or 5 peppercorns. Cook for 1 hour, then strain through sieve.

In heavy cocotte or casserole, heat 2 tablespoons of butter and brown pieces of duck well on both sides. Add sugar cubes and garlic. Cover and cook for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Remove as much fat as possible from casserole. Deglaze remaining pan juices by adding raspberry vinegar, stirring, and scraping brown bits into liquid. Add tomato purée, mashed tomatoes, and bouquet garni. Cook covered 10 minutes longer. Remove duck pieces to serving platter, moisten with a bit of stock and keep warm. Add remaining stock to casserole. Bring to boil and cook till reduced by half or until fairly thick. Strain this sauce through a *chinois* or other fine-meshed sieve, over duck, pressing down to force some of solids through sieve. Sprinkle raspberries over duck and put in hot oven for 5 minutes before serving.

BIBELSKAES

eight to ten servings

This delightful Alsatian "homemade" cheese makes a light, unusual addition to your cheese tray. It is also very good served on crackers with drinks.

2 cups small-curd cottage cheese, sieved
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ cup heavy cream

Combine all ingredients. Mix until smooth with wooden spoon, pressing cheese against sides of bowl. Refrigerate for several hours before serving. (Can be done in food processor fitted with knife blade. Process just for a few seconds till smooth but not until mixture becomes liquid.)

MAMA'S LEMON TARTS (Tarte Citron Maman)

six servings

Base
3 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
Grated peel of 1 lemon
1 cup finely ground almonds (easily done in food processor or blender)
1 tablespoon flour
Salt
1–2 tablespoon butter to grease pie plate

Topping
3 lemons
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup finely ground almonds

Beat egg yolks and sugar in an electric mixer till mixture is very pale and falls from beater in a ribbon. Stir in lemon peel, ground almonds and flour till well combined. Beat egg whites with pinch or two of salt till stiff. Carefully fold them into batter.

Butter bottom and sides of 9-inch pie plate or tart tin with removable bottom, and pour in batter. Bake in preheated 350° oven for about 30 minutes or until cake is lightly browned and begins to come away from sides of pie plate. Do not turn oven off.

While cake is baking, prepare topping. Monsieur Soltner peels the lemons, removing all white pith, and slices them with a sharp knife as thin as possible. (We find it much easier to cut unpeeled lemons in half horizontally and then remove all segments from between membranes with serrated grapefruit knife.) In either case, use lemon slices or segments to cover base of tarte when it is done, after it is removed from oven.

Beat egg whites with pinch of salt until they reach soft peaks, then add sugar 1 tablespoon or 2 at a time, beating again after each addition. Fold in ground almonds and spread this almond meringue over lemon slices, using spatula dipped in cold water. Return cake to oven for 15 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Cool on cake rack and serve in wedges. ▽

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The pain is all in your head

Headaches: how they differ; ways to prevent, spot, and treat them

BY
WILLIAM BENNETT, M.D.

Headaches are a headache. Common as they are—and they are *very* common, especially among women—headaches are not well understood, and satisfactory treatment can be difficult to achieve. Fortunately, steady progress is being made, and new approaches are showing a lot of promise.

Usually, people who start having frequent, severe headaches are afraid that something serious, or deadly, is the cause. Most of the time, by far, they will be wrong, but it's not worth taking the chance. Frequent or persistent headaches should be checked by a doctor; a few cases do signal the presence of an underlying disease that needs to be treated. And even if it proves to be "just" a headache, there's no reason to suffer with a condition that makes

Pain-killers are not the only solution

life miserable when a thoughtful physician can offer effective methods for managing it.

So-called tension headaches are the most frequent type. According to some estimates, four out of five adults experience tension headaches every year. A tension headache typically feels like squeezing or pressure; usually it is felt equally on both sides of the head, but it may be experienced more in front or in back. The term "tension" used for this type of headache really has two meanings. Tension of tightened muscles in the neck or scalp, according to the most popular theory, causes the pain. But also the headaches can be triggered by emotional tension. A growing body of evidence suggests that depression may be a more important element than anxiety in producing this sort of headache.

Less common than tension headaches is the "migraine" or vascular type, throbbing or pounding, and usually stronger on one side or the other. Sometimes they alternate sides of the head during a single attack. The pain of these headaches appears to be caused by blood vessels both inside and outside the skull. For reasons that aren't clear, the vessels in a limited area sometimes dilate so widely that they push against the adjacent tissue and thus create a sensation of pain. A minority of people with vascular headaches—about one-fifth—have warning symptoms before the headache comes on: they may see flashing lights, zig-zag lines, or blind spots, for example; they may be nauseated, feel light-headed, or have trouble with balance. The others, who don't have such specific symptoms, may still recognize a change in mood that signals the approach of a headache. Women who get migraines often first get them in adolescence and find that the headaches come at times of hormonal change: during menstruation, pregnancy, menopause, or when taking contraceptive pills. Cigarette smoke, alcohol, and some kinds of food, such as chocolate or cheese, may also trigger these headaches.

Another common type of headache is a symptom of hangover. The pain in this case is throbbing but, unlike migraine, is felt on both sides of the head. The hangover headache probably has more than one cause. Excess alcohol itself may trigger it, but some studies indicate that pure alcohol isn't necessarily the main cause. Flavoring components of alcoholic drinks are often toxic in large quantities and themselves may lead to hangover symptoms. Perhaps that is the reason why some people get more of a hangover from complex liquors such as brandy than from vodka, which usually is just alcohol diluted in water. Dehydration is probably also a factor; *(Continued on page 307)*

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HEADACHES

(Continued from page 305)

alcohol interferes with release of a hormone that helps the kidney retain a proper volume of water in the body. Thus, with each alcoholic drink, the body loses more fluid than it takes in; so the paradoxical result of a drinking spree is that the drinker winds up with less fluid than he or she started with. An important part of treating any hangover, then, is to drink enough water to replace the lost fluid. Other factors that enter into a hangover headache probably include simple fatigue and heavy exposure to the carbon monoxide of a smoke-filled room.

Few headaches are caused by allergy, despite the common belief that they are. Only if a headache is associated with sneezing, itching eyes, hoarseness, and other clearly allergic symptoms is it likely to be caused by allergy, which is an exaggerated, inappropriate response of the body's immune system. On the other hand, certain foods may trigger headaches, and MSG, a "flavor enhancer" used in cooking, is probably a common cause. In this case, it's not allergy that is responsible, but rather an unusual sensitivity to natural substances in the food or to MSG. The chemicals somehow get through normal protective barriers and cause blood vessels to dilate. A common belief, encouraged by a lot of advertising, is that sinus congestion from allergies is a major cause of headaches. In fact, congested sinuses rarely produce headaches. Most so-called sinus headaches probably are a mild form of migraine.

Preventing and treating headaches require a good mixture of common sense and medical sophistication. Pain-killers are not the only, or necessarily the best, solution.

A simple pain-reliever, such as aspirin or acetaminophen (non-aspirin pain-killers), and rest are likely to end ordinary tension headaches that don't occur very frequently. All the various pain-relief compounds that are so heavily promoted have no advantage over these simple measures and may even be slightly less effective than the two basic drugs (unless the advertising itself is so persuasive that you respond to it alone by feeling better). Most of these compounds use one or both of the standard drugs plus a little caffeine, which probably is no extra help unless the headache happens to be caused (as many are) by withdrawal from coffee or tea. (Many people who suffer "weekend" headaches are heavy coffee drinkers who delay or diminish their intake on weekends.)

The medications so frequently advertised for relief of congested sinuses may sometimes be a slight improvement over aspirin, but not for the reason they claim to be. These combination pills contain a simple pain reliever along with caffeine and one or two other agents which are capable of constricting blood vessels. It is thus possible that they help to relieve very mild headaches of the migraine type.

A potential drawback to all pain-relievers is that they can "train" a person, unconsciously, to have headaches in order to give themselves a reason for taking another dose of the medication.

Severe and persistent headaches can benefit from prescription drug therapy, but here the emphasis is on prevention. Close cooperation between doctor and patient is needed to find the right approach, because some trial-and-error is usually necessary. Many people with tension headaches, it appears, can be helped by relatively small amounts of antidepressant medication. It is not yet clear whether this is because the headaches are caused by mild depression or because the drug has some special effect in addition to its activity against depression. Certain prescription tranquilizers can, in relatively small doses, help prevent headaches. Migraine victims often benefit from the drug ergotamine, which is best taken when an attack is anticipated, for it is much less effective after the headache begins.

An important new trend in medicine comes from the realization that all drugs can create problems of their own and that nondrug therapy, whenever possible, is preferable to the use of medication. Headache victims may benefit from psychotherapy or counseling that helps them improve the ways they cope with stress. Identifying factors that trigger headaches can suggest ways to prevent them. Simple relaxation (meditation) techniques may help to ward off an impending headache. Asking a friend for a neck or scalp massage may accomplish two things: it can help tensed muscles to relax, and it can help the person who drives herself too hard to pause and let someone else take care of her for a little while. Special "biofeedback" methods have been advocated as a method for training headache sufferers to control the nerves responsible for tension in muscles or dilation of blood vessels. For this purpose, a skin thermometer is used to register circulation in the hands while patients repeat certain phrases to themselves. Early reports are enthusiastic, but too preliminary to support any firm conclusion.

Recurrent headaches are rarely cured, but they can be much improved. The best place to start is with a good working relationship between patient and doctor. The patient should not expect or demand instant and absolute relief, and the doctor should be prepared to spend time discussing possible causes, triggers, and methods of treatment. A hastily written prescription is not the answer. ▽

Preventing and treating headaches require a good mixture of common sense and medical sophistication

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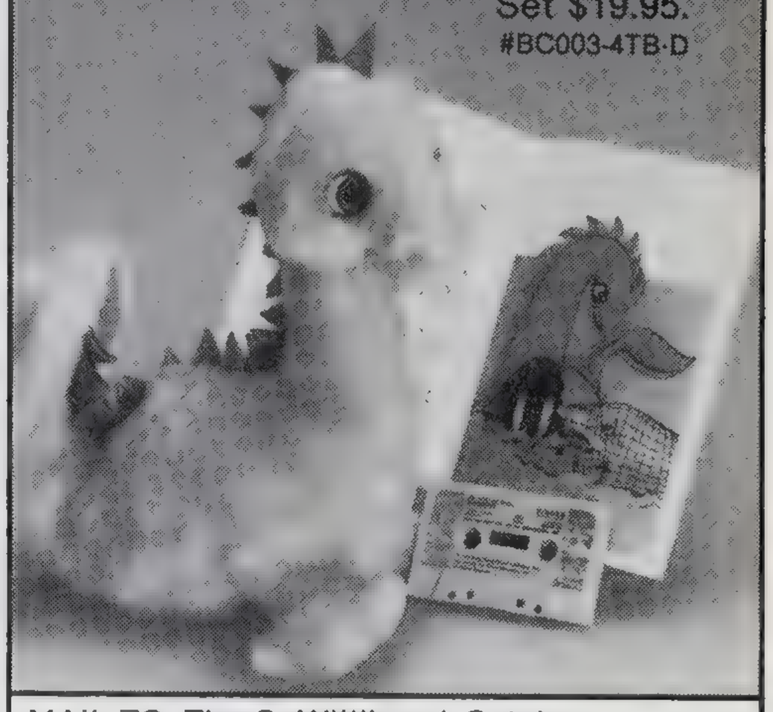

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Living: Ideas and Trends

By Barbara Plumb

Getting a corner on comfort… design tips: showroom on your bookshelf… hidden history at Versailles

nstead of just attractive pictures of rooms to be executed by a decorator, *The Decorating Book,* by English design consultant Mary Gilliatt (Pantheon, $35), is a genuine problem-solving source with hundreds of specific room schemes to use as examples.
One of the book's five sections shows three alternative decorating schemes in color for each space.
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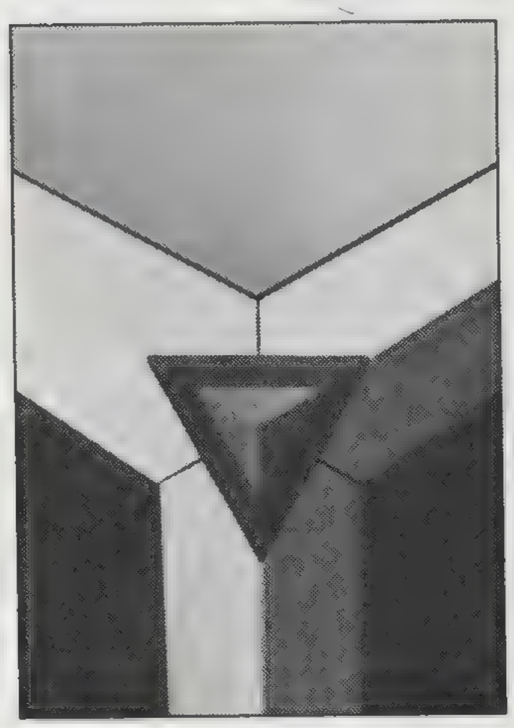
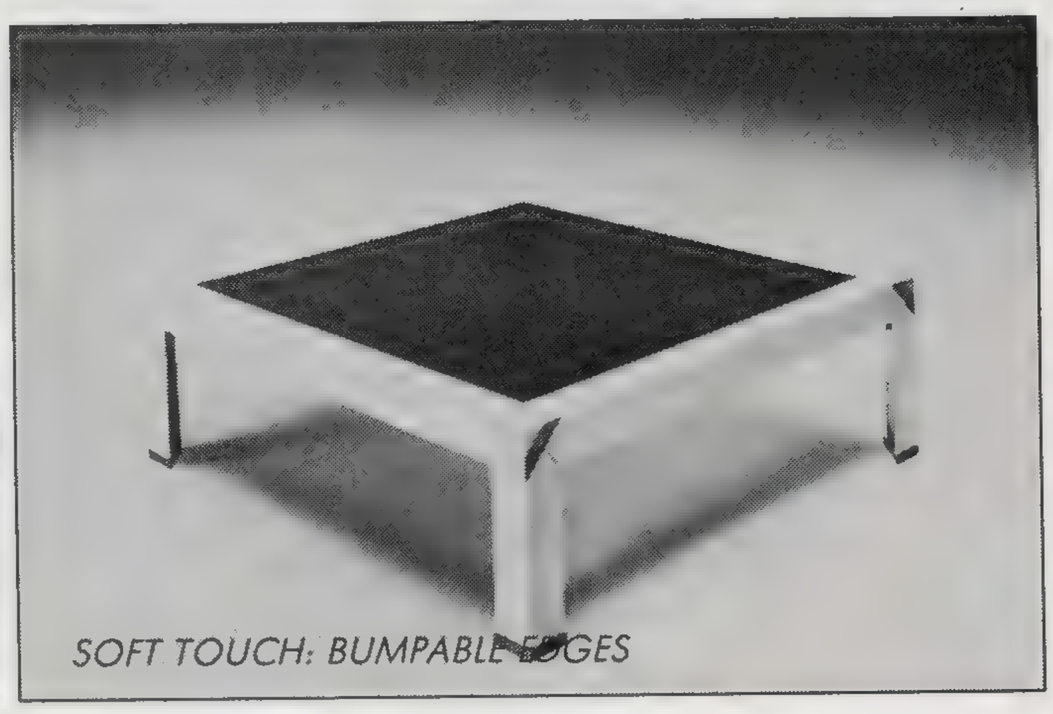
A tear-out Design Kit includes special graph paper on which to arrange the three hundred furniture cutouts provided to help you find the right furniture arrangement before making major purchases. *Above:* Two plans for a working kitchen—a modern look and the old-fashioned country style with shutters and exposed brick walls.





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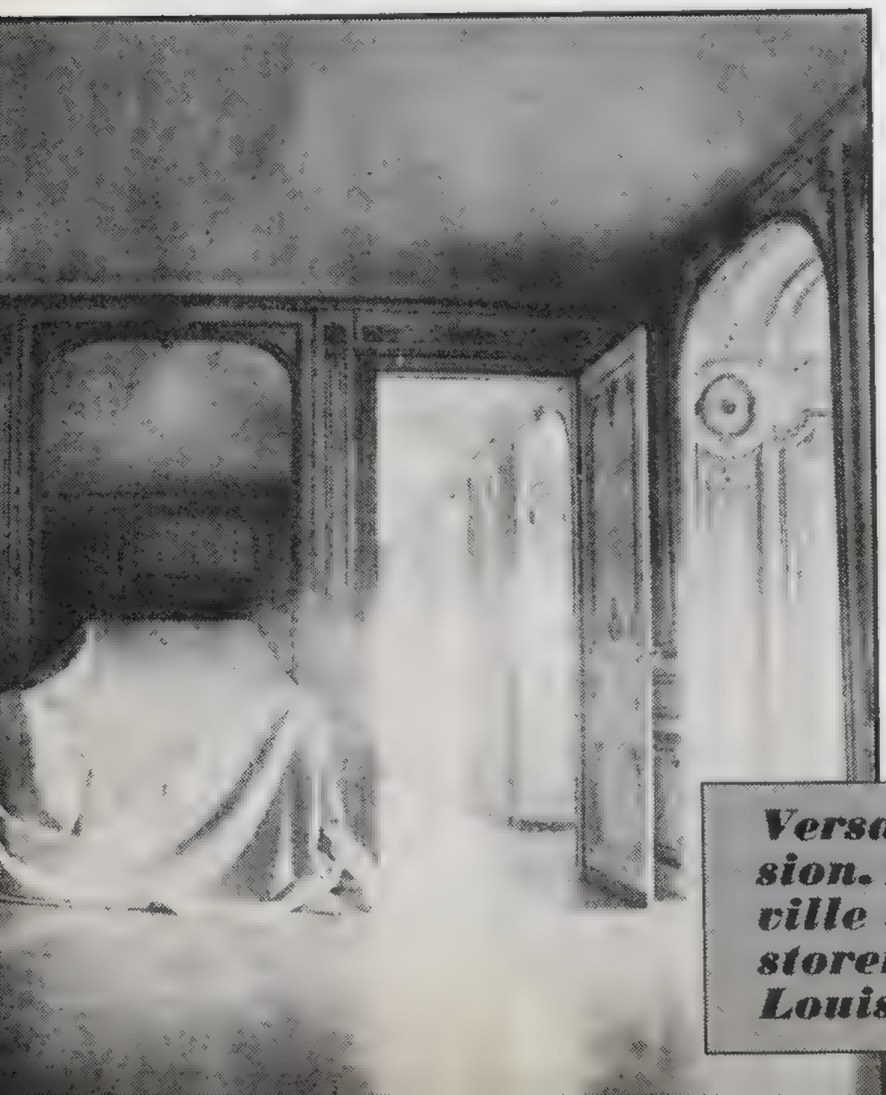
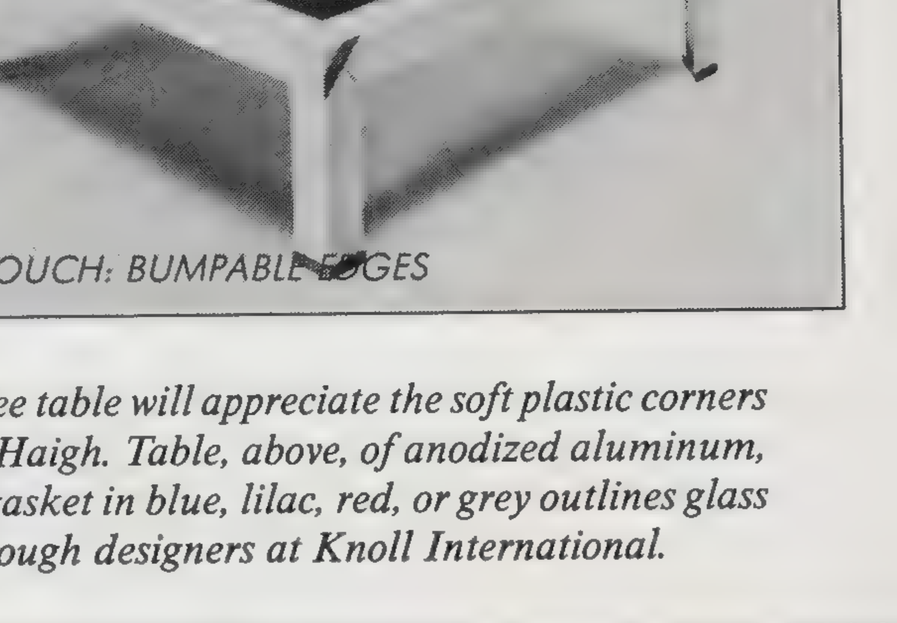


TILES AS ART: "It was a calculated choice. I wanted to bring a design feeling into what had been a craft area," said Maureen Neumann *(right),* explaining the start of her custom tile works, The Tuilerie, in NYC (212/237-2630 by appointment). A Vassar graduate who went on to the Yale School of Art and Architecture, she emerged from academia convinced that America's craftsmen could equal the high caliber of modern tile design achieved in Italy. Her most popular motifs: geometrics, metallic overlays on custom-colored tiles. *Far right:* eight-inch hand-cast, hand-painted tile, in blue, yellow, green and white. $25.



Versailles: now seen through Deborah Turbeville's personal vision. For her new book, "Unseen Versailles" (Doubleday), Turbeville shot areas of the palace never viewed by the public—royal storerooms, private chambers, secret recesses. Introduction by Louis Auchincloss; handwritten memoirs accompany some photos.

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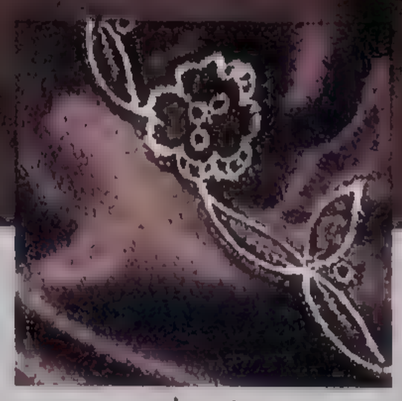

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Oil: you go nowhere without it

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BY LILLIAN BORGESON

There's one easy way to stretch the life of your engine and improve everyday car performance: understand oil. Here's what you ought to know about it:

● **When to add oil.** The oil that buffers your engine can get used up in a variety of ways. Older engines tend to burn oil and blow it out through the exhaust; you see the evidence as a dark, charred-looking residue around the tailpipe and nearby chrome. Some engines leak oil; you see it as drips on the garage floor, or as a grimy film on the underside of the hood and the visible parts of the engine.

Whatever the reason, oil that's lost must be replaced, and on every dashboard there is a warning light that goes on when oil is so low that the oil pressure in the engine has been affected. But one fact that every driver needs to know: the oil-pressure warning light is *not* a reliable signal for adding oil. By the time it comes on, critical parts of the engine have been running dry at least for split seconds, and that may be long enough to do significant damage.

Don't wait for the oil-pressure light to come on. The time to add oil is when your engine has lost just one quart of its full oil-holding capacity, and it's important to check the oil level every time you buy gas (see below). Another way to measure oil level is by installing a new accessory called Qt/Low Auto-Oil-Monitor; when oil is down by a quart, its sensor activates a special monitor light on the dashboard.

● **Dipstick diagnosis.** The standard device for checking oil level is the dipstick, a metal rod with an easy-to-see curved handle at the top. There's an oil dipstick under the hood of every car, usually located near the dome-shaped oil-filler cap. In the old days service-station attendants checked it every time you bought gas; nowadays they do it seldom or not at all—which means you should know how to handle it yourself.

To do it right, lift the hood, pull out the dipstick and wipe it clean with a non-linty rag; you'll note that it has marks on it to show oil level. When you've wiped the dipstick clean, push it back down into its slot all the way, then pull it out again and look. If there's no oil clinging to it above the "quart-down" mark, add a quart of oil.

● **How to add oil:** 1. Let the domed oil-filler cap get cool. This takes a minute or two when the engine is hot from running, longer when the weather is hot, too. 2. Remove the cap, using a rag, and set it on a handy flat surface (like the nearby air-cleaner cover). 3. Use a standard can opener to open the can of new oil; pour the oil carefully into the oil-fill opening, preferably using a snap-on spout. If any oil sloshes on the engine, wipe it up. 4. When the can is empty, recheck the dipstick to be sure the level has come up between "add" and "full" (don't *over*fill). Then put the filler-cap back on, nice and tight. And before you lower the hood and take off, be sure you've taken rag, can opener, can, can-lid off of the engine.

● **When to change oil.** One fringe benefit of using the dipstick yourself (or asking the attendant to show it to you) is that you see not just the quantity of oil in your engine, but also its condition. When motor oil is new and working at peak efficiency, it's relatively clear in appearance and relatively thick in consistency. As it works, it gets blacker and grittier, runnier and less effective. At that point it's not enough just to add one quart of clean oil to the five or six quarts of dirty oil in your engine; it's time to have old oil drained and replaced.

Most car manufacturers recommend an oil change every 5000 to 7500 miles. But owners committed to tender loving car-care are convinced this isn't often enough. Especially where roads are dusty and dirty, or if you do a lot of stop-and-go driving, you'll get maximum protection by having the oil and oil filter changed every 3000 miles. In any case, one thing is sure. You can't hurt your engine by having the oil changed too often; you *can* hurt it by having the oil changed too seldom.

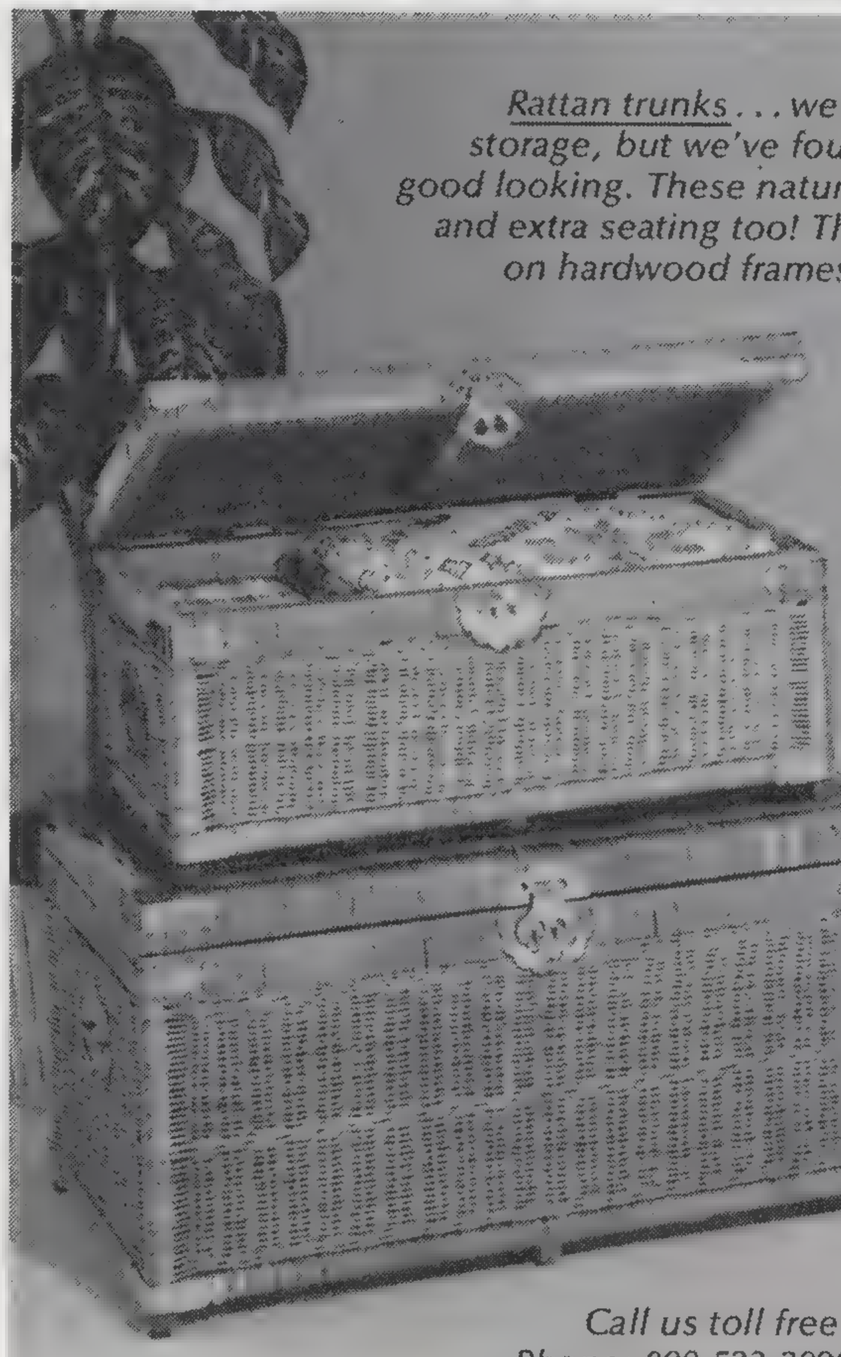
● **What to buy.** Engine oil is graded both for quality and for weight, and the vital statistics are printed or stamped on the can lid. A can stamped SF means that the quality of the oil meets the requirements for all American and most foreign cars.

When it comes to oil weight (or thickness, or "viscosity"), the decision isn't all that simple. Thickness is graded by number, from 5 to 50; the higher the number, the thicker the oil. The oil you use has to be thin enough to get between the moving parts it must lubricate; once it's there it has to be thick enough to stay put and coat them effectively. To complicate matters, cold-weather, cold-morning starts call for a thin oil; hot weather and high-speed driving call for a thick oil.

For cars that run in an all-year moderate-to-hot climate (like Southern California, for example), many buffs swear by a good "single-grade" oil, 30-weight for winter, 40-weight for summer. If you live in a cold climate, most experts recommend "multi-grade" oil with thickness that ranges from 10 to 40; check your car's owner's manual for guidance.

Many extra-careful oil buyers make it a point not to switch brands indiscriminately. Different brands come with different kinds of additives, and these may not always mix well. If you do decide to change brands, it's safest to do it when you change oil (not when you're just adding a quart) . . . and ask the mechanic to "really let the old stuff drain out."

Better yet, decide on a good brand and stick with it; it'll do the same for your engine. ▽



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OPINION

An American Renaissance: the impossible dream?

Probing the U.S.-European connection: lessons in irreverence and courage

BY AUBREY MENEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A mystery man of letters who has traveled and lived everywhere from London to Pompeii to remotest India—now he's harbored in the English countryside; but you can never tell where Aubrey Menen will turn up, what culture he will descend on with his penetrating mind and incorruptible pen. He has written about Indian gurus ("The Mystics") and European con men ("Art and Money"), always managing to take the long view of history and the way people live—and making uncommon sense. Here, Aubrey Menen sets his sharp sights on America, the New World—or is it?*

I have spent two years living for a while in Italy, France, and then England. Finally, I have just revisited New York. There I was asked a question—what does the Old World think of America?

Now I shall not write about politics. The Old World is thoroughly tired of politicians. The illusion that they were important people has quite disappeared. It is not so much that we have found out that the Emperor has no clothes: we have realized that he has very deep pockets. The Americans' constant surprise that politicians are corrupt reminds me a little of one's youthful discovery of masturbation—something of a shock at first, but also something to do again.

No. My questioner confined his curiosity to what we ancients thought about American culture. We in the Old World are very interested in such things as music, painting, and poetry if they come from over the Atlantic because we are pretty sure that we ourselves have no composers, painters, or authors left.

In the 'thirties, America was our hope. Along with my peers I read H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, e e cummings, the first books of Hemingway, and the stories of Eudora Welty. I saw the plays of Eugene O'Neill. When I went to tea with John Maynard Keynes in his famous Bloomsbury house, it was not to encounter a homosexual governor of the Bank of England—that was merely piquant—but to meet a young man called Frederick Ashton who was choreographing an opera set to the magical words of Gertrude Stein. In short, we expected the Americans to produce a second Renaissance. But it turned out that the Renaissance was all Greek to them; and, the Second World War over, we had to settle for Truman Capote.

Why? What happened? I think I know. But first I must assure you that I shall spare you the clichés that America is a commercial civilization and that you ruin your creative spirits by giving them too much money. All civilizations are commercial. The single indisputable fact which I have dug out from the clotted prose of Karl Marx (whom I, being a born eccentric, have actually read) is that civilization began when men had a little to put by for a rainy day, instead of putting everything into their bellies or on their backs. The Phoenicians, who were traders, took up some crude scratchings on pottery and developed them into the alphabet to make sure that while they cheated the ignorant natives of the Mediterranean basin, they could not cheat one another. The Athenians built the Parthenon out of money criminally misappropriated from their gullible allies. The Middle Ages built cathedrals because the bishops had gold and silver coins coming out of their mitres. The Medici were moneylenders, and proud of it. True, it would seem at first glance that writers produce trash when they grow rich and painters turn out daubs. But that is because they were charlatans even when they were poor but nobody noticed it. Money can never ruin the genuinely creative artist.

I shall, instead, direct your attention to the tragedy of an American genius, the late Samuel Barber. I met him in Rome. It was in the 'sixties; and I went to see him because, besides being eccentric, I am also pig-headed. I still clung to the shreds of my youthful faith in the American Renaissance. In the Old World, music had nothing to offer. Stravinsky had made a career out of disappointing his admirers. The British were producing composers by the month who astonished us all because nobody could imagine how anyone could take them seriously. In the rest of Europe, musicians were bending their talents to produce noises that had never been heard before and once heard were rarely heard again. Gian-Carlo Menotti was devoting an exemplary life to looking for fresh talents, having mislaid his own. Barber alone, it seemed to me, had written the most accomplished, the most moving piece of music since Bartók. So, with his *Second Essay for Orchestra* sounding in my head, I went to see him.

Samuel Barber's minor pieces include a brief operetta about four bridge players who, while dealing their cards, sing their fantasies. The four persons I encountered on my visit could well have provided him with a similar theme. The setting was a compact bachelor's apartment furnished in very contemporary and even youthful *(Continued on page 316)*

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(Continued from page 315)

taste. This was because it belonged to a friend of Barber's, a handsome, tall Italian in his twenties. His name was, romantically, Orlando Orlandi, but on the sight of him I christened him Chéri—and for those who know their Colette, it will be a sufficient description of his good looks. The apartment was his, as I have said. I had been taken to it by my current editor, Frank Taylor, an immensely tall man and equally striking in his personality. Then there was Samuel. He was, I felt, rather short; but everybody looked short in the vicinity of Frank. Samuel was perfectly but quietly dressed. His manner was subdued and almost British in its diffidence. He was full of thought, as well he might be, since he was composing *Antony and Cleopatra,* an opera which was to open New York's new Metropolitan Opera House.

This being Rome and Signor Orlandi being so beautiful, it was natural to assume that Barber was paying the rent, since the apartment was in an expensive block. This, it soon became painfully clear, was unlikely. Frank asked if he could use the young man's telephone because he had to ring his publishing house in Manhattan. Paling slightly, the young man agreed. Now Frank was ringing collect. His interchanges with the operator were in abrupt executive New Yorkese. They went right over Orlando's head. He was convinced he would have to pay for the call; and, in Rome, bills can come in a year late. Frank spoke for a solid half hour by the pretty ormolu clock on a shelf in the wall. Orlando's alarm spread from his face to his hands and finally his legs: all were agitated by emotion.

Samuel talked to me. It does not matter what he said. In fact I am sure he did not know what he said. He was clearly struggling with a problem and it was no longer *Antony and Cleopatra.* How could he convey to Orlando that he would not have to pay the bill? The New York habit of calling "collect," then unfamiliar to such unbusinesslike Romans as Orlando, would, of course, ensure that. But to be blunt would be offensive. To take refuge in Italian or French was no disguise because I knew both languages. To shut Frank up was out of the question. Nobody ever could. The tension in the room was inexpressible, except, I reflected, by massed strings and throbbing tympani.

Now had Barber been a pure American abroad, like, say, F. Scott Fitzgerald, he would have risked the offense and cleared the air. Had he been British he would have made a joke: "Frank's running up a hell of a bill for his firm. I wonder he isn't fired." (For the record, he was.) Had Barber been French he could have talked about money with aplomb and grace. The French spend à good deal of their time doing it. Had he been Roman, like Orlando, he would have relapsed into obscure dialect and been coarse but precise. He did none of these things. Frank finished and Orlando was limp for the rest of the afternoon.

But there I saw, was the reason why Barber, with all his talent, failed to be the Monteverdi or Gluck of that great new flowering which I had expected from America. Alas, *Antony and Cleopatra* was a flop. The Sphinx stuck fast on the opening night, or so I was told. Yet listen to the *Second Essay.* It has boldness checked by anxiety, it has glimpses of vast horizons brought back suddenly to the personal here and now. It sings, yet it complains. It has sadness, but no real unhappiness. It is all of a piece but comes to no pat conclusion. It is—what?

Adolescent.

By that word I do not mean anything derogatory. In spite of that pompous old turncoat William Wordsworth, shades of the prison-house do not close around the growing boy. They close around the mature man. The Renaissance was adolescent. It had an adolescent joy in the beauty of the human body; it sought a religion which was not religious—and who when young has not done that? When it admired, admiration swept it off its feet. It liked dressing up in the latest fashion, and nobody has been so well clothed as the young men who stare out of the canvases of the Florentines. It was sexually immoral, but always a bit sorry that it was, which is the only civilized way of being immoral, and which only the adolescent can achieve.

But adolescence is not childhood. I have observed that Americans look upon childhood with grandmotherly benevolence. Childhood in retrospect can produce a certain sort of creativity in an adult, provided the adult firmly tells lies about it. Christopher Robin is charming. Little Christopher is purportedly the author's son who bore the same name. *Mr.* Christopher Robin has written his autobiography in which he complains that Christopher in the books is not like him at all. He simply does not see the brat as real; and in fact an honest adult can no more recognize Christopher of the books as a child than a Rocky Mountain grizzly could recognize Winnie-the-Pooh as a bear. Samuel Barber, being American, has tried his hand at this sort of thing. He has set to music a poem about childhood, full of trams and rocking chairs and all the sounds familiar to childhood except a belch. It is a very bad piece of music. And no wonder. The only way to create masterpieces about children is for the creator to like them as sexual objects. Socrates liked looking up little boys' chitons in the palaestra, as Plato faithfully records. Lewis Carroll thanked God for little girls and not for the reason that is given in the song.

Let us search the music of Samuel Barber to find a clue as to why the American Renaissance has not yet come about. In handling the orchestration, in the construction and development of themes, in the use of striking combinations of sound, he is a polished master. The trouble does not lie in his talent, which is beyond question.

I have a failing. Some people's faces instantly remind me of somebody else I know and I greet them effusively with the wrong name. Much of Barber's music is like that. Some composers, realizing that they have made a blatant theft of another composer's music, get round the difficulty by calling the piece *Homage to Haydn,* or *Homage to Palestrina.* Barber's compositions do not steal, they absorb Stavinsky or Bartók or Schoenberg, and with humility and respect: much too much respect.

Here we have it. Why was Barber unable to solve the problem of the collect call? Because he was an American being polite in what he conceived, in admiration, to be an Old World way. In fact we have no manners. We have only hypocrisy. When the Welshman Stanley raised his hat and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," he was perfectly aware that Livingstone hated his interfering guts.

(Continued on page 333)

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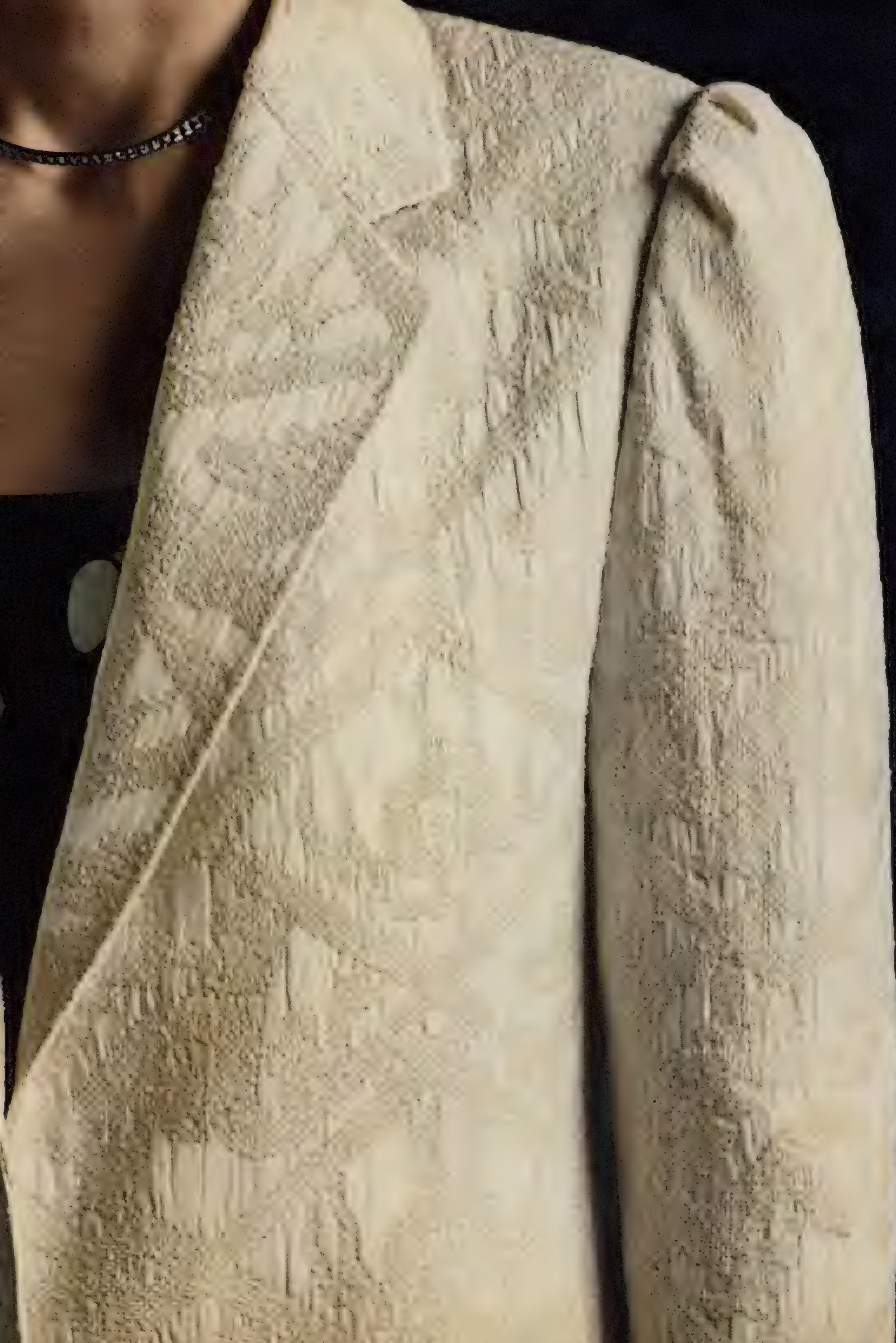

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WOMEN NOW

Love—the right and wrong reasons for desire

On the use—and misuse—of sex

BY JANE SHAPIRO

My dear friend Robert doesn't want to make love this week. He knows what he is doing; all week he is calm. In his serene restraint, he has turned sort of beautiful; our attraction still exists. But Robert doesn't want sex, he told me on Monday, until some time much later. Why is that? Because, he said, at this point we would be doing it for the wrong reason.

This is partly what I like about Robbie; he's unusual, all right. Pardon? I said. It is better, Robert said, to have no sex than to have it for wrong reasons.

Why don't you give me the Porsche? I said to Robert. You probably bought it for the wrong reasons anyway. Everything had seemed fine to me. Robert is a tease, because he worries inordinately about keeping himself to himself, about keeping from sliding under somehow; because he is always on the lookout for artistic solutions to dimly perceived problems. Probably he has something to tell me which is not about sex and which will become clear later; right now we will leave him, pure and zealous, straining for effect.

But the subject is intriguing. What are wrong reasons? There are several schools of thought, and each with its preoccupation. Unique and cherished viewpoints from all quarters. My friend Danielle, recently returned from one of her usual discouraging love affairs, says, in her most sugary small ironic voice: "They're all wrong reasons, aren't they?"

Well, some clearly are. Clearly, for example, having sex with one person in order to insult, infuriate, or secretly "steal from" another is having sex for a wrong reason and doomed to end badly. Other well-known wrong reasons: Fear of saying no and being disliked. Fear of saying no because it might cause the prospective partner to feel disliked. A sense that there's no real excuse in the modern world to decline. An overdeveloped respect for other peoples' desires, rhythms, "needs," in preference to one's own. Rage. Revenge.

Now that I am thinking on the subject, voices come to me. I see wrong reasons everywhere, the way you see pregnant women every place on the street when you are pregnant or possibly pregnant or considering it. I suppose I think of this because hoping to become pregnant has always and everywhere been the unassailably right reason for making love; or I am recalling adolescence, when every reason was a wrong one.

But we are nominally grown-ups, and these are our married lives, comfortable or dreary or precarious, and our single lives, racy and gloomy. Apropos wrong reasons, my friends bring me stories, many of which turn out to be not about sex at all, but real sad loneliness.

Davey is a kindly and handsome young man who comes around occasionally to visit my friend Lily for a moment of love on the hide-a-bed. Afterward, she tells me, she says, "You're an extremely nice fellow, Davey," and Davey says, "I love the ease of an older woman."

There is nothing wrong with this, Lily says. Most of the time it is delightful. The reason is for comfort and not to be alone; and the problem, only in the moments when she feels more alone with that nice boy than without.

My friend Nina, who is carnally active indeed, tells me about Maurice, a novelist, small and dissolute, who lives with his bicycle in a redone walk-up. He is smart, miserable, and, he tells her, dreams day and night about a woman he knew, a sexy wisecracker, last seen snapping out a witticism before quitting town. Maurice leaned on a clever, expensive, terraced, carpeted area of his living room, and glancing up, offered himself to Nina in a tone of amiability and terrible indifference. Why stand on ceremony? Maurice murmured after her, down the stairwell.

So *dispiriting*, Nina says; at some suggestions, I do draw the line. He helped me face it once again, she tells me: My lust has sometimes been as simulated as my longing for companionship is real.

We don't need graduate work in relationships to know sex with Maurice would've been sex for the wrong reason. On the other hand, there's my friend Karen, thrillingly, inexplicably happily married, who says, in a sensible tone, "The only wrong reason is because at the moment you don't want to." However, she is gifted, and invariably knows for sure when she doesn't want to and why.

Although almost too efficient to be emulated, Karen has a point. Certainly a time-honored wrong reason for making love is because somebody else wants you to. Nancy Purcell, a therapist at the Gramercy Park Institute in New York City, who works with couples, says that this reason is not inevitably a mistaken one: "The reciprocity in a relationship is what's important. The issue becomes: How should one partner present the need, and how should the other try to oblige. One might say, 'I really need to make love tonight. If you don't, that's okay, but what I'd like is. . .'

"The other partner might be able to communicate that although he or she may not want to be the receiver they *can* be the giver. If there's not that give-and-take, it's usually because one partner is furious; and then you've gotten the indicator of what's going on."

Often, Purcell says, *(Continued on page 333)*

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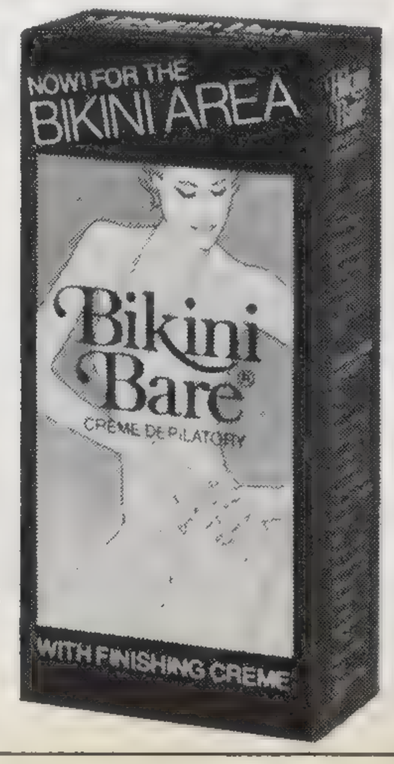

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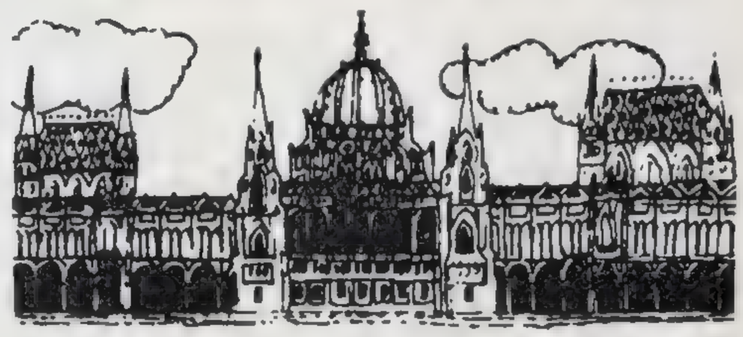

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Beauty Now

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If you're looking for an option—a change—from all the gilded nail colors you're seeing this season, one choice: deeper brights in red lacquer or deep plum (Chanel has them). If you go for a deep nail color, one note: Dark colors can cause nails to yellow. Best protection? "A good base coat—not tinted," says expert Roseann Singleton, Nails 'N Things, NYC. "Remove polish a day before a manicure so nails are exposed to the air." Two bases to try: L'Erin's Conditioning Base Coat; Chanel's Protein Base Coat.

At your fingertips—the quickest, cleanest, newest way to take off polish: with sponges soaked in remover, set in a jar. How it works: Dip nail in sponge center, pull out clean nail ten seconds later. One of the first and good to try: Andrea's Swirl Off, on counters next month.

Ultimate gift for you/him: the mirrored, leather manicure kit (for travel) with a full set of implements, silver grooming accessories, and a "table" for doing nails. $200. At San Francisco, NYC.

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For strongest nails yet, two ideas: The Laminé Technique by Gerri Kyhill (Gerard Bollei Salon, NYC): thin, clear acetate applied to three-quarters of nail lets nails grow; the flexible plastic adheres to polish, prevents chipping, needs maintenance every two weeks.... For strengthening/conditioning soft nails, to use on and under tips: Redken's Nail Success Nail Strengthener (with lipoproteins).

For removing age spots on hands, two good skin-bleaching creams we recommend trying: Flori Roberts Gold Chromatone Fade Creme Plus with a sunscreen, and Fade-Away by Frances Denney, which comes in two strengths.

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Health

New pill to outpower pain...drug fever: when cure becomes cause... in your pocket—worldwide health care

By Melva Weber

FEVER IN A MEDICINE BOTTLE?

When you have an unexplained fever and your doctor has ruled out the usual infectious sources, remember to mention any medicines you are taking. Drug reactions may start out with fever, or may be limited to fever alone, according to Benjamin A. Lipsky, M.D., assistant professor of medicine at the University of Washington School of Medicine in Seattle. Reporting in "Emergency Medicine," Dr. Lipsky told fellow physicians drug fever should be considered a possibility when pneumonia or other infections are not present. When fever reaction to a drug does occur, it generally appears by the tenth day; but drug fever can happen after months or even years of treatment. While fever reactions can occur with almost any drug, those commonly associated with fever reactions are some antifungal agents, antihistamines, penicillins, some cancer and heart drugs, and even salicylates, which are antifever agents. If you are on medication for a serious condition, never stop taking your medicine without medical guidance; but see your doctor at once if you develop a fever when you're under drug treatment.

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A strong, effective pain reliever, zomepirac sodium (Zomax) that works without drug addiction dangers is now cleared for marketing as a prescription drug. More effective than either aspirin or codeine, oral dosages of Zomax provide pain relief that compares with the morphine injections usually given for postoperative pain. According to John R. Lewis, Ph.D., of the American Medical Association's Division of Drugs, there have been no signs of patients' developing tolerance (need for increasing doses to get relief) or dependence on the drug, even with long-term use. Like aspirin, Zomax helps the inflammatory pains of arthritis, reduces fever, and inhibits prostaglandins, pain-producing body substances. Its most frequent side effects are gastrointestinal, but adverse reactions are no more or less frequent than those of comparable drugs.

WHEN QUITTING IS HEALTHY

November 19, the Great American Smokeout of the American Cancer Society, is the day cigarette smokers who want to quit will solemnly pledge to stay off cigarettes for a full twenty-four hours, as a start on kicking the habit for good. Led this year by Smokeout Chairman actor Larry "J.R. Ewing" Hagman of TV's *Dallas,* communities across the nation will hold festivals, parades, rallies and contests to help quitters get in the spirit.

HOW TO SAY "HELP"

For travelers' assistance worldwide—"A Foreign Language Guide to Health Care," a slim four-by-six-inch phrase booklet, covers diverse health needs in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. It can help you ask, explain, or understand what is told you in a foreign tongue; and it covers common situations such as becoming ill or having an accident, communicating with doctor, dentist, druggist, optometrist, and hospital attendants. It carries handy lists of numerals, days of week, months of year, and an English preface provides invaluable health tips for foreign travel. The free booklet, prepared by Blue Cross Association, is available through their local offices listed in your phone book.

PREGNANCY & YOUR TEETH

There's no evidence that pregnancy increases calcium losses or tooth decay; however, good dental care with special attention to brushing and flossing is a must during pregnancy, says Barbara J. Steinberg, D.D.S., assistant director of dental medicine/surgery at the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Hormonal changes may accelerate plaque deposition and lead to inflamed gums.

Most routine dental procedures can be done safely during the second three months; only cleaning and emergency dental procedures should be done in the first three months when the vital organs of the fetus are being formed, says Dr. Steinberg. In the final three months, the pregnant woman is likely to be increasingly uncomfortable and should avoid unnecessary stress. Dental X-rays are best avoided during pregnancy, though dental radiation is very slight. But in a dental emergency, the dentist can take X-rays safely using special precautions including a lead apron for the patient.

Though ordinary drugs dentists use, such as local anesthesia, are quite safe, avoid them if possible. Also avoid aspirin, which may cause a bleeding problem late in pregnancy. Codeine is relatively safe for a severe toothache, says Dr. Steinberg. Not to be used in pregnancy: tetracycline, antibiotic that can stain the teeth being formed in the unborn child; Valium, which may cause birth defects.

"STAIN" REMOVER FOR YOUR SKIN

New: A non-surgical treatment for the striking purple birthmark called "port wine stain"—actually a benign blood vessel tumor beneath the skin—now being practiced at a growing number of major medical centers across the nation. The tool: Argon laser, a light beam capable of coagulating congested blood vessels so they can slough away, taking the discoloration with them. The argon beam, absorbed as light and transformed into heat, penetrates the skin only about one or two millimeters, leaving healthy tissues intact. The procedure, which originated in Cincinnati and California, has other medical uses in eye, ear, throat, and digestive-system conditions.

In New York, plastic surgeons Bard Cosman, M.D., of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, and Lester Silver, M.D., of Beth Israel Medical Center, use argon lasers for treating the port-wine birthmark, which commonly affects the head and neck, and is medically recognized as a congenital hemangioma. Most major medical insurance carriers cover treatments for this condition, but it is important to check your insurance policy if you contemplate treatment. Extensive marks may need a series of treatments and may take several months. Overnight hospital stays usually are not needed for less extensive marks but may be advisable in some cases.

Talking about... Art

The surprise of Rodin...mystery collection of Russian art

By Barbara Rose

Re-revealed: "The Kiss," bronze, c. 1886

The towering figure of nineteenth-century sculpture—Auguste Rodin—was heir to the great tradition of heroic nudes inaugurated by Michelangelo. This tradition, fed by a humanism that glorified man's possibilities of looking and acting divine, was based on the premise that humans were created in the image of God and consequently could achieve perfection at least in the hands of the idealizing sculptor.

As heir to the heroic tradition, Rodin seems isolated in a time when the pleasures and pastimes of the common man came more and more to dominate art. Undaunted by the leveling effect of bourgeois values, Rodin reclaimed a high place for sculpture by transcending narrow morality and taste in his superhuman figures charged with eroticism and bursting with vitality. "The Kiss," *left,* was considered so daring when first exhibited in America in 1893 that it was kept behind closed doors, revealed only to art lovers who made special appointments. Now the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC, is offering an opportunity to reevaluate Rodin's stunning achievement in *Rodin Rediscovered,* the largest exhibition of the great artist's work ever held, including hundreds of sculptures as well as drawings and photographs.

Stressing Rodin in the context of his contemporaries, from the early work exhibited in the Paris salons of the 1870s to the late, freely modeled fragmentary pieces which anticipate modern sculpture, the show features a bronze cast of Rodin's masterpiece, "The Gates of Hell." The cast, authorized by the Musée Rodin, which owns the original, was commissioned by Rodin collector B. Gerald Cantor. Mr. Cantor recently opened a gallery devoted to Rodin in New York City's World Trade Center. It contains some of Rodin's best-known works and is open to the public by appointment: (212) 938-5136.

Foreign visitors stand in awed silence in a small Moscow apartment crammed floor to ceiling with the forgotten art of the Russian avant-garde. The owner, a Greek employee of the Canadian embassy, lectures enthusiastically on the treasure he has quietly amassed during years of collecting the paintings, constructions, and paper works produced by radical art movements born on the eve of the Russian Revolution and repressed by the Bolsheviks little more than a decade later. Through a deal with Soviet leaders, the collector trades 80 percent of his collection for safe passage for himself, his family, and the remainder of his collection.

The scenario for a Hollywood spy film? Not at all. This unlikely plot is the real-life story of George Costakis, who acquired this most important private collection of Russian Futurists, Constructivists, Suprematists, and Productivists. Now, the famed Costakis Collection is on view in New York City at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum until January, when it will travel to the Houston Museum of Fine Arts.

Some of the show's names, like painter Kazimir Malevich and poet Vladimir Maiakovsky, have become familiar to the West; others, like Olga Rozanova, are less-known innovators in plastic arts, theater design.

Costakis began collecting this work shortly after World War II. As the unofficial guardian of the modernists' record within the Soviet Union, he began to document its activities—including the internecine quarrels of splinter groups that contributed to the ultimate demise of the avant-garde in Russia.

The exhibition, curated by Margit Rowell and Angelica Zander Rudenstine, greatly expands our knowledge of a significant chapter of modern art. Two lessons to be learned: first, that women artists were major contributors to avant-garde activities; second, that jealous infighting can defeat the spirit of an avant-garde community and open its ranks to philistine reactionaries always anxious to conquer the progressive urge to experiment.

"Construction" (1921) by Varvara Stepanova

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"Every place I tried putting that rug ruined the room and the rug. Sell it? I didn't know if it was from Pakistan or Persia. Sotheby's Auction Galleries had sold things for friends of mine. They said Sotheby's always seemed to have an expert who knew more about what they owned than they did. Maybe Sotheby's could de-mystify my rug. I called their New York office and was told that if I sent a color photograph or brought in my rug, a Sotheby's expert would tell me something about it.

" 'Something?' Instantly identifying it as a Tabriz from Persia, the Sotheby's expert knew the date, the probable village, and for whom it was woven. I was most intrigued when he pointed out that tiny numbers next to each figure were keyed to the border of the rug. There, in Arabic, each world leader was identified.

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"That Tabriz interested me in an Oriental carpet for my living room. I'll subscribe to the catalogues for Sotheby's rug auctions later this year and attend the exhibitions beforehand. With hundreds of rugs to choose from, I know I'll find my floor the carpet it's looking for."

Persian Tabriz rug, circa 1910

"The condominium we bought in a converted mansion dwarfed us and our possessions. We moved in everything we owned, and it looked like we hadn't moved in yet. Where to find the rugs, the furniture, the paintings that would be at home here? Combing antique stores would take forever. My father, who often frequented Sotheby's Auction Galleries, said they had an extensive schedule of art and antique auctions.

"A call to Sotheby's revealed they were having an Oriental rug auction the following week. That Saturday I went to the exhibition that precedes each sale. Oriental rugs are a little mysterious to me, and I was reassured by Sotheby's knowledgeable experts who were on hand to answer my questions and by their comprehensive catalogue. Sotheby's catalogue gives the history, size, condition and estimated value of each rug. I studied the ones that interested me and decided how high I would bid. I even found that if I couldn't get to the auction itself, a Sotheby's representative would do the bidding for me. You specify your limit and they try to win it for you at the lowest possible price.

"Luckily, I was able to attend the auction. It was like going to the theater. I bought a runner and a small Tabriz. The runner was just right for the hall, but in my living room, the 4'7" x 6'8" Tabriz shrank to the size of a prayer rug. Bare living room floors and bare walls stared back at me. Bare walls? Of course, that was where my Tabriz would be perfect. It was!

"Sotheby's is having another Oriental rug sale later this year. I know I'll find my living room floor the carpet it's looking for.

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U.S. RENAISSANCE

(Continued from page 316)

With exactly the same hypocrisy we have persuaded you Americans that we revere and worship our composers, poets, and writers. We do nothing of the sort. We starve our opera houses for cash until their shabby sets and costumes cause adverse comment from American tourists, at which point we send Princess Margaret off to the States to take round the hat. Our orchestral conductors know perfectly well that they have to mix their programs with some treacle from Tchaikovsky or a dollop of Dvořák or their halls will be empty. Our Ministries of Fine Arts wallow in corruption to enable us to export our pictures and our furniture to you Americans with the *sang-froid* of a Spaniard who exports oranges. From David Garrick to Peter O'Toole we have insisted on our actors' mutilating Shakespeare. On the day of the death of George Bernard Shaw, Broadway dimmed its lights while in London his latest play was being performed in a squalid back-street theater when, as I remember, the entertainment was interrupted by a drunk in the audience who obscenely insulted the leading lady for reciting her script. I have lived in Italy thirty years and I have rarely met an Italian who could recognize a reference to Dante outside the more sadistic parts of *L'Inferno.* Pompeii was being robbed daily and let fall newly into ruins until Mr. Graham Hall and I raised Cain in *The New York Times* and something was done about it.

Adolf Hitler put our respect for culture to the test by throwing Germany's best writers, artists, and musicians out of the country. After starving awhile in the Old World amid general indifference, they emigrated to America where you reverently gave them jobs that paid beyond their wildest dreams. Almost none came back to the Fatherland.

What of France? Paris civilized us all, but not the French. As Flaubert and others pointed out long ago, the French are Philistines. True, Paris also cultivates young Davids who throw stones at them. The battle is enjoyed by all because the Philistines are sure that, given time, David will come over to join their side. After all, that is exactly what David did: the Bible tells us so. Earnest American admirers of such French cultural heroes as Jean-Paul Sartre should ponder the fact that in his last interviews before his death he cheerfully admitted that he had never felt angst in his life. It was just, he said, a Parisian fashion of the times.

So there it is. Samuel Barber was bedeviled with admiration for a culture we in the Old World merely pretend we honor, and that goes for most of your men and women of talent. Mind you, we have a lot to blame you for. We do have our own enthusiasms. For all of this century, the thing that raised our deepest emotions, called forth our greatest efforts, and for which we stretched our best brains to the limit was making war and killing one another in millions. We enjoyed the first orgasm so much that within a generation we had another. You put a stop to all that with your atom bomb. We, at least in Europe, do not really think there will be another glorious bloodletting—not our blood, at any rate.

Yet, as I said, I am pig-headed. I still look for that American Renaissance; I still look for the creative spirit that has forgotten its childhood and does not want to copy us, the elders. ▽

SEX AND DESIRE

(Continued from page 321)

sex is used as a kind of substitute for emotion, in an attempt to suppress or ignore a problem in the relationship. "For instance, a couple might avoid talking to one another and instead, have sex. You might say they're really having sex to *avoid* intimacy.

"Or sometimes you have two people—this frequently happens—who are very angry with each other, and who will have sex that night and the sex will be very aggressive and one will frighten the other. Again, it's using the sexual relationship as an avoidance of intimacy, or in place of anger, or any emotion that is not being dealt with. Then you would certainly call it sex for the wrong reason.

"It's much the way some single people are promiscuous. Is the promiscuity because they happen to like a lot of sex? Or because they can't tolerate their feelings of emptiness, or the anxiety that overwhelms them when they're sleeping in a bed alone?"

Purcell feels that perhaps the most common and persistent wrong reason for having sex is an exaggerated expectation about what one's sex life ought to be. It's a version of making love because somebody else wants you to—but the somebody else is the culture at large. "If two people do not find their sex life problematic," she says, "then it isn't. When counselors and therapists view a relationship, they look for a complementarity of needs; and if that is present, many would say the relationship has a life of its own and is to be respected.

"You know, if you're content having sex once a year, and have a healthy life in other ways, that means you've found good ways of sublimating, or that your sexual needs may not be that strong. There is no absolute standard."

The reader will recognize this "no absolute standard" as the last word, and as a sensible exhortation to her to pay close attention to all that she knows about herself, to forswear any lingering notions of making love by the book. In fact, this is the penultimate word. The last one goes to William, who always has an opinion. He is verbose but he is cheerful; and he has perspective, as well as a favorite wrong-reason category, which I present as he did: "A major wrong reason is using sexuality to gratify sensual needs in lieu of taking sensual pleasure in other realms. This is easy to see in situations of economic and cultural deprivation; however, it also occurs in any situation where people have not learned to derive sensual pleasure from the world in positive ways excepting the sexual."

William loves the feel of words in his mouth. He also intensely enjoys the sauna and the whirlpool and any sort of shift in the weather, will travel at some inconvenience and expense to immerse himself in the Caribbean sea, and considers jogging a pleasure of the flesh. He loves chewing, he loves sweating, he loves smells of all kinds. He is additionally a wonderful cook who sniffs and licks and fingers the food, and an appreciator of his wine and dinner so discriminating and truly enthusiastic it's hard to think how he has energy for making love following any long delicious day.

"Feel like supper?" William murmured into the phone, lightly sighing, audibly licking his chops.

Further autobiography will shed no light on the issue before us. Here the curtain falls. ▽

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Tips for winterizing a fitness program, indoors or out

Cool weather changes the pace and style of working out

Anyone engaged in an active fitness program will notice that cooling temperatures are making a change in the pace and style of working out. But staying fit and in shape is a twelve-month proposition. Says one fitness expert: "Don't slack off in winter. Your body can take more without the stress of extreme heat, so winter is the perfect time to add minutes—and difficulty—to your workout. Remember, the extra leg lifts you do in January will look good on the beach in June."

In general, anyone dressing for a workout or a game should wear loose-fitting clothing that is lightweight, porous, and absorbent. Everybody is cautioned to warm up slowly and carefully, and to go through a relaxing cool-down process after the activity, to acclimate her body to temperatures indoors or out.

Between four walls

Don't think that because your exercise program is indoors, you don't have to think about keeping your muscles warm. Begin your warm-up wearing a loose cotton top over your leotard, and leg-warmers; you may prefer to keep them on throughout. Don't work out in an overheated studio. This can dry out sinuses, give you a headache. A good temperature is a cool 70-72 degrees. There should also be sufficient air circulating to prevent your becoming overfatigued. If you are coming in from extremely cold weather, take an extra five minutes to warm up; your muscles, tendons, and ligaments are going to be slower to respond in cool weather and more susceptible to strain.

If you are feeling flu-ish or running a fever, avoid a major workout. If you take a post-exercise shower before leaving for home, give yourself a good half hour before going outdoors, to allow your body temperature to adjust.

Playing games

Tennis under bubbles barely removed from wind-chill factors; skating on frigid rinks; racquetball with your breath visible—whatever your game, keep going in the winter! But remember, a warm-up suit is just that; and, if you find yourself taking a break that's more than five minutes, get back into the suit. It's very important to keep muscles from cooling down then heating up again too rapidly; that sequence can result in uncomfortable stiffness the next morning. Frank I. Katch, Ed.D., chairman of the department of exercise science at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, cautions that heavy clothing is not the answer to keeping warm while on the move. Layer yourself lightly rather than loading up with heavy clothes, and let the thermal regulatory center that maintains your inner temperature do the work. The important thing is to let your rising metabolism generate heat from inside while you exercise (this is the body "magic" that allows figure skaters to twirl on ice wearing chiffon, and cross-country skiers to head out wearing T-shirts).

Christine E. Haycock, M.D., associate professor of surgery, New Jersey College of Medicine and Dentistry, warns against a pre-workout toddy. Says Dr. Haycock, "Alcohol dilates the blood vessels, so you'll lose heat." If you want a drink before or during a workout, a hot cup of coffee is okay, better would be fruit or vegetable juice, or water.

The great outdoors

Whatever you do out of doors in cold weather, common sense is key: the sun may not be shining, but if there is wind, you risk a painful wind-burn. Moisturize and sunscreen your skin as you would in summer. Dr. Katch suggests wearing a scarf around the mouth to prevent icing.

Kathrine Switzer, former competitive runner and now director of the Avon Sports Programs, says about winter running, "I feel there's more of a mystique. In the summer, arms and legs are naked to the world, but in winter I'm wrapped up like a cocoon; then, when spring comes, I start to peel off, like an emerging butterfly." But, she warns, "In winter, you may need a longer warm-up to loosen the muscles. Start off at a much slower pace, and end your run at a matching slow pace to give your body time to cool off gradually. A slow start also gives your lungs time to get accustomed to the cold air."

Dr. Katch dispels the idea that cold air damages the lungs, along with the myth that you'll catch cold by being out in the rain. Colds and flus are caused by viruses, not wet feet. Of course, if you're out for a run with a bug in your system, your resistance will be much lower. If you have the slightest fever, don't go out, but do a stretching workout at home until you feel tip-top again.

Outdoor people going indoors may have problems adjusting to track or court. Feet and legs can respond to an unfamiliar surface with blisters and stiffness in hips and knees. Take the time to work out slowly, shorten laps or match time the first few sessions, or add a pair of thick socks to cushion feet.

Switzer suggests that runners determine the kind of indoor track they feel most comfortable on: a flat running track or a banked track. Also, try to find a track that reverses direction periodically, so you don't spend the winter running "one-sided."

A major safety tip from Switzer for outdoor runners is to remember that drivers may have vision problems in winter weather, so wearing reflective outdoor gear is crucial. ▽

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TALKING ABOUT MOVIES

Our movies, ourselves: what Hollywood is telling us

In the air now—excitement, change, the possibility for new film vitality

BY JUDITH BRAUN

Now that the political and economic climate in America has taken a shift to the right, it's interesting to look at film and politics. Does film ever reflect politics? If so, how? The questions instantly bring others to mind. Has American film ever reflected the cultural realities? Can a popular art form, aiming for blockbusters, speak for a country as diverse as ours? Can film take on the society?

In a very broad sense, every American film is political in that it reflects mainstream culture or, at any rate, Hollywood's interpretation of mainstream. For our purposes, let's say a film is political to the extent that it grapples with the prevailing ideas that govern our lives; that it says, this is how the country works, without necessarily taking a position on one side or another.

Our film tradition is very different from the tradition, say, of Italy or Poland or Japan. Bertolucci or Wajda or Kurosawa can take any fictional or historical event and use it to explore the fabric of a society. Ideas translate readily into a popular idiom. Elio Petri's *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* is about a police commissioner who murders his mistress and investigates the crime himself. The film explores the uses of power. Robbe-Grillet, Duras, or Resnais, all intellectuals, expect to be able to work in film.

We, on the other hand, tend to simplify: to expose ideas through the conventions of a genre—the gangster film, the cowboy movie, the private eye or investigative-reporter movie. We reduce ideas to issues and issues to personalities, thus oversimplifying them. We expect our films to provide us with easy resolutions.

There are exceptions. In *The Conversation,* Francis Coppola took as a jumping-off place the pervasiveness of surveillance and led us inside the terror. His *Apocalypse Now* was dense, ambiguous, not a neat package. *Chinatown* is an excellent film, but resorts to incest as its *deus ex machina* in an effort to reduce complexity to some readily understood metaphor. Our camera cuts most congenially to physical action rather than to character or motive. And it's character or motive that allows us to make the connections that heighten awareness.

Film, because it is a popular art form requiring a great deal of money, reflects the dominant ideology of filmmakers. Americans claim to have no ideology but, of course, we do. Our prevailing ideology could be called middle-classness. Very good films have come out of it and very good ones will continue to do so. *Ordinary People* is a recent example. So is *Kramer vs. Kramer.* But even in films this good we feel a contradiction. *Ordinary People* tries to deal with the isolation of middle-class life while at the same time exalting its virtues. Robert Benton, the writer-director of *Kramer vs. Kramer,* seemed to think that unless he loaded the dice by ordaining the absence of a housekeeper we might miss the pain inherent in the dilemma of separated parents with their child.

And even these, our most sophisticated movies, tend to omit. For one thing, they omit complexity. Depth poses a risk in so expensive a medium. But so does superficiality: what seems relevant or important one month can turn into box-office ho-hum the next because of ferocious media exposure. Co-optation occurs like the blitz. We find many of our films empty because they no longer reflect us or our society. The ones that do work are often purely escapist because in fantasy, at least, we can find relief from the relevant. These days relief is more than welcome. It can even be art as well as fun. But a steady diet of relief is no better than a steady diet of junk food.

"Films that succeed are often pure fantasy"

Our films also omit color. Some black films still pass muster with a white audience—almost anything with Richard Pryor—but no films reflect black culture and black life as it is now. *Claudine* and *Sounder* and *Nothing But a Man* came closest in the past decade. Few films reflect concerns common to black and white audiences. No films reflect our bilingualism.

But it is not our middle-classness that impoverishes the film industry so much as it is the driving need to appeal to some lowest common denominator. Studio heads face the problem of identifying the audience so as to give it what it wants. If sci-fi works, sci-fi it will be until it no longer works. But not everyone is George Lucas and not every robot Artoo Detoo. It's the formula that's sought, the next gold strike. A popular art form is most susceptible to prevailing thought *(Continued on page 338)*

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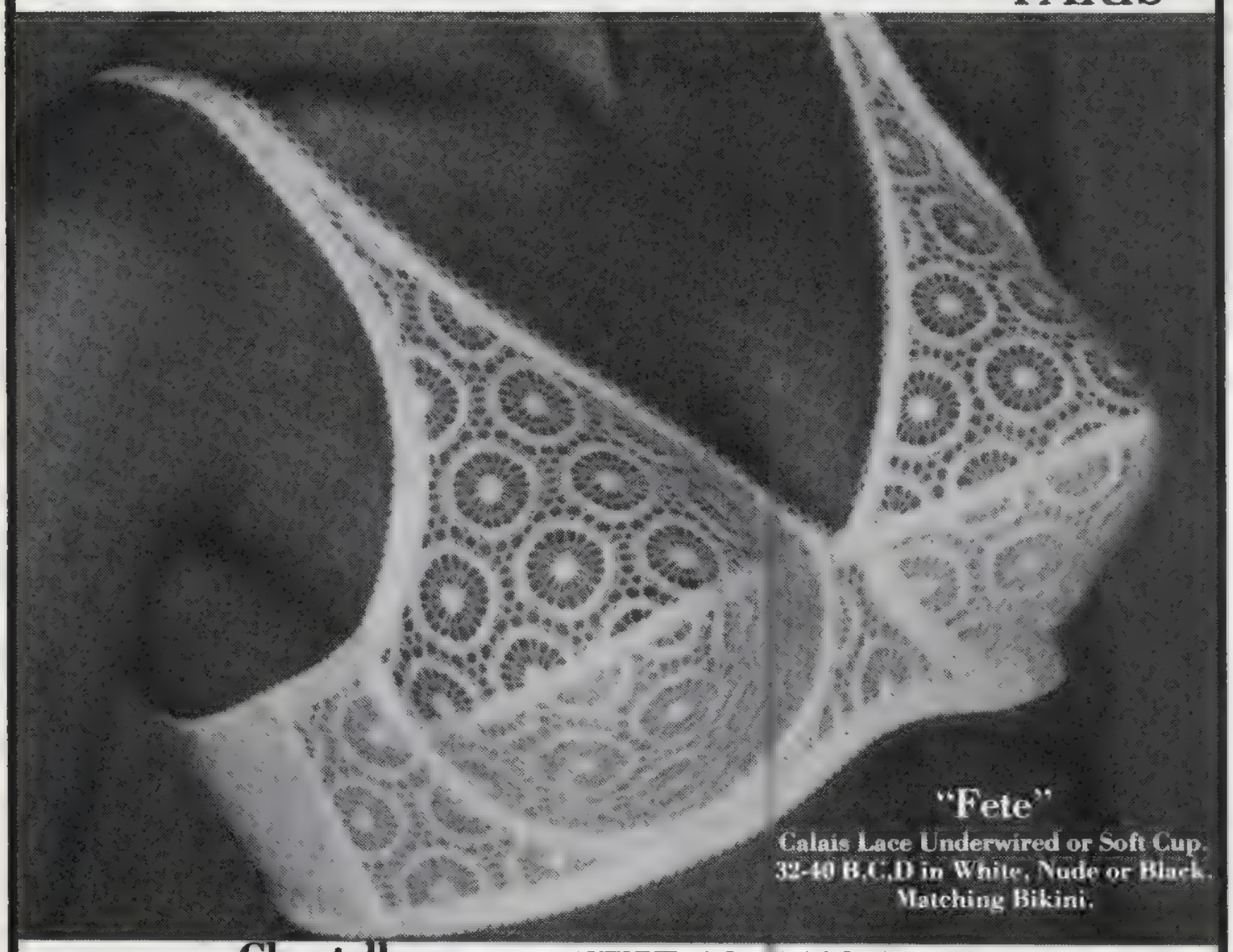

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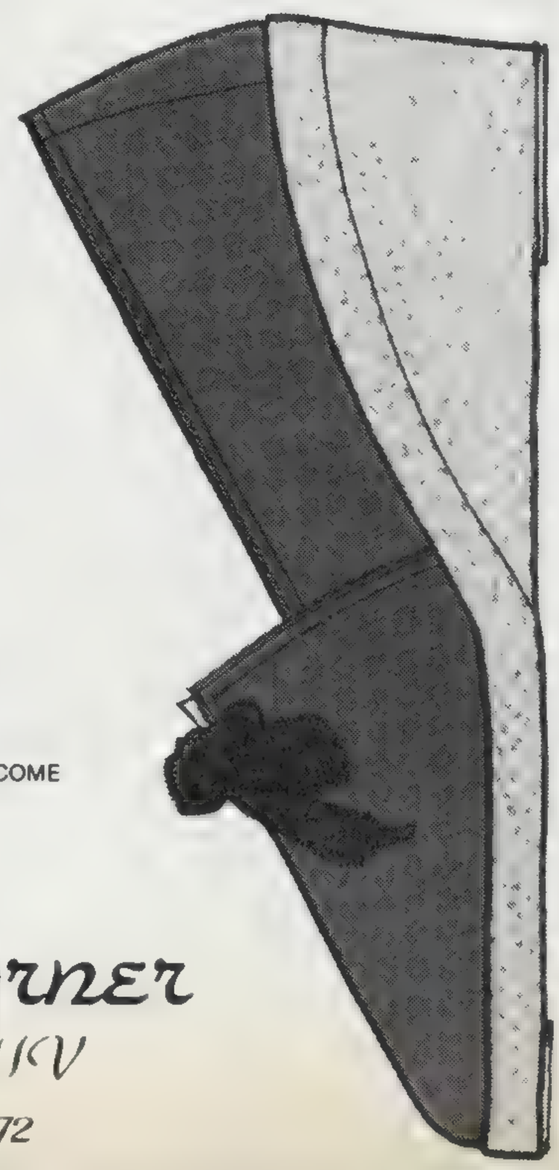

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MOVIES

(Continued from page 337)

precisely because it seeks the broadest possible audience. The "same but different" is how the phrase goes. We are captives of a mentality that pays homage only to the blockbuster.

In the 'thirties, that mentality was weaker because circumstances were different. The numbers were different: more films were made, and for much less money. The studios owned the theaters, which they don't now. The world was far simpler. Expectations could be encompassed in a genre formula. There were films about politics. *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* proved the corruption of national politics with rooting interest as potent as any fairy tale. Sturges was a satirist who even savaged his own satires in *Sullivan's Travels.* La Cava made *Gabriel Over the White House.* Curtiz made *Casablanca.* Mervyn Le Roy made *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.*

There was John Ford's *Grapes of Wrath* made from Steinbeck's epic of agricultural mass migration: the irony here is that the hero of the movie is not the Joad family but the government, the big daddy of last resort. The villains were the big landowners. Today we are convinced that government itself is the villain. How not to be cynical when the only entity capable of taking on big business is a government with interests that are often overlapping.

"Depth is risky in so expensive a medium"

There's a partial explanation for this oversimplification in our tradition of the loner. It's in the very nature of the loner to conjure up and stimulate feelings in us that are often adolescent. It is the adolescent who dreams of expansion and boundary-less potential and simple yes and no answers. But the country and the world are different now. The frontier is gone. As long, though, as moviemakers cling to the myth of the monolithic middle-class that's how long complexity won't appear in our theaters. And it is a myth. Even to think in such terms is a mistake. The audience is also that half of the country which, for one reason or another, chose not to vote at all.

Whether or not we accept the views of the current administration, changes are in the air. The dialogue has sharpened. The country, it turns out, is not as monolithic as we are led to believe. Filmmakers can respond to the challenge. They can jump in now, when the constituency is still fluid, when ideas have yet to be tested or examined. There's no certain way to predict that film will change, but the possibility exists now more than it did even a year ago. No matter our political bias, reality is affecting us all.

Young filmmakers—men and women just now beginning—can strike out into the area of grown-up feelings and grown-up relationships. By showing us what is, they can show us what can be. By showing us courage, we can see how courage can triumph. Then, perhaps, the studios will begin to find that there is money in reality. ▽

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By Richard Alleman

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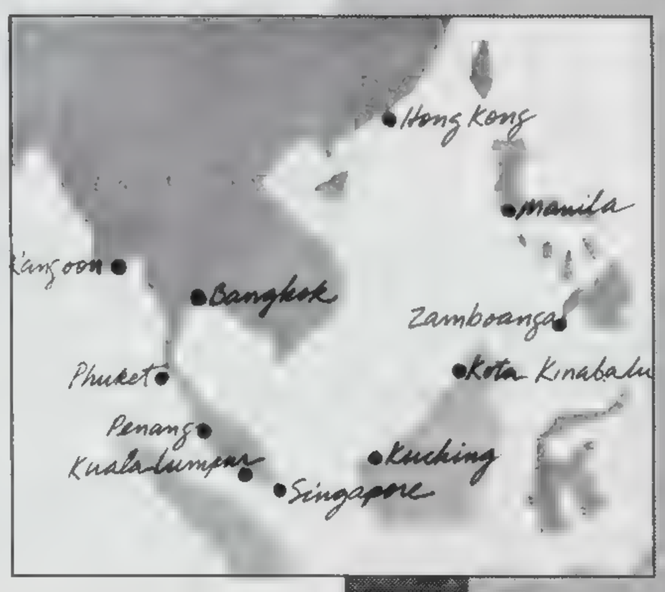
Learn the secrets of Creole cooking . . . in New Orleans. A special new New Orleans long-weekend includes four nights at the Pontchartrain Hotel, breakfasts, one dinner, sight-seeing—plus two classes at the Lee Barnes Cooking School. $340 per person; air fare is additional. See page 355.

Dine now . . . dessert later
For Broadway show-fans, New York's Helmsley Palace Hotel has recently introduced a pre-theater dinner plan that permits guests to have their dessert *after* the show. Best news: the romantic setting for dessert is the Gold Room, *above*—the exquisitely restored music room of the landmark mansion that forms part of the Helmsley Palace. Price, for dinner *and* dessert: $24.

CRUISE THE ORIENT



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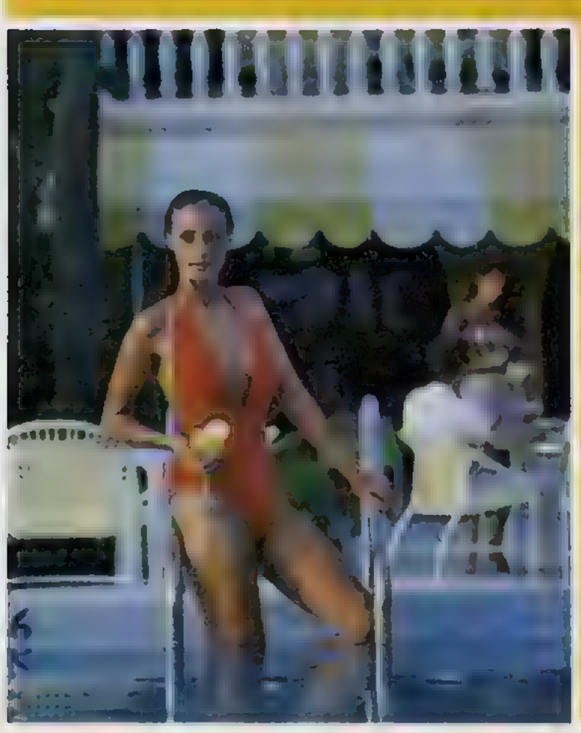

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TRAVEL

Caribbean sneak-preview: St. Martin, St. Barts, Anguilla

Vogue's travel editor scouts some of this year's top places in the sun

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Recently, I visited St. Martin, St. Barts, and Anguilla. The differences of these Caribbean sun-worlds, just air-minutes apart, amazed me. At the same time, I found myself once again seduced by those Caribbean constants: perpetual mid-summer weather, the freshness of the trade winds, the brilliance of the slow sunsets, the drama of night falling as suddenly as a door slammed shut. My indispensable traveling companion, a small battery radio, made me feel both at home and far away. I heard the familiar voices of American newscasters from Miami and the U.S. Virgin Islands. I listened to broadcasts in French, Spanish, as well as programs produced by the BBC. My radio brought me rock and liquid steel-band music; a flow of Bible readings, hymns, sermons; announcements of deaths and funerals that made me feel as if I were eavesdropping.

ST. MARTIN

On this half-Dutch, half-French island, the Dutch side provides the Queen Juliana Airport, most of the "beds," shops, and casinos; the French part is best known for restaurants. I bedded down on the French side at La Samanna—the much-touted resort that has been booked solidly since it opened seven years ago. Spread above a glorious long span of coral-white beach and translucent-blue sea—appropriately named Baie Longue—La Samanna turns its back on the land and faces the vibrant blue Caribbean. Flowering shrubs and trees screen this blinding white complex from view.

At La Samanna, I stayed in a stark-white one-bedroom suite with smashes of color—bright cushions on rattan settee and chairs, potted plants, vases of yellow hibiscus, red-tiled floor. Everything was at hand: the Mexican-tiled bathroom had brown beach towels, huge white bath towels; there was brown Rosenthal china in the gleaming modern kitchen. I had three terraces: one shaded, one sunny, and one on the flat roof; all were furnished with chaises, tables, beach umbrellas. Because of La Samanna's cunning design, terraces, balconies, patios provide complete privacy. What a joy to be invisible and to pad around in bare feet, wearing only skin.

In La Samanna's main building—a fantasy of arches and turrets—everything is half-open, half-shaded, on different levels. The Indian-tented bar, where drinks are served in colossal brandy snifters, is a few steps above the bar-terrace; both overlook the tiled pool surrounded by shiny black chaises and white umbrellas made of unbleached cotton.

Tiled terrace at La Samanna, above, the high-glamour resort on French St. Martin

Food at La Samanna is excellent. A great deal of it—vegetables, mushrooms, veal, cheese, fruit—is delivered overnight from the markets of France. Under Spartaco, a calm maître d', a crew of young women in white drawstring blouses and printed midi-skirts serves smoothly. Reservations for lunch and dinner on La Samanna's restaurant terrace—looking down on the sea through a tidy jungle of sea grapes, palms, hibiscus and bougainvillaea—are suggested . . . even for La Samanna guests. Dress is informal, but in the evening, women—from the U.S., South America, Europe—turn up looking polished, splendid.

Midway on the path to the beach—and overlooked by most guests—La Samanna's top-notch water sports center offers two outboard motorboats for water-skiing, snorkeling gear, wind-surfing boards, and a fleet of five Sunfish that can be used free by hotel guests. The resort will make arrangements for snorkeling trips, scuba *(Continued on page 350)*

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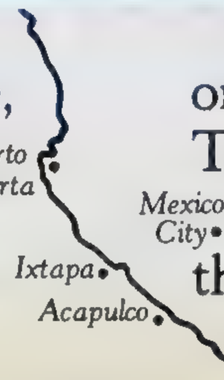

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CARIBBEAN PREVIEW

(Continued from page 344)

dives and lessons, swimming instruction, and sailboat charters. La Samanna also has a tennis pro, three tennis courts, as well as a mammoth blue trampoline.

Upstairs in the main house, a small boutique carries things French—sportswear, filmy evening clothes; more importantly, they alter them to fit. Indeed, everything at La Samanna has been sensibly, sensitively thought out: the Sunday New York Times arrives on Sunday morning; the front desk stocks transformers; bedside lamps have easy-to-reach switches. Life, here, is totally effortless.

The road from La Samanna to the port town of Marigot passes through rolling country greened by almond, tamarind, palm, and flowering cedar trees before it skirts the huge saltwater Simson Bay Lagoon. When I reached Marigot, I knew I was on French territory the second I saw a woman with a *baguette* sticking out of a Vuitton tote. Marigot is a cozy French seaside town filled with delicious smells from the *boulangerie*. Here, Maison de Presse carries only French newspapers and magazines, boutiques sell French beach things, and a bustling open-air market livens the quai. Not far from the market, the elegant shop Vendôme is filled with sparkling Baccarat crystal, shiny Christofle silver, zillions of French perfumes, and a rich stock of Cuban—Davidoff, Ullman, Monte Cristo—cigars. *Note*: Marigot's shops keep *metropole* (as the islanders speak of mainland France) hours, close for lunch from 12:30 to 2:30 P.M.

Restaurant news in Marigot: The Mini Club, a longtime favorite hangout—known for its sea-dripping fresh fish—has just added a charming upstairs terrace. This new space—with the feeling of a tree house built in coconut palms—has cornflower-blue table linens appliquéd with pink flowers, bamboo chairs cushioned in natural linen.

A blue-and-white spinnaker hangs from the rafters of Marigot's newest restaurant, Davids. Run by a trio of yachtsmen named David, Davids serves straightforward food: good meat, fresh fish. More new Marigot dine-spots: The Louisiana—with the former chef of the well-known St. Martin restaurant Le Nadaillac heading the kitchen . . . and a Moroccan restaurant in the Port La Royale Mall.

At Grand Case, a whisper of a town spread around a ravishing curved sandy bay, a pleasant place to stay is the Grand Case Beach Club. Its spic-and-span bedroom suites—all white, with nice sitting-room arrangements, balconies, neat kitchens—stand plunk on the beach. To breakfast, lunch, dine—on hamburgers, club sandwiches, ice cream served at the thatched-roof Beach Club—guests may turn up in swimsuits and cover-ups. To go to market, guests simply walk along the beach into town.

Among the restaurants along the Grand Case waterfront, top honors go to La Nacelle. Cars park under almond trees; guests drink and lunch in flower gardens, dine handsomely in large white rooms hung with Montgolfier prints. . . . At Chez Christophine, the husband of the late and wonderful cook Christophine continues to serve Creole food in an informal restaurant behind a multicolored picket fence. . . . L'Auberge Gourmande, open only for candlelight dining, is small, romantic, with black-and-white checked cloths covering tables mainly for two. *Note*: Night-driving around St. Martin is spooky; roads are pitch-black, cows and calves cross the road unexpectedly, fluorescent pedals of "invisible" bike riders move like lighted pinwheels in space, open-air Bible classes create day-bright spheres of light.

Islanders joke about the handkerchief-sized Esperance ("hope") airport of Grand Case—so named since they hope, someday, to have a bigger one. Near the airport, Le Galion Beach Hotel edges a broad two-mile beach, attracts a happy sports crowd. Two-story blocks of air-conditioned rooms and suites stand in lovely gardens with hedges of enormous double hibiscus. The air, here, is filled with the warm, heady smells of wild orange trees. The Creole luncheon—a concoction of fish, mounds of green vegetables, shiny tomatoes—tastes good; the service is friendly and easygoing; the view of velvet-green hills sheltering the transparent blue bay, spectacular.

On the Dutch side of Sint Maarten (not a typo, but Dutch orthography), resorts, small inns, guesthouses spread across lovely sandy bays. On the westernmost end of Sint Maarten, one of the newest resorts is the streamlined Cupecoy Beach Club and Hotel. Its parallel rows of two- and three-story snow-white villas face the beach or garden. Cupecoy's one hundred and sixty-five rooms are arranged in one-, two-, and three-bedroom suites; all are air-conditioned, have color TVs, wall-to-wall carpeting, and kitchenettes.

Far away on the eastern end of the island, the twenty-room Oyster Pond Hotel looks like an impregnable fortress on a bluff. Coral-stone arcades circle the bar *(Continued on page 352)*

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CARIBBEAN PREVIEW

(Continued from page 350)

in an open-air courtyard; stairs lead to a gallery opening into lovely, breezy, balconied rooms with writing desks, rush rugs on tiled floors, ceiling fans. Lunch and dinner are served on a brick terrace or, indoors, in a simple, almost monastic, dining room. Tennis and a sheltered marina are more Oyster Pond attractions. Serenity prevails: only children over ten years are accepted.

A path from Oyster Pond leads down to Dawn Beach Hotel & Villas, a totally separate settlement of ninety-five villas arranged in a semicircle—like an amphitheater—on docile slopes. Center stage—under a peaked Polynesian roof—restaurant and bar overlook beach, pool, and small general store stocked with goodies. All the air-conditioned villas have patios, color TVs, radios, kitchenettes.

The Dutch capital Philipsburg is three miles from Dawn Beach and Oyster Pond over a terrifyingly steep winding road. The town is a shoppers' paradise; its long, narrow, traffic-packed Front Street—with practically no sidewalks—has shop after shop carrying eye-catching, top-quality, duty-free merchandise. Happiest find on Front Street: La Romana, showcasing the freshest resort-life styles from Europe, assembled on two floors. Each designer line—Versace, Ferrè, Krizia, Armani, Genny, Coveri, Maud Frizon, Andrea Pfister, Fendi, Les Must de Cartier—has its own section. Women's and men's styles are carried in a huge variety of sizes, colors. What's even nicer, price tags are roughly 30 percent lower than at home. A little mirrored bar serves Perrier, fresh-fruit drinks in Bacarrat crystal glasses—as well as espresso.

The two newest places in Philipsburg are the Café Royale in the Royal Palm Plaza on Front Street—excellent for people-watching, lunch, dinner . . . and the St. Maarten Beach Club Hotel's recently opened casino. Also new: the Bali Hai Indonesian-Polynesian restaurant—in an old stone plantation house at Almond Grove Estate—serves a fine *rijsttafel,* a bewildering selection of some two dozen little dishes.

To reach St. Barts, my next island, I decided to sail aboard *El Tigre,* a giant catamaran with yellow-and-black striped sails departing from Philipsburg's Great Bay Marina. "Last but not least" on St. Maarten was my sensational breakfast at Chesterfield's. This long terrace restaurant—like the deck of an ocean liner—is next door to *El Tigre's* check-in booth. It is so fresh and breezy at Chesterfield's that the raffia table mats have loops to anchor the blue napkins. Overlooking the animated harbor, Chesterfield's long bar with oversized rocking chairs is open from 7:30 A.M. until late-late, whenever the last customer leaves.

ST. BARTS

Being a passionate sailor, I relished the two-and-a-half-hour sail to St. Barts on *El Tigre,* bouncing over three- and four-foot swells at twelve knots an hour. Clouds of fluttering sea gulls and dive-bombing pelicans welcomed us to Gustavia, St. Barts' harbor town hugged by lumpy green hills studded with red-roofed bungalows. St. Barts was instant France: organized chaos, *joie de vivre,* jelly-bean-colored Mini Mokes and scooters dashing through narrow streets spilling *(Continued on page 355)*

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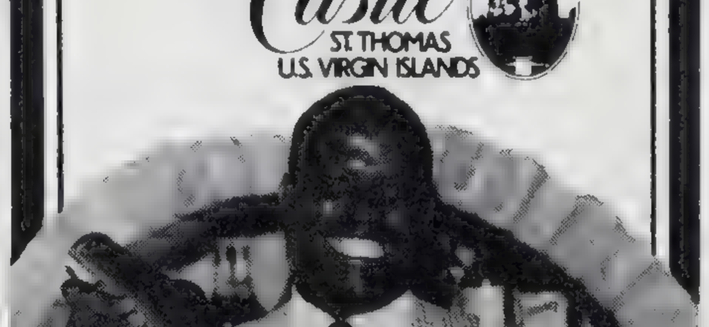

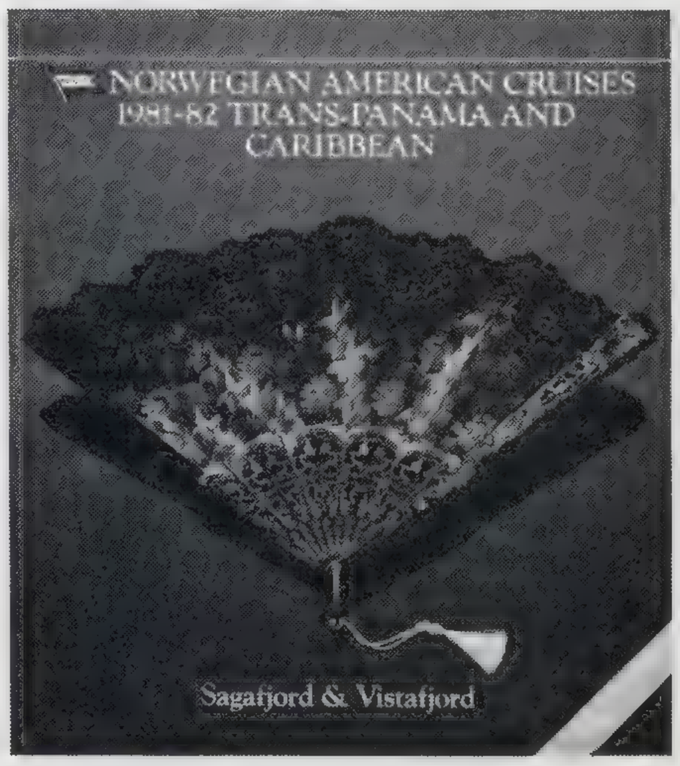

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CARIBBEAN PREVIEW

(Continued from page 352)

over with happy sun-tanned crowds.

Wheels are essential on St. Barts to reach the masses of beaches and handful of restaurants. Driving over rollercoaster roads no wider than New York's Park Avenue sidewalks takes guts. My first terrifying ascent was the straight-up climb from Gustavia to the internationally famous restaurant and inn Castelets—where I stayed. With chocolate-brown shutters, the little white main house could have been in Provence, France. To lunch and dine in the restaurant, people must reserve well in advance. At Castelets, people simply don't drop by to dine.

Sensational at Castelets, uniquely St. Barts, is the bar lounge cantilevered above broccoli-green hills of palms, flamboyants, bougainvillaea, laurels, and hibiscus framing the scimitar-shaped St. Jean Bay. The mastermind of Castelets, slight, crisp Geneviève Jouany, never loses her cool. Her past includes several transatlantic crossings on a thirty-six-foot boat. The tip-off that Madame is on the premises is the presence of Cleopatra, a huge black Belgian shepherd.

Castelets' four luxuriously private villas—with living rooms, balconies, upstairs bedrooms, kitchens—are in constant demand by celebs and stars. My room was one in a wing of four. French Antilles prints hung on the Trianon-grey walls, taupe corduroy covered the king-size bed. All "wing" rooms open onto a broad terrace where guests gather at sunset, help themselves to drinks, cheese, French bread, nuts, pâtés.

My barometer of current "in" spots on St. Barts became the number of cars I saw parked outside. (At Castelets during meal hours, the almost perpendicular driveway was paved with them.) During sun hours, the Minis parked helter-skelter on both sides of the narrow main road on the Baie de St. Jean were tip-offs to the goings-on at Chez Francine. Everybody turns up at Francine's deck above the beach to be seen and to see, to lunch on grilled lobster and fish served on square wooden platters with French fries, shoestring carrots, red and white cabbage, wine, beer. It's informal, fun, and lively—a great place to watch wind-surfers climbing onto their boards, skimming across the Bay. *Note*: Currently under construction next to Chez Francine's—Filao Beach, a new bungalow resort with an A-1 location.

From Francine's, I walked across one hundred meters of soft beach to Hôtel Emeraude Plage, an unpretentious complex of housekeeping bungalows in a coconut grove hung with hammocks. (The two bungalows with their backs to the traffic of the main road should be avoided by light sleepers.)

Above the Bay on green slopes, red roofs identify the tidy villas of the Village St.-Jean. Some of its air-conditioned rooms have wonderful modern kitchens screened from view on covered terraces and sun decks. Recent addition, here: a restaurant that doubles as game and meeting room.

On the same hillside, the fifty-room PLM Hôtel Jean Bart is the island's biggest hotel. With little blocks of big rooms tucked away behind gardens and trees, the hotel seems much smaller than it actually is. On the beach below the PLM, the informal St. Jean Beach Club is open from *(Continued on page 356)*

VOGUE® TRAVEL GUIDE

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937 ☐ ST. BARTS
386 ☐ ST. MAARTEN
387 ☐ ST. MARTIN
398 ☐ US VIRGIN ISLANDS: St. Croix, St. Thomas, St. John

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On the cactus-jungly Baie des Flamands, the owner-chef of the restaurant Taiwana Club is now the innkeeper for half-a-dozen white villas with a great pool and deck—all newly built on the same property.

Continuing my circuit of St. Barts, I stopped by the seaside village of Corossol. In this gem of gingerbread houses, elderly women weavers display their crafts—hats, mats, baskets—on wire fences. More en-route surprises: St. Barts' cemetaries! Sun-dappled, with bursts of brilliant flowers, and simple, very white tombstones, they seemed happy places. My two favorites were in the residential area known as Lorient.

I credit my ESP for noticing and stopping at the tumble-down Chez Tatie. This unprepossessing restaurant—on a country road in the middle of nowhere—has refrigerator in the dining room, tables covered in garish oilcloth. When I went inside, the elderly Madame Tatie was scooping out christophine—a local vegetable—and filling the centers with fresh crab meat. Later, I learned that Tatie is the top caterer on the island and that even Madame Jouany, the boss lady of the elegant Castelets, orders island specialties from Chez Tatie when she entertains at home.

Back in Gustavia, across from the post office flying the tricolore on rue du Roi Oscar II, the Rôtisserie concocts gourmet take-out food—pâtés, *crabes farcis,* vegetable tarts—and also stocks canned French delicacies. It's a godsend for boat-people and for those on housekeeping holidays. Next door, the studio/shop of star island designer Jean-Ives Froment features his hand-block-print designs on T-shirts, skirts, draperies. Further down the street, the diversified boutique A la Calèche swings from renting villas to selling Christian Dior prêt-à-porter sportswear—plus belts, perfumes, slews of beach things.

Gustavia's year-old stay-place L'Hibiscus sits on a hill and has a glorious view of the harbor. Thick hibiscus hedges conceal its dozen one-bedroom villas terraced on the slope; all are air-conditioned, have Descamp pastel bed linens, color TVs, kitchenettes, and large terraces. Hung with plants, the open-sided dining room and bar is next to a mammoth pool. New this season: a two-bedroom, two-bathroom duplex villa.

ANGUILLA

For years, I had heard rumors about the impressive developments planned for Anguilla—the low, skinny, dry (it almost never rains) sixteen-mile-long spit of an island less than a seven-minute hop from St. Maarten's Queen Juliana Airport.

Right now—until developers' dreams of hundreds of bedrooms become realities—Anguilla's thirty beaches and exquisite sandy coves are practically empty. Car rental agencies provide vehicles to drive over thirty miles of surfaced roads. For a fee of $4, visitors may pick up a driving permit at the airport. The only traffic hazards I ran into were sheep and baby lambs.

White ponds scattered around the island indicate Anguilla's very clean main industry: distilling salt from sea water. Lobster fishing is the island's second industry. Tourism is the hope for the future.

Ready for visitors, now: the one-year-old resort Corito Beach Cottages is a clutch of eleven beach-side bungalows. Set up for housekeeping, two- or three-bedroom units have living/dining rooms, *(Continued on page 359)*

CARIBBEAN PREVIEW

(Continued from page 355)

eleven in the morning to eleven at night; people drop in for snacks, lunch, dinner, and often stay on to play backgammon, darts, bridge.

Setting out from the Bay of St. Jean and driving clockwise on the island's one main road—it's impossible to go astray—I passed the Hôtel Autour du Rocher, a neat five-room guesthouse perched on a rock. Its restaurant, centered around a pool, specializes in U.S. cuisine—steaks, grilled lobsters, roast beef.

Along the beach of Grand Cul de Sac, the sporty Beach Hotel has the only hotel tennis court on the island. It also has three dozen Spartan-simple air-conditioned rooms—with tiled floors, showers—and is surrounded by a string of bungalows with kitchenettes.

Distinguished Europeans and Americans have already discovered Sereno Beach, a one-year-old resort of Lilliputian-sized one-bedroom villas opening onto walled flower gardens. Action centers around a sensational pool next to the bar/restaurant. Sereno's relaxed formula: dunk/drink/eat, from sunup into night.

Nearby, Lafayette restaurant is a good place to spend a lazy day under the shade of sea grapes and palms. Here, patrons combine dipping into the sea or pool with walking on wet sand, then lunching—time bends to please—on barbecued lobster, dark chocolate and walnut cake. *Note*: Beach life is what St. Barts is all about. I loved the beachcomber-chic designer fashions that everyone wore—and seeing tanned tots playing naked in the sand next to ravishing mummies, often topless.

Petit St. Vincent Resort

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CARIBBEAN PREVIEW

(Continued from page 356)

full kitchens, broad terraces with chaises, hammocks. Corito's man in charge, "Captain Tortue," plans to open a restaurant by Christmas.

Lunch at the Riviera, a thatched bistro on an exquisite curve of gentle bay known as Sandy Ground, was excellent. The owner Didier, a former reporter from France, greets and seats guests in front; young, pretty Sylvaine heads the kitchen. Riviera serves Salade Niçoise, grilled steak and lobster flavored lightly with thyme and other herbs from Provence, ice cream from St. Barts. The pleasant dining deck is thatch-shaded, its tables covered with blue-and-white cloths. Swimmers dine right on the beach in a separate area walled in hibiscus and set with umbrellaed tables.

Fields of pigeon peas as well as tall fiber plants used for making rope and twine, green the north (Atlantic) side of Anguilla. At Island Harbour, the main fishing village, boats were beached under coconut trees. Entering a Methodist Church during Sunday vespers, I was charmed by the women's choir: ladies in white hats and dresses. At the St. Mary's Anglican Church cemetery, a tombstone reading BURTON, Richard, gave me a start.

At The Valley, Anguilla's capital city, great mahogany trees and tidy shingled houses edge Main Street. The island has an abundance of banks: several Barclays Banks, Bank of America, Caribbean Commercial, plus a whole short side street lined with offshore banking offices that lure millions of dollars, marks, francs, and British pounds to Anguilla's tax-free Caribbean shores.

Although it was Sunday, workmen were busy at several construction sites. The nearest to completion seemed to be The Anguilla Holiday Spa—a health resort to be run by the previous owners of the Inglewood Health Hydro spa of Kintbury, England. Here, forty peaked-roofed cottages—each with a living-room, bedroom, and a terrace designed for privacy—stand on a cliff above the white beach at Barnes Bay. The main house and spa facilities were in the final stages of construction and off-limits. The new spa's opening is set for Spring of 1982.

The luxurious hill-hugging Malliouhana villa complex and hotel is aiming for mid-'83 opening. The nursery garden is off to a good start; and two villas, already finished and available for rent, double as models of the luxuries one can expect at Malliouhana. Here, even the kitchens will come with a view.

Overlooking jungly hills, translucent-blue water of St. Barts' Baie des Flamands: new pool, deck at restaurant/inn Taiwana Club

Anguilla's star development—off by itself on the southeastern tip of the island—is the sixty-seven-acre villa complex at Portazure on Maunday's Bay. Set between a two-mile-long beach and a vast lagoon, this resort will be a complete community with a Mediterranean-look village of restaurants, cafés, shops, beach villas, condominiums—plus whatever else spells luxury . . . and money. A marina, a casino, and more-more-more still in blueprint eventually hope to entice some five hundred people at a time to this dream site on the British Crown Colony of Anguilla. ▽

CARIBBEAN HOW-TOS

● *On St. Martin/St. Maarten, St. Barts, and Anguilla, you may buy perfume, watches, designer clothes to your heart's content at duty-free prices—but, in most cases, you now need to present a valid passport to get on-island. Gone are the days when arriving visitors simply flashed a driver's license and passed through the airport gates. Be prepared to queue up to have your passport stamped by a crisply uniformed official in jacket and tie. Also be prepared to pay an airport-departure tax when you leave these same sunny islands.*

● *U.S. dollars are accepted widely on St. Martin/St. Maarten and on St. Barts—but on the unspoiled island of Anguilla, greenbacks may baffle some small merchants and bistro owners. Play it safe; use Anguilla's local currency, the Eastern Caribbean dollar. Change money and travelers' checks at banks. You may lose some sun time, but this will be made up by the better rate of exchange that you'll receive.*

● *On all three islands, don't rely on credit cards; they are often not accepted. Travelers' checks* are.

● *Flying to St. Martin/St. Maarten—and on to St. Barts and Anguilla—is easy. American Airlines flies every day from New York's JFK Airport to Queen Juliana Airport on the Dutch side of St. Martin . . . nonstop. For travelers from other U.S. cities, Eastern Airlines has daily flights to St. Martin out of Miami.*

● *From St. Martin to St. Barts—a ten-minute hop—Air Guadeloupe goes two times a day from the Esperance Airport on the French side of the island . . . and Winair (Windward Island Airways) has daily flights from the Dutch side.*

● *To reach Anguilla, Winair hops there three times a day from Dutch St. Martin. Flying time: seven minutes. Air Anguilla provides air-taxi service to Anguilla from French St. Martin. For further information on St. Martin, St. Barts, Anguilla, see page 355).*

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TRAVEL

Cancún: Caribbean sun . . . Mexican style

In the Yucatán, modern hotels, ancient mysteries

BY JUDY RUCKSTUHL

Yucatecan super-site: ancient Mayan city of Chichén Itzá, viewed above with "El Castillo" pyramid/temple in background

Yes, it's good to be home again. But spice is always nice, and a trip to the Yucatán Peninsula from Denver—especially in winter—certainly provides a change of pace. You trade denuded aspens and stoic spruce for flowering frangipani, Norfolk Island pine, and crotons. Storm windows cede to jalousies. *Yanqui* technology and impatience yield to a hotel with one telephone.

COZUMEL

Culture shock is eased by a *piña colada* and, most of all, by the ocean. Yes, real salt water. Yes, warm. Yes, the incredible Caribbean aquamarine sliding into indigo where sea meets sky.

Where else could life have started but the seas? At such a moment, the sea is everything: the gentle rivulets affectionately slathering sand over your toes; the big wave that breaks, knocks you down, wakes you up; the gift-bringer of tiny, bright shells. Below you the coral, with their parrot fish and other symbiotic associates, provide a floor show rivaling any in Las Vegas.

Evening. Sea breezes through royal palms. An unhurried sunset. Clouds obligingly appear on the horizon, to play with the descending sun, maybe give it its good-night kiss. Your body feels full and relaxed after a long swim, gladly blends with the warm, moist air and diminuendo of sounds—wouldn't it be nice to be a banyan tree? It's no wonder that the Yucatán has a relative scarcity of discos; who needs them when you've just become part of the earth? That is—re-recognized that you're part of the earth.

Next day. Of course, you must tour the island! As you ride along the Caribbean coast, the low, dense jungle hides its secrets well, emits an air of mocking mystery. It reminds you that the Mayans had one of the most intellectually sophisticated civilizations that ever inhabited this earth, and that this island was sacred for them. An iguana is spied, sunning on a log beside the road. Brakes squeal. Cameras appear as predictably as Old Faithful. The iguana grandly continues sunning himself.

On toward the town of about twenty-five *(Continued on page 368)*

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–Mikhail Baryshnikov as quoted in BALLET NEWS

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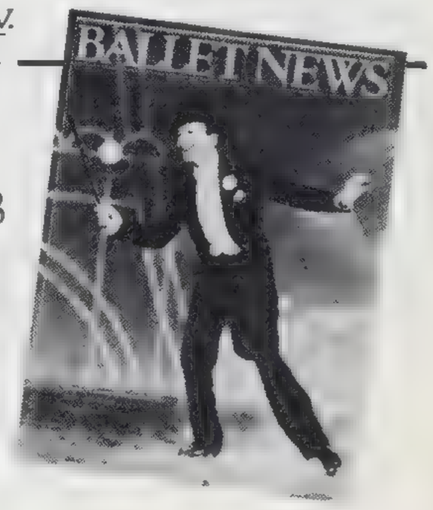

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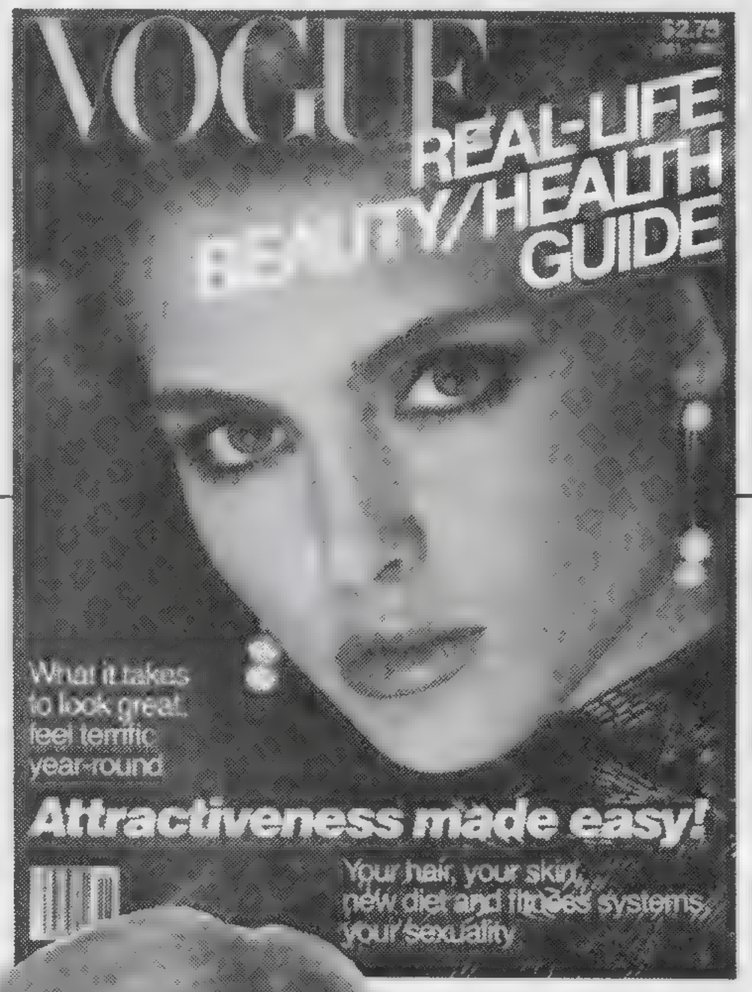

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MEXICO

(Continued from page 362)

thousand people, complete with town square and all the other prerequisites of a Mexican village. Very clean and orderly, and one feels much safer here than in large cities on both sides of the Rio Grande. The intent is very tourist, but the look succeeds in remaining very Mexican. The little shops offer a huge assortment of tiny bright-colored windup toys, indicative of the fascination for little things and little enjoyments that contributes so much to the warmth of the Mexican people. Most buildings are white-washed, with painted borders, contrasting wooden trim, political announcements, and advertising posters—the consistency of esthetic leads you to wonder why no art history professor has described "Mesoamerican Rococo" as a legitimate decorative style in its own right. The women wearing their big bright fringed shawls against the evening cool fit right in. Had Frank Lloyd Wright developed Mexican Rococo, he would have stipulated that all the women wear just such shawls.

Now, to a more serious matter: eating. Concentrate on the red snapper, which is locally caught, very fresh, and delicious. Second, try the conch. Third, check out the pepper sauce, that marvelous mixture of tomato, onion, bell pepper, chili peppers, and coriander.

How nice it is to make love in January and use every position you fancy, and not need the flipping blankets over you!

If you didn't know that something can be dramatic and unhurried, consider a tropical sunrise. Like the sunset, commanding almost to the point of being domineering—but saved by the birds, whose matins lift your mood almost to the buoyancy of the waves.

CANCÚN/CHICHÉN ITZÁ

This morning, you leave Cozumel by ferry, destined for Cancún, a much smaller island separated from the Yucatán Peninsula only by a canal. Cancún was developed by the Mexican government as a tourist resort and opened in 1975. A very good job they did—it is comfortable, posh, and attractive. Here, one sees lots of bougainvillaea, almond trees, crotons, royal palms; in short, all the kinds of foliage that one is supposed to see at a tropical resort. The most outstanding feature of Cancún, however, is the sand, probably the creamiest and finest anywhere. Walking in it, very simply, has to rate as one of the ultra-luxurious experiences of life.

If your time is limited, you wisely choose to visit Chichén Itzá, rather than to go scuba diving or deep-sea fishing. Chichén Itzá was the major capital of the Mayan civilization in its post-classic period, where astronomy, astrology, and geomancy all combined to guide a highly developed civilization in its well-organized efforts to build a magnificent religious and ceremonial center. How fortunate that it was simply abandoned, rather than having been sacked, burned, or mutilated. You can get an idea of the exceeding difficulty of archaeological work from the stones that have been excavated singly, then laid in piles for fitting together into buildings—rather like trying to work a ten-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle in three dimensions, with all the pieces a bit mutilated and no picture to guide you.

The "Castillo," the main pyramid at Chichén Itzá, looks so *(Continued on page 371)*

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MEXICO

(Continued from page 368)

like all the pictures you have seen of it that it gives you a strange, unreal feeling at first. About seventeen stories up, the temple on top is reached by climbing steep, narrow steps. The Mexican government has thoughtfully installed a chain to help, but one of the biggest sports around is watching the tourists ascend and then descend this stairway. Then it is the other tourists' turn to watch you with amusement.

Leaving considerations of tourists, your imagination is totally filled with reconstructing the edifices as they were at their zenith, about one thousand years ago. The bas-reliefs must have stood out much more sharply, and all the buildings were brightly colored in brick red, ocher, green, and blue. Every Mayan, here, would have been fully aware of the sacredness of the area, its power, its influence over the well-being of his whole civilization. Colorful bas-reliefs of the gods reminded him lest his thoughts stray, and even the steep stairways functioned to stir up his blood toward the proper kinds of reverent thoughts.

At Chichén Itzá, altar-statue of rain god Chacmool, above—thought to have been used in ceremonies involving human sacrifices

Since Chichén Itzá has been described, deservedly, so many times by so many people, the buildings appear as old friends. However skeptical you may consider yourself, you have to agree with everyone else on the special attraction of the "caracol" (observatory), and the "nunnery." Massive but ethereal. Very mysterious. Lots of chameleons here, but they are just as private as the iguanas of Cozumel.

One big surprise: the ball court. Although no one really knows what the purpose of the ballgame was, that purpose obviously was religious, and the stakes were very high—the winners kept their heads, and the losers lost theirs. You expect to see a rather forbidding place, somewhat like an old school gymnasium the year before it is condemned as unsafe. Not so! Beautiful spaces—the H shape is lovely, the stone walls give serenity; the large temple on one side and smaller temples/observation posts at the ends open onto a gracious vista that you think should contain a formal English garden. Only the bas-reliefs along the walls, depicting the fate of the losing teams, remind you in a carved-in-stone way of how the court was used.

If you are lucky, on your return to Cancún your cabdriver will take you to the *cenote* of Zaci in Valladolid, the town close to Chichén Itzá. This *"cenote"*—same word as the sacred sacrificial wells at Chichén Itzá—is huge, fed by an underground river, and surrounded by an incredible limestone grotto. The water is unbelievably clear (you can see the few fish as if you wore a snorkel mask) and an incomparable teal blue, because of its depth. The driver says proudly that the well has no bottom. The grotto has stalactites—and bougainvillaea grows down the walls. You feel like giving a donation to the God of the Well before you leave, and you wonder what relationship he had to the gods of days and planets at Chichén Itzá. After all, they were neighbors.

Returning to Cancún in time for a sunset walk along the beach, you admire once more the baroque limestone formations on which this gleaming-white resort has been built—and you ponder the transformation from sharp greyish rock to powdery white sand. Who is the God of the Beach? Certainly the Mayans had a word or two to say about this, but the seashells don't divulge it.

Is it already time to return home? In that case, Tulum and Xelhá and the other ruins will have to wait for the next trip. They will wait. They have the wisdom of old age and the security of respect. ▽

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VOGUE'S

View

NOVEMBER '81

Southwest's Santa Fe inspires newest belt...holiday dressing at a price...watch for: Tokyo

Edited by June Weir

NEW STATUS BELT: THE CONCHA

Worn originally by the Navajo Indians, the concha belt is big news today

"Concha belts are sold as quickly as we can collect them," says Dawn Mello, executive vice president and director of fashion merchandising, Bergdorf Goodman,talking about one of the fastest-growing fashion trends in the U.S.A. "Just as the cowboy boot has become a symbol of American style, so will the concha belt achieve the status of a fashion classic."

You might ask—what is a concha belt? It's a leather belt with silver disks worn originally by the Navajo Indians in the 1880s. The earliest Indian conchas were round, thin, and lightweight. Later, the edges of conchas were scalloped and the silver disks decorated. Some authorities say the idea of decoration came from the Mexicans, who ornamented the head stalls of their horses with silver conchas. It's interesting to see that the Spanish word *concha* (shell) is frequently pronounced and spelled "concho" when applied to these belts, but most experts agree it's "concha."

While there are some uncertainties about the pronunciation, *("View" continued on page 374)*

The concha belt is one of the prized possessions of American Indians of the Southwest. *Above:* One Navajo wears his silver concha mixed with a second belt, turquoise beads, and an openwork silver ketoh.

Ralph Lauren sees the antique Indian concha belt as a timeless piece. In his fall collection, he belts one over decorative sweaters (above), while for resort he shows it with a bare midriff, suède bra, and rickrack skirt (left). These authentic conchas range from about $1500 to $3000. An even wider variety is featured today. Far left to right: Bergdorf Goodman shows two authentic Indian conchas, about $2400 each. Eagle and Fox do suède belts with silver conchas priced from about $350 to $600 (the price varies depending on the number of conchas). Anne Klein for Calderon strings leather conchas on a double tie, about $90.

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VOGUE'S

View

THE CONCHA

(Continued) there's no doubt—the Navajo Indian prized his concha belt. Many Indians were even buried with their conchas.

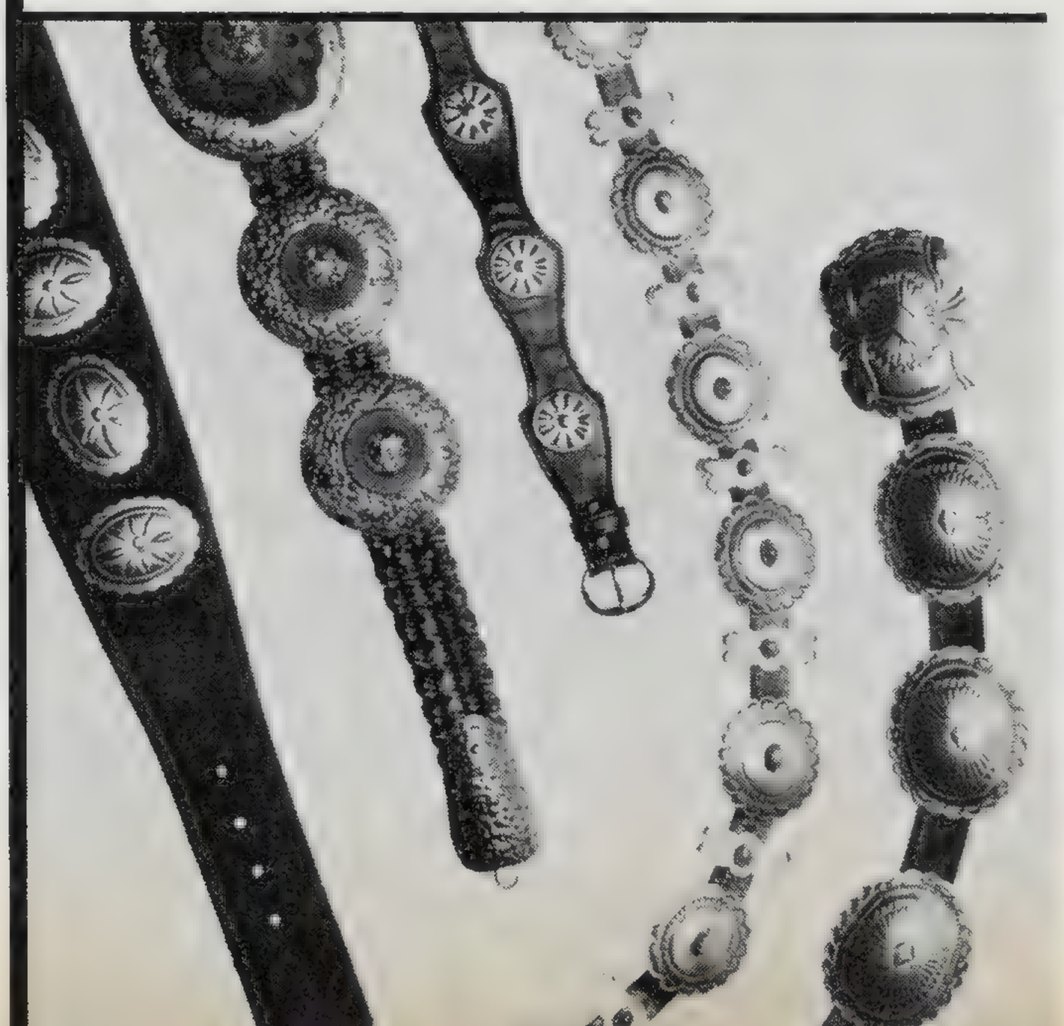
While collectors have long appreciated these Indian silver conchas as original pieces of historic art and Westerners have worn them with pride, only now—with so much interest in the heritage and tradition of the American Southwest, particularly Santa Fe—have concha belts moved to the forefront in the East, as significant fashion statements—wearable collectors' items.

Ralph Lauren, a long-time Western fan, deserves a lot of the credit in making women today aware of the beauty of the conchas. In his fall collection, he belted big, bulky Indian-like sweaters with his own silver and leather conchas, then teamed them with long prairie skirts. For resort, Ralph continued his concha concept, only this time he showed these one-of-a-kind antique concha belts with bare midriffs and long rickrack skirts, or sometimes he buckled them over patterned cotton scarves worn over patterned cotton skirts and blouses. Lauren made the concha look smashing for day or night, cold or hot weather. As he says, "The concha is a classic—like a good watch you keep forever—a wonderful investment and I believe in that kind of product. It looks great—whether you wear it with corduroys or thin summer cottons. It's the antique of the future."

("View" continued page 378)

Ralph Lauren makes a seasonless statement about the concha. Here, for resort *(right)*, he places an antique silver and leather concha belt over a patterned scarf, over a printed skirt and ruffled blouse.

"The concha is a classic . . . It's the antique of the future."



Left to right, more conchas at all prices: Ruza for Elegant puts decorative conchas on a leather belt, about $50. Alex & Lee do bold hammered copper and gold leaf conchas on silk metallic cord belt, $3000. Ruza for Elegant places round conchas on a scalloped leather belt, about $30. Common Ground shows a one-of-a-kind antique silver and turquoise concha and leather belt, $1250. Colony Designs' scalloped conchas and decorative buckle on leather is priced around $160.

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VOGUE'S

View

HOLIDAY ALLURE

More parties, more places, more desire to dress up . . . here's how to look great for less money

Whether you're dressing for holiday parties in the city or the country, there's a way to look great without spending a fortune.

Two leading fashion directors—Ellin Saltzman of Saks Fifth Avenue and Cathy di Montezemolo of Lord & Taylor—pick three looks from their stores that offer great style at realistic prices. Most holiday entertaining centers around three types of parties: at-home get-togethers, buffets and open houses that start in late afternoon and go on, plus big-time evenings at special places. Each expert picks what she would advise buying for these three types of events, one in the city, the other in the country.

For city parties, here's the way Ellin Saltzman sees dressing over the holidays: "Start with color. It's your base. For me, black is best. It's great for big-city dressing; it always looks right. I think pants are a big part of an evening wardrobe. Try to buy a pair of softly draped pants. I'd buy black crêpe because it can be worn day or evening. Also, it's seasonless.

"Think of separates for night. You get much more variety out of your clothes when you dress in pieces. For instance, you can wear Sanchez's smoking jacket over a skirt, knickers, or pants.

"This year, you'll want to add a touch of glitter, especially in your accessories. Gold looks great. For me, the accessory to buy is a knock-out belt. Definitely stay away from the classics. Get a big, bold belt—one that makes a strong fashion statement." *("View" continued on page 380)*

CHRISTOPHE VON HOHENBERG

For big city parties, Ellin Saltzman likes Norma Kamali's black and gold separates in sweatshirting. Above: Shown entering New York's "21": Chris Royer wears an off-the-shoulder blouse, $82, and short ruffled skirt, $110. For day-to-evening party at the American Stanhope Hotel, near left, Ellen Tracy's white ruffled angora sweater, $140, and black wool crêpe pants, $84. For at-home, far left, Fernando Sanchez's velvet smoking jacket, $175, and moire pants, $66.

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VOGUE'S

View

HOLIDAY ALLURE

Lord & Taylor's fashion pro, Cathy di Montezemolo, picks glamorous pieces that go to holiday parties in the country for more dash than cash

Key to this holiday wardrobe: romantic separates in colors that are either pale or bright, but never murky. Newest looking accessory: a wide belt

(Continued) "It's a question of finding important-looking separates. Even though you're in the country, just putting on a long skirt and a turtleneck sweater doesn't work anymore for holiday parties. Now, you have to make the effort and start building around romantic blouses, cozy colorful skirts, and beautiful accessories.

"Color in the country is so important. It's best to stay away from gloomy off-beat or somber tones, such as mustard or black. Brights or pastels always look right, especially in a room with a wood-burning fireplace.

"For me, the belt is 'the' accessory to add. I think a wide belt with a handsome buckle is the answer. Also, this is a season for shawls. They're accessories to collect. I even like them thrown over a chair when they're not being worn."

For the country, Cathy chooses mainly Lord & Taylor private-label clothes. For a New Year's Eve dance, *above:* Vanessa Angel in a linen blouse with lace inserts, $108, and a long ruby velvet skirt, $150. *Right:* A quilted cotton tea cozy skirt, $100, and cotton eyelet blouse, $95, for a Christmas open house. For at-home, *below*, Christian Dior Loungewear's pale peach monk's dress, $125. *("View" continued on page 384)*

Top photograph taken at the Algonquin Hotel, New York City

CHRISTOPHE VON HOHENBERG

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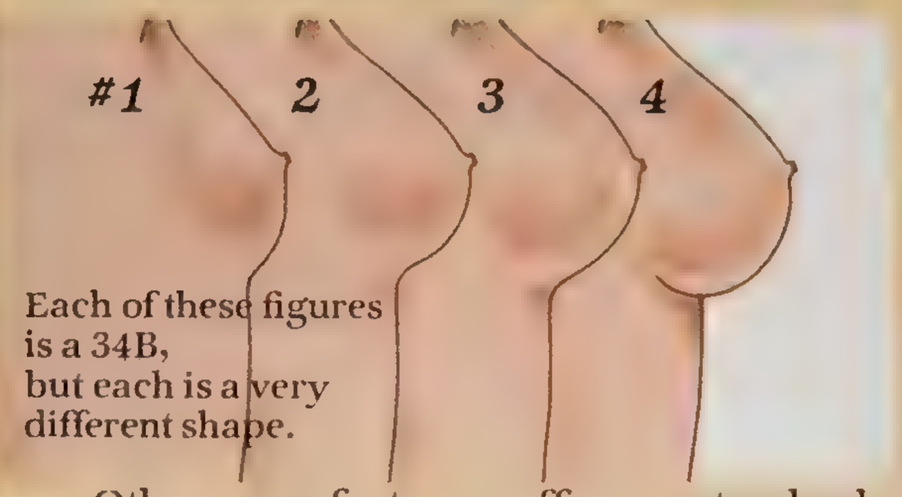

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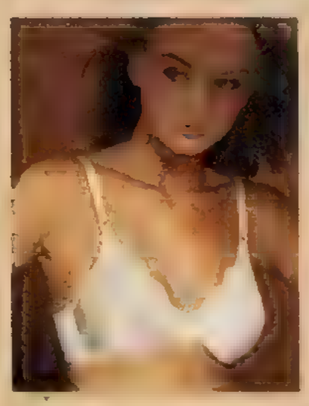
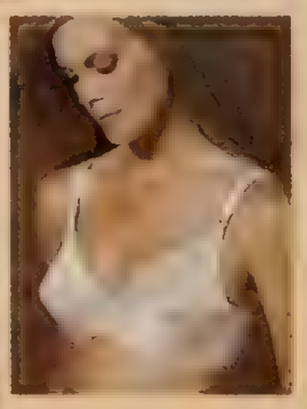


Free Woman
A sensuous natural look for the slender figure (figure #2)

New Woman
Soft and pretty accents to give you a fuller-looking figure (figure #1)

Today's Woman
Luxuriously feminine support for the average figure (figure #3)



Total Woman
Classic support for the fuller figure (figure #4)

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BARRA GRAPHICS

N.R.1

By NED GOULD

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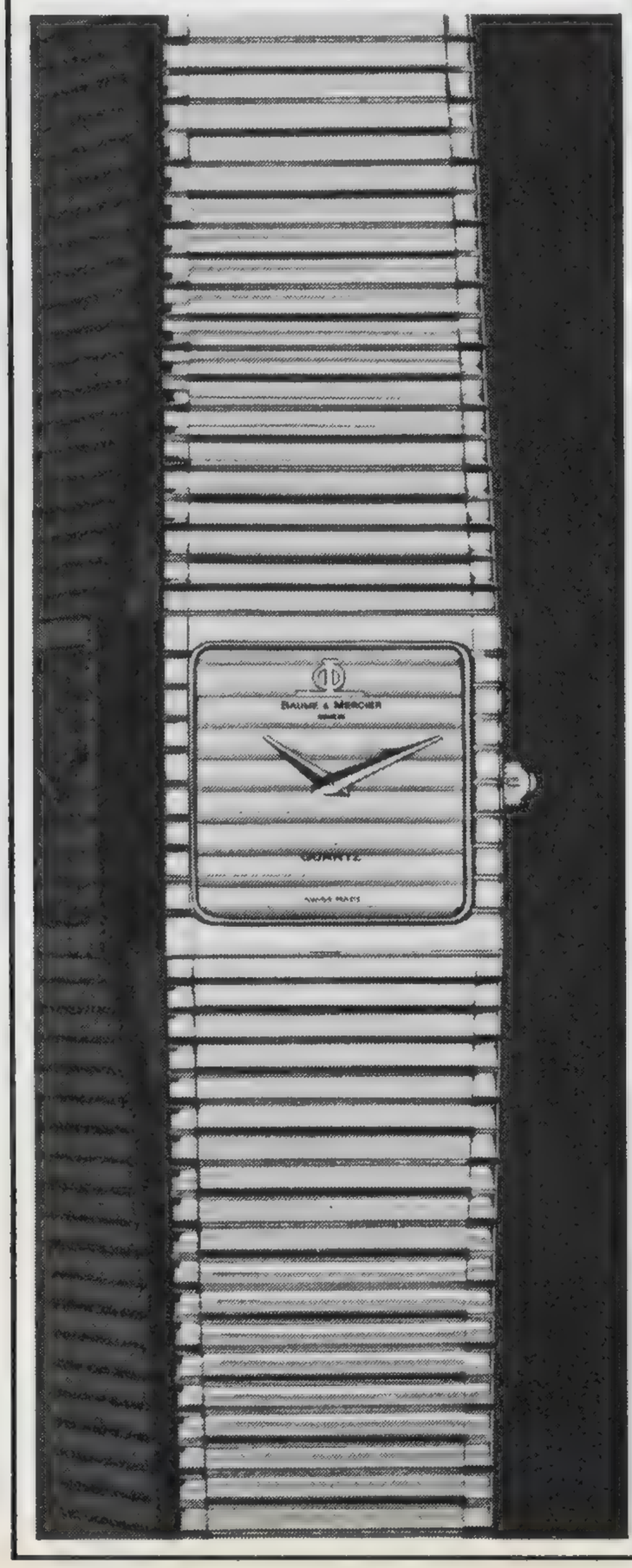

NOW: JAPANESE FASHION

Tokyo's fashion designers are just on the brink of being discovered; here, three New York stores discuss Japan

First, it was Paris. Then London in the swinging 'sixties. Next, Milan in the mid-'seventies. Now, Tokyo is emerging as the newest fashion spot in the early 'eighties. That's the way three of the smartest New York stores—Barney's, Bendel's, and Macy's—see fashion moving. "We find Japan very exciting, the way Europe was eight years ago," says Gene Pressman, vice president of Barney's, where Japanese boutiques for men and women opened in September.

"The Japanese fashion market is burgeoning. There's a feeling something is going on," states Jean Rosenberg, vice president of Henri Bendel, whose eagle-eye spotted so many of the European big-name designers first in the 'fifties for that trend-setting store. Now, she is adding Japanese ready-to-wear for the first time. "Major for us are Nicole, Comme des Garcons, Studio V, and Atelier Kei." All are new names for the American shopper.

At Macy's, Sueo Irie's knit designs for Studio V

At Barney's, striped separates by Studio V

As Macy's fashion director, Terry Melville, points out: "Kenzo, Issey Miyake, and Kansai Yamamoto, while born in Japan, are now more international designers. You can find their clothes in Paris, London, and New York. While I was in Japan, I found there is a new movement of young contemporary designers who are inspired by the West. Their clothes are expensive and beautifully made. We plan to take two directions with Japan. We're opening, in November, a traditional Japanese boutique complete with lacquer, pottery, happi coats. Then, for the first time, we will buy from a group of Japanese designers."

American designers also are excited about the fashion scene in Japan. As Geoffrey Beene says, "There's just one word for Japanese fashion—inspiring!"

("View" continued on page 390)

While New York stores are introducing Japanese fashion boutiques, fifty-three leading Japanese manufacturers came to New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel for the first time this fall to show their 1982 spring and summer collections. American buyers saw over five thousand ready-to-wear items.

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Eta Swiss Quartz

Photograph by Harold Naideau

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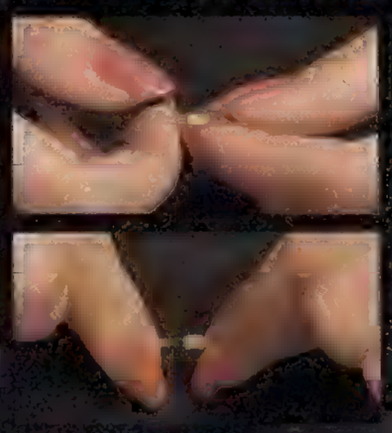

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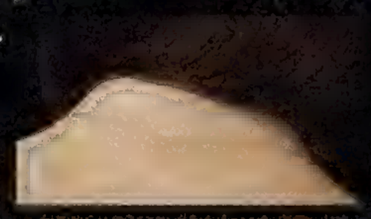

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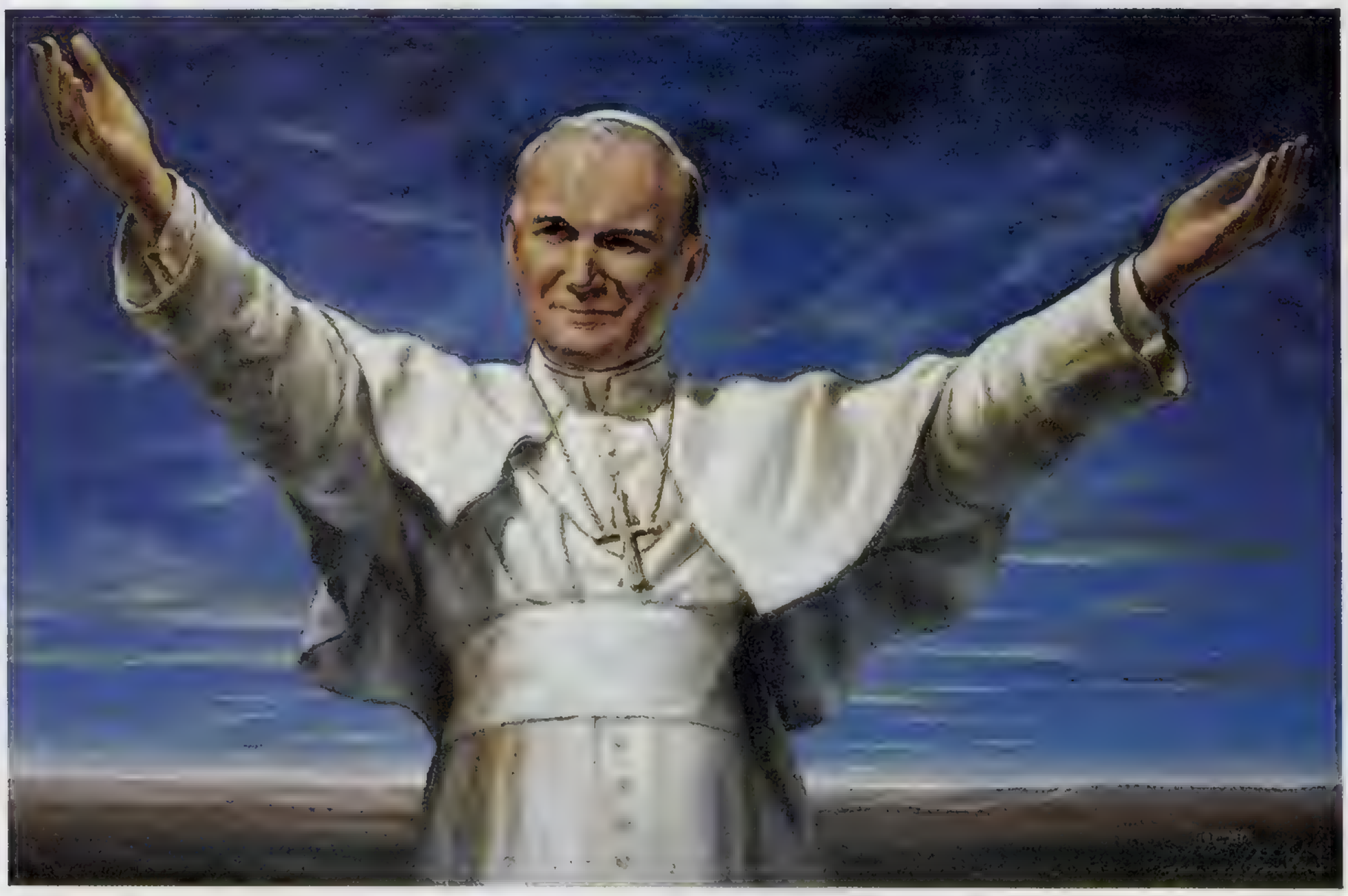

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VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

Success stories: what's selling...the best bathing suits ever...a designer tale for all time...style and short skirts, now

What's coming? To hear some people talk, there may be more shorter-length skirts, more shorter-length options, come warmer weather. If this summer and fall are any indication, what's interesting about some shorter lengths is the way women—young women—are taking to them: with personal style and a sense of humor. Everyone seems to put pieces together differently, and these young women are having fun with creative layering: short tunics belted low on the hips, tunics layered with textured stockings and short boots, short skirts put with oversized sweaters, with sneakers, with leggings. Some obviously top choices: short jeans skirts, short corduroy skirts, Kamali sweatshirtings. Young women are choosing short-length skirts for a day, not a season; they're wearing them for fun and a certain freedom of movement.

What's selling for fall? Shoes: stores report they can't stock their shoe departments fast enough. Women, too, are buying blouses and buying just about everything metallic: shoes, belts, bags, necklaces. . . . Metallic touches, it seems, will still be around, come springtime: first reports from Italy on new shoes for warmer weather say designers are working with metallic heels, metallic trims, making some shoes in solid metallics. . . . In much the way that the beauty industry, for years now, has signed models to exclusive contracts to present the advertising image of their products, fashion designers, now, are starting to contract certain models to personify their clothes style. Two of the first: Ralph Lauren and model Clotilde, Perry Ellis and model Lise Ryall.

What's new? A new term: "architectural designers." It's not a group of building-trade planners but, instead, a way people are describing some young fashion designers, right now, who are making clothes with a bit more structure, more "architectural" lines than some others: Shamask, Linda Hopp, Catherine Hipp, Gianfranco Ferrè. . . . New, too, is Mandarina Duck. First discovered by travelers to Italy and now imported to the U.S., this is a line of lightest-weight carry-on luggage: totes and bags in clean shapes, made with the resilient, water-resistant fabric of a rain-slicker; in clear colors, metallic colors, the white of porcelain china. . . . Our interest in Chanel—Gabrielle Chanel the woman, Chanel the designer—seems never-ending: At this moment, Chanel is, as played by Marie-France Pisier, a melodrama heroine in new movie, "Chanel Solitaire"; is shown as a symbol of her times in newly published in the U.S. book "Chanel and Her World" by Edmonde Charles-Roux (Vendome) and will be—it's said—a future movie role for another remarkable woman: Paloma Picasso.

"Young women are choosing short-length skirts... for a day. They're wearing them for fun"

People are talking about . . . this incredible—constantly growing—phenomenon of quartz watches: so many watchmakers have turned to quartz that winding a watch stem is nearly a forgotten pastime. What's standing out, now, is the look of a bracelet band on watches with names like Cartier Vendôme, Concord Mariner, Bulgari's all-steel quartz in three—small, medium, large—sizes. All of them—like the Rolex that got things going—are water-resistant, hardworking pieces you can buy with the link straps that remind you of a man's band. Do women want them? Major jewelers who don't make one are being asked by customers to design one. . . . What do you get the man who has everything? At Bijan, on Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive, there's bulletproofing—light metal mesh lining, no thicker than canvas—sewn into suits, vests, jackets. A fur-collared cashmere top coat, with bulletproofing, is about $6500. Dallas' Cutter Bill Western World has something a bit more upbeat: a custom-made 1952 Rolls-Royce pickup truck. The tab: $110,000. . . . When you hear, this season, there's a huge interest in pearls again, don't expect ladylike necklaces. Top international jewelers are working with pearls, working pearls with gemstones—but there's a difference: these are big, gutsy, pebble-shaped pearls, nothing delicate. And the pearls—best Ceylonese, Burmese or obviously *faux* ones—are going to young women.

If you're going to shop for a bathing suit . . . right now, when "resort" collections are first hitting the stores, may well be the top time to do it: suit designers' best ideas—real enthusiasms—seem to be going into their resort lines, and the result is some of the best bathing suits that you've seen in a long time. There are lots of bikinis (the emphasis: wearability, not vulgarity), clean maillots, draped maillots, halter tops, bandeau tops, simple great-looking metallics. Many come with wonderful extra pieces—a white cardigan sweater with a bit of gold, say; some suits are neatly striped; there are lots of nautical—red-and-white or blue-and-white—colors. There's more of a choice this season . . . and you'll find more suits you'll want to be wearing.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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9 guide to a new fashion season

WHAT CONTINUES, WHAT CHANGES, WHAT COUNTS MOST

Everyone knows by now: fashion follows its own timetable. And on that schedule—with the calendar still a page away from the official start of winter—November marks the turn of a new season: a season of warm-weather dressing, a season of resort collections.

What's different this year: "resort" has a new meaning—broader, deeper. The scope and strength of resort collections everywhere—in Europe as well as here—have expanded greatly to include clothes that go much further—in all warm-weather places, city as well as beach/country/casual places—and clothes that go regardless of climate.

What you'll find in this issue: the best of resort—a complete guide to the season and the news, with an eye toward finding the most attractive, likable warm-weather clothes; clothes to buy now and have when you need them—whether that's this month, next month, or six months from now.

In the starting point—more of a difference. The cast of fashion characters hasn't changed. We're still, for the most part, in the world of pieces dressing, but the pieces filling those roles *have* changed. They not only look different—with a different line and ease—they feel different. Skirts are softer, breezier. Blouses have a bigger, shirtier scale, with shape that comes from the shoulder. Jackets have a definite slide, an unencumbering feeling. Dresses have a certain narrowness without ever being tight. All pants—and the greatest number of new options exist here—are looser in some way. And everything, in keeping with the mood of the season, is gentler, calmer, uncomplicated. You can't go by names alone: don't take anything for granted.

With that in mind, the key piece continues to be a beautiful blouse. Blouses that have clearly replaced sweaters and jackets as the tops to own. The prettiest—in white or off-white, in silk, linen, or cotton. Sometimes with touches of lace, eyelet, delicate ruffles, but always low-key, unexcessive in the ornamentation. What continues as well: the option of having a blouse with a matching or almost-matching skirt, as a way of two-piece dressing that's finished, charming—and depending on the fabric, that works day, or late day into evening.

The evolution of pants goes on—one of fashion's most interesting, most provocative developments. Now, a variety of options, an unequaled range of lengths and shapes from suède short shorts to knee-length cotton knickers to narrow, ruffle-edged silk cropped pants to wide-legged satin evening trousers; and all manner of warm-up pants in everything from sweatshirt fleece to silver lamé.

With a jacket—one of the softer, slidier jackets—pants become the base of the most attractive warm-weather day looks, looks that work in every sense of the word. With a romantic blouse or strapless top, pants then become the base of pyjama dressing at night—still the prevailing evening theme.

Suède—soft, luxurious—continues from fall and becomes the "fabric" of choice in almost every resort collection. And with suède, with all the leathers, a new racier beat is added to warm-weather dressing, along with a more seasonless character. Suède in new pieces—shorts, knickers, strapless tops and sliding-off-the-shoulder blouses—to wear in warm-weather places. Suède in clean-lined tunics, easy cardigan jackets, terrific narrow waist-wrapped pants to wear any place. Suède in either pale, neutral-y colors—buff, chamois, putty, off-white, and white—or brights: cerise, saffron, French blue.

Ornamentation hasn't disappeared from dressing, but it has been reinterpreted. After the opulence of the last few months, the metallic influence is felt in small, subtle ways. And where it's most appealing now: as part of a new beach dressing. Not unexpectedly, some of resort's real finds can always be found in this particular category. What is unexpected—and delightful—this year: the level of design and sophistication not only in bathing suits but in their new companion pieces.

It's a season more of maillots than of bikinis—and the maillots are more classic in shape: the impact does not come from exaggerated bareness. Where it does come in—the difference—in the metallic element: the difference of thin gold Lurex straps on a clean-striped navy-and-white maillot . . . a gold appliquéd strapless white maillot . . . a burnished gold with black print. And the same degree of ornamentation exists in the cover-ups: all of them a long way from T-shirts/terry robes . . . a soft silky white blouson with gold leaves . . . gold-piped ankle-length warm-up pants . . . a rugby-striped cardigan in white and gold . . . a tunic of bronze fishnetting.

The most all-out ornamentation—keeping close to the spirit of a holiday season—is in makeup. Thin, thin iridescent textures—whether powder, gel, liquid, cream—to add shimmer to eyes, cheeks, lips. And to go even further: now, a sheer, thin gold glaze to wear over colored nail enamel . . . delicate flecks of gold, silver, or bronze to glimmer at the nape of the neck, on a bare shoulder, or bare legs—anywhere bareness exists, the option exists for shine!

Undeniable: the sense of leggi-ness, of bareness that's suddenly everywhere. Part of it comes naturally with warm-weather dressing. More of it, this season, comes with a definite emphasis on shorter lengths: shorts; shorter pants, skirts, and dresses; and above-the-knee tunics to wear as dresses. As an added option (provided, of course, that your legs are up to it), this shorter length becomes a free-spirited alternative in casual dressing. But the most interesting thing about the shorter lengths: what they suggest in the way of changes to come. Not that the shortest lengths are ever going to be a working, day-in/day-out length; they do, however, signal shorter rather than longer clothes for spring and summer—something to watch, to think about.

Summer is the time everyone wants a certain kind of easy-charming dress; now is the time to find it. Now, when there are wonderful new versions of fetching white cotton dresses—schoolgirl innocent without being syrupy sweet. Ankle-length dresses that are almost extensions of the prettiest blouses—ruffled, lacy, covered. Or bare dresses—more like camisole tops and petticoat skirts. . . . And then there are dresses with a different slant—city/office-oriented dresses—one-piece or two, in suède, linen, or silk. Soft, polished. And narrow—whether it's a dress for day or for evening, you respond instantly to that narrowness; it's something that distinguishes the most inviting, most modern looks.

November is still November and apart from warm-weather dressing, its great strength, great attraction is in seasonal delights— wonderful little fashion elements that have "big," far-reaching effects. What's interesting about these elements this November—whatever you're looking at: jewelry, leather, lingerie, there is a new standard of quality and luxury. And the best pieces signal—the way shorter lengths signal change—a move to a more classic feeling in accessories, but always updated, highly innovative . . . whether it's a hand-cut rope of semiprecious stones, a multi-layered, multi-textured, one-of-a-kind choker, a hand-crafted concha belt of golden metallic textures or of hand-worked silver, a pure white silk jacquard muffler, the most luxurious cashmere warm-up for at-home dressing. Every one, something you'd wear and keep wearing—with enormous pleasure.

And all of them, the elements that add spice to the core of dressing, which is still pieces dressing—easy in shape and in attitude. Those new pieces were our starting point and they're where this season—and this issue—starts, on the following page. . . .

A special report on the season,
and the news—
from
swimwear to suède

On these 32 pages, a new—and complete—look at "resort," which has come into its own as an important fashion season. What you'll be seeing first—key looks from the key resort collections—along with a special report on the way the whole concept of resort has been changed, re-defined. And on the following pages—all the looks that stand out—wonderful clothes for day, for evening, for warm weather now, later, and for in-between season dressing. The biggest news—the delight—this year: there's something for everyone . . . something very good . . .

A bugle-beaded sweater. A soft suède tunic. A crushable leather skirt. Not the kinds of pieces you'd expect to find in what's traditionally been called the resort collections. Resort used to mean, after all, vacation clothes—"play" clothes, for the kind of woman who headed south in cold weather: clothes designed to compete with tropical greenery, stand up to tropical heat, and set off bare, sun-tanned skin.

But in the last few years, resort collections have been inching away from that stereotype. Below, a look at the season's evolution and its growing importance.

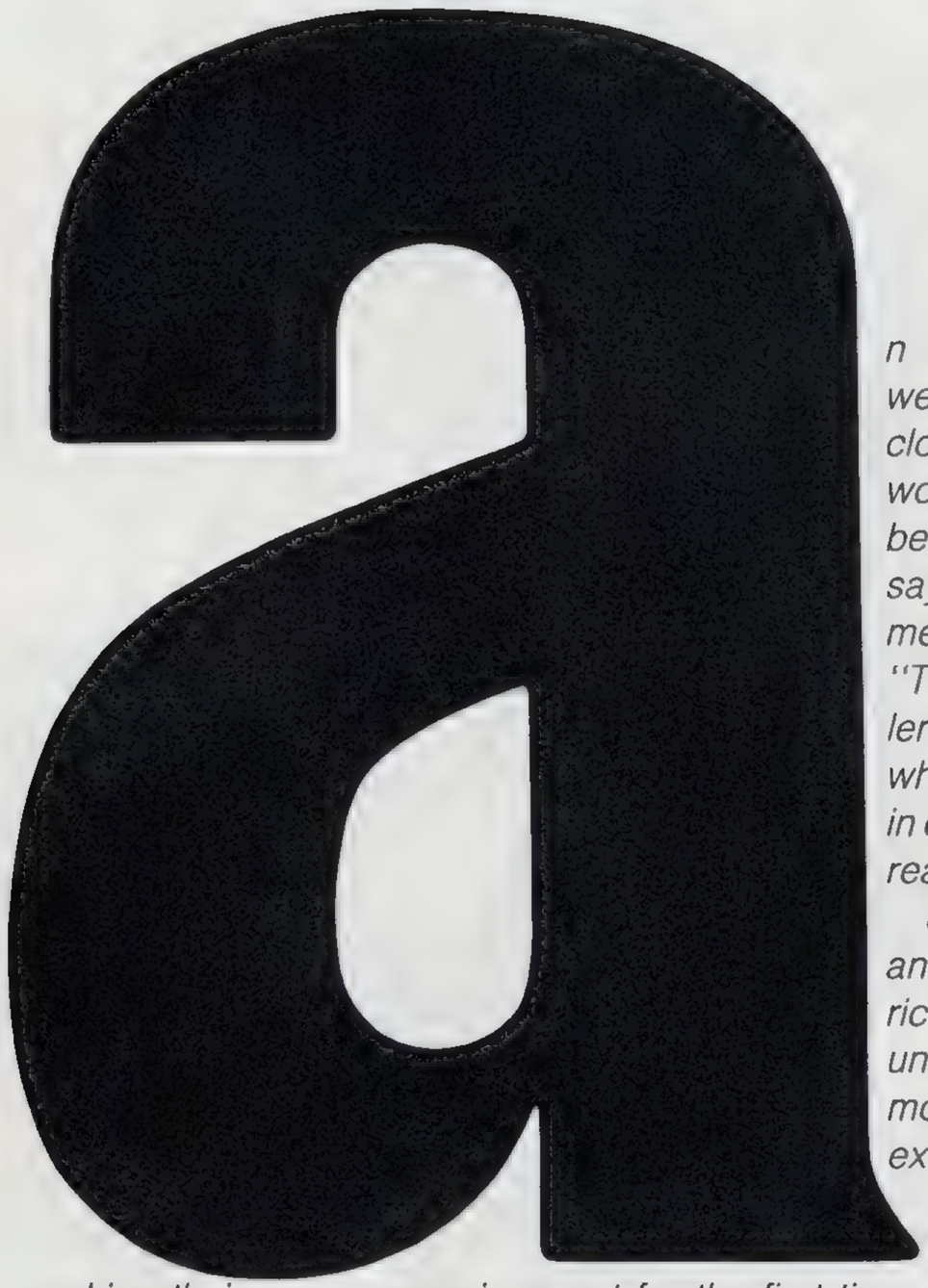
While resort collections are still the places to find swimwear and cover-ups, now, you'll find more honest-to-goodness warm-weather clothes—real clothes—many with a seasonless bent. Tucked away at the end of the year, sandwiched between the "bigger" fall and spring collections, the resort season has been quietly gaining ground; establishing itself, in recent years, as an increasingly viable season. Somewhere along the line, it's managed to eclipse the summer season altogether: Geoffrey Beene, for instance, no longer even shows a summer collection—and hasn't, he says, for the last two years. For him, as far as warm-weather clothes are concerned, resort says it all. "Resort has become the second most important season, for me," comments John Anthony. "As spring dwindles, resort has become more vital." Retailers too, greet the season with enthusiasm, citing it as a stronghold of creativity, for the variety of forward-looking fashion ideas to which the "serious" fashion customer responds.

What's happened, it seems, is that the classification "resort" (a.k.a. "cruise" and "holiday") has become a misnomer—as designers grapple for a more modern handle: Perry Ellis, who was applauded for producing one of the strongest collections this year, avoided the term "resort" entirely, calling his season simply "party"; Zoran verbally dismissed the word as being "old-fashioned"; Frank Masandrea substituted "early spring;" Betty Hanson added the tag line "a step into spring." Whatever it's called, though, the season has developed into a multi-faceted warm-weather catch-all—one where you'll find city clothes, what many people consider to be the most attractive casual clothes, swimwear and cover-ups, along with evening clothes.

At Oscar de la Renta, the continuing theme, continuing strength of a beautiful blouse as a key element in dressing. Perfect example, *left:* white silk chiffon with lace, ruffles, tiny tucks, black velvet bows at the wrists. Here, with his white silk charmeuse evening pants—softer, fuller. Blouse, about $470; pants, about $400. Late December at Martha; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Marshall Field's; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; make-up, Ariella. Accessories, last pages. . . . *Beauty Note:* Equally charming, feminine—Oscar de la Renta perfume.

Avedon

A new look at...



n added difference this year—"In other years, we've always had holiday/resort—where half the clothes would be 'dressy' evening clothes to be worn in November and December; the rest would be a few linens to take if you were going away," says Dawn Mello, executive vice president, fashion merchandising, at New York's Bergdorf Goodman. "This year, though, the fall clothes were very opulent, in response to the desires of the customer. So when it came to holiday/resort, the designers had, in effect, done it all already, and turned to designing real, warm-weather clothes."

Specifically, what you'll be finding this season—and seeing here and on the following 30 pages, is a rich diversity of looks—clothes that are first, clean, uncluttered, and to the point: the difference having more to do with shape, with proportion, than with excessive adornment . . .

The biggest news, perhaps, are the suèdes, and to a lesser degree, other leathers. These, making their appearance in resort for the first time, turn up in all shapes—easy pullovers and long tunics, T-shirts, blousons, pants, skirts and dresses—and in all colors: cerise, berry, rose and blue, buff-toned neutrals, and brights like orange, red and yellow. High points: the suèdes in the collections of designers like Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.

Also key, the continuing evolution of pants, now seen in endless variety: cropped, curved, knitted and "ballooned." Shorts, generously cut and softer, are also one of the looks to watch. A favorite new shorts proportion: long over short, as in a longer, big-shaped velours top over drawstring shorts from Perry Ellis, Calvin Klein's easy suède combinations, Pinky & Dianne's short-shorts worn with a longer, glittered sweater. Along with these bare, leggy looks, a focus on bareness altogether—skin-baring midriff tops, off-the-shoulder and strapless looks, "bra" wraps, bandeaus, plunging V's—all in suède.

Skirts are also important this season—full-skirted to spare, very long and very short often co-existing in the same collection. What also predominated in skirts both long and short, as well as in pants and other shapes like jackets, tops, tunics: stripes—in dark, earth tones, in Burgundy-and-black, in pales like white with tan, in combination with plaid, and in traditional nautical colors. As for tops, there were beautiful blouses—some of the prettiest ever, often in white or off-white, always very feminine, and there were soft short and long sweaters in knitted linen and cotton.

Along with all of this, of course, traditional resort delights—well-designed and imaginative beachwear and cover-ups. Trends: an absence of fussy prints and ruffles, a move toward clear colors and shapes. Some of the best: Norma Kamali's glittered new-shape maillots, Giorgio Sant'Angelos's witty appliqués, sleek suits from Gottex with subtle metallic ornamentation. And, cover-ups with more design—not just T-shirts and terry robes—but all kinds of pants, blouson tops, little dresses.

Clearly, a strong season—attention-getting, newsy. But what also sets this season apart—and one reason that it's attracting more and more attention—the European point of view. "The European designers, who have always done just two seasons, have become fascinated with the idea of resort," according to Dawn Mello. "Chanel, Yves Saint Laurent, Krizia, Armani, and Givenchy, for example, have all done major resort collections this year."

And in a season that's strong everywhere, a strong direction is toward seasonless dressing. Ellin Saltzman, vice president, corporate fashion director, Saks Fifth Avenue, *(Continued on page 496)*

Avedon

Always in an OMO-Norma Kamali collection— in a resort collection—provocative, innovative bathing suits. Now, with a new ornamentation. *Left,* her criss-cross maillot in burnished gold. Antron/Lycra; about $95. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Ariella.

Beauty Note: It isn't only a suit like this that does it—body awareness has become a fact of life today. And with it, an emphasis on all-over body care, body conditioning. Now, from Estée Lauder, a wonderful way to do both—her new European Body Treatment Spa: ten luxurious but hard-working products to smooth and soothe skin, to refresh, to take good care of all of you.

BODY

A new look at...

At Calvin Klein, two key resort themes: *suède—as the perfect seasonless "fabric," day and night. And a new shorter length—as a hint of things to come, as an added option. Left,* his soft, slide-y, off-the-shoulder top in saffron suède, with easy roll-up sleeves (about $620), and matching rawhide-laced short skirt (about $350) . . . it's a whole other slant on casual—luxurious and very racy. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; The Carriage Shops, Dallas; Giorgio, Beverly Hills.

A new warm weather option . . . Calvin Klein's "sports"-short skirt, *right,* in flax linen (about $84). With a white cotton knit tank top (about $78), easy oversized linen jacket (about $230)—something different in the way of casual dressing, something different to think about! Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; May D & F; I. Magnin. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Ariella. Details, last pages.

Right now!

A new look at...

The Resort
Collections

Avedon

Unmistakably Perry Ellis: the playful exuberance that goes with a romantic, modern, slightly-offbeat approach to evening. The key—always—interesting new shapes, a new proportion, wonderful textures. *This page:* Ruffle-edged narrow cropped pants in silk grosgrain seersucker (about $310); a charming tiny-buttoned bandeau top of soft mohair/acrylic sweater knit (about $90). Late November at Macy's, Herald Square. Pants at Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Marshall Field's. . . . *Beauty Note:* Spirited make-up—sheer, shimmered. From Germaine Monteil's new Golden Midnight collection: Midnight Wine blush; Raspberry Ice with Claret gloss on the mouth; an all-over glow of Gold Dust Highlighting Powder.

The impact continues: in Perry Ellis' unique pants dressing for evening. *Far right:* His new wide-legged nighttime trousers of silk taffeta contrasted with a long cabled crew-neck in gutsy homespun silk/wool knit. Easy pieces, totally relaxed . . . but very much something "more." Sweater, about $280; pants, about $380. Late November at Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Jordan Marsh, Florida. These two pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Accessories, next to last pages this issue.

Avedon

Stylish

Again

A new look at...

The Resort Collections

Strong, dramatic—Calvin Klein's blouse-and-skirt dressing for day, *near right,* in wonderful deep-colored cotton stripes: a long-sleeved wrap top (about $150) belted over a contrasting striped skirt (about $150). Mid-November, Lord&Taylor; G. Fox, West Hartfort CT; Harzfelds; Esther Wolf, Houston; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa and Seattle.

At Oscar de la Renta, a different direction, *far right,* his soft, all-out romantic blouse and skirt for late day into evening—the full-sleeved top in cream silk crêpe de Chine with ruffles at the shoulder, eyelet, and an eyelet-hem mid-calf skirt in darker beige. About $890. Late December at Lord & Taylor; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Marshall Field's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Ariella. For details, stores, see next to last pages.

BAGS

UNDER

10

A new look at...

The **Resort** Collections

Avedon

Knitted knickers, from Marcasiano

Adrienne Vittadini's striped warm-ups

Blassport wide-shape navy pants

Izabel Lam's linen clamdiggers

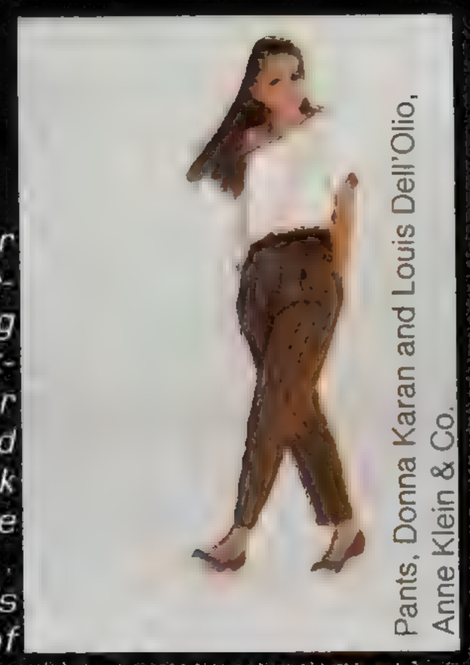
Gold shorts, Pinky & Dianne Ltd

Perry Ellis striped culotte

Stephen Burrows satin pants. For Pat Tennant

Pants

The first thing to keep your eye on for resort: how the character of pants dressing has changed. What's different—new thinking about shapes, lengths, real variety: in unique shorts or sometimes a short culotte, in ankle-cropped trousers and knitted knickers, in soft, casual pants with the look and feel of warm-ups. And because most of these shapes have been worked in a less serious vein, they've become both easier to wear, more tempting to try for any kind of casual dressing. Some of the standouts: shorts at night. With a gilt-edged top, they look new, attractive and perfect for dinner at a resort. . . . Some of the best-looking pants end right around the ankle, narrow and lean, or fuller—in dark stripings (the full shape is "balanced" by the long line of the stripes), or with a fabric difference: as in rose-colored satin that gives you extra shine, shimmer . . a little more. There's something very new, very inviting about body-close knitted knickers that end at the knee, to pair with a loose, long sweater. And for a pulled-together city look that's seasonless: wide-shape pants in a color like navy. . . . Each year, white always stands for the most classic kind of warm-weather dressing. This year, you'll find more pieces—more pants, shorts, blouses, tops—in pure white—than in off colors—and they tend to have a sharper, cleaner look. One of the best, "cleanest" looks: white linen clam-digger-length trousers with a sheer white sweater, well. You see it in the look of a dark-striped tunic top pulled over a slim, small-striped narrow skirt. Or in a hipbone-length cashmere "sweatshirt" over a silvery above-the-knee skirt. And proportion is the reason a shorter full skirt, in taffeta, for instance—looks good . . . as does a body-hugging knitted skirt—very lean—that demands an in-shape body. . . . There is a longer-skirt look—skirts that fall from mid-calf all the way to just above-the-ankle. And when there are longer skirts, the ones to go for are more feminine, prettier, with delicate openwork or embroidery at the hem, a little bit of lace, a soft sash. . . . In one of the longest lengths shown—an ankle-length rose plaid silk, worn with a striped sweater—there was a big wide belt to pull it all together, bring it closer to the body; it needed that added "bite."



Pants, Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio, Anne Klein & Co.

Calvin Klein's longer skirt

Perry Ellis bandeau, knitted skirt

Short taffeta split skirt, Perry Ellis

Mid-calf skirt, Oscar de la Renta

Donna Karan & Louis Dell'Olio's skirt, Anne Klein & Co.

Skirts

Everyone is talking about skirts—skirts with different kinds of blouses (prettier), with different kinds of sweaters (longer or very small)—they've become one of the starting points for resort dressing now. What you'll find first off: that the leanest, shortest skirts have become the most interesting-looking—and, never more viable, more wearable. They've become, this season, a cool, easy, modern look—with something very attractive, refreshing about the narrowness and line. But it's not just a question of length alone, it's proportion as

Zoran's opalescent short skirt

Signals—the strong points in

a strong season . . .

Harem pants, Elon by Monika Tilley

Gottex fishnet coverup

Gottex terry joggers

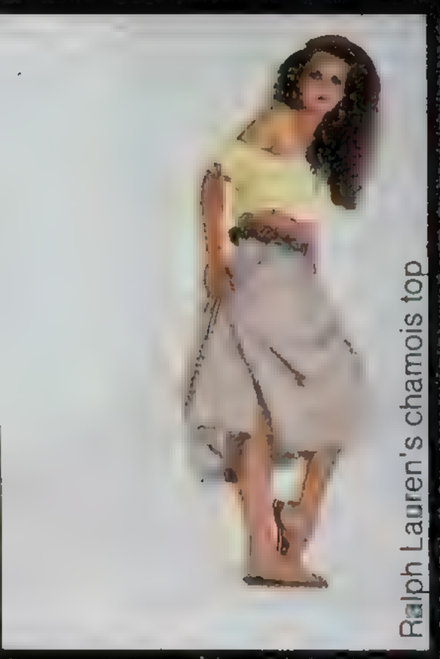
Rikmii's shiny maillot

Gottex gold-shot striped tank, shorts

Giorgio Sant'Angelo's maillot

Beach

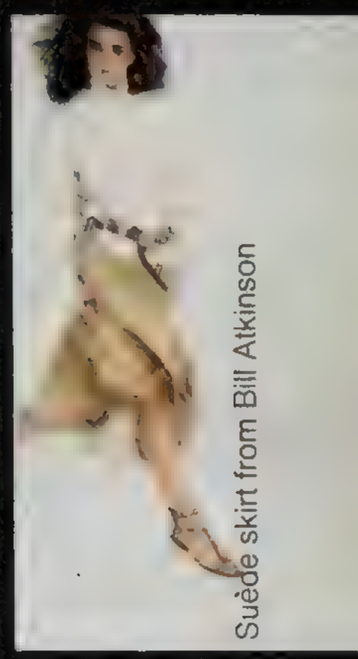
Invariably, the best bathing suit shapes—the most attractive, most thought-out in pattern and design—turn up each year in the resort collections. This season, the "finds" are those that are most interesting in shape: less bare, more clean-lined, more graphic. These strong, simple, almost sculptural shapes look best when combined with strong color—a clear azure blue, a sharp, brilliant tangerine—in stripes, or with the added "texture" that comes from shine against bare skin. And, the ones to put your money on have taken on new forms of ornamentation: also simpler, cleaner, somehow—not ruffles, but appliqué and piping, nautical motifs of all kinds. More than that, there's a real sense of glamour that comes from both the sleeker shapes and from a wonderful subtle metallic adornment . . . a thin Lurex stripe on a cherry-and-white bikini . . . or, in more sophisticated, bolder combinations of black and silver, black and gold. . . . If you're looking for a bikini this season, you'll be able to find one more easily than in previous years and the ones to single out are more classic—unencumbered with side-ties and strings. And, there are new kinds of two-piece suits: tubes and T-tops pulled over small bottoms and new-shape briefs. . . . As for cover-ups, there's more going on, more choices. Best: the way pants as a cover-up are taking shape, looking fresh, new, in all lengths, all degrees of fullness. But there are other alternatives, equally charming—a lacy skirt or loose "polo" in bronzed fishnet. Also good-looking, racy: a traditional sportswear piece like a blazer or long cabled tennis sweater pulled over a bathing suit as a cover. What doesn't work, looks "tired"—a sarong.


Ralph Lauren's chamois top

Calvin Klein's suède top/shorts

Ron Leal suède jacket

Donna Karan & Louis Dell'Olio's suède wrap, Anne Klein & Co.


Suède skirt from Bill Atkinson

Suede

Best reflecting resort's seasonless direction, and the biggest news in nearly every single collection—thin, supple-feeling suèdes in simple shapes . . . a totally new element. What's most "attractive" about them: that they do more than pay lip service to the idea of "seasonless" dressing: if you owned any of these pieces—the easy suède blouson and rolled pants in grey, the buff-colored tunic that's so thin it's as moveable—as versatile—as one in silk—you'd probably never put them away . . . they work as well right now, as they do in warm weather. Included in this category are other leathers—although you're likely to find that a long, soft jacket in textured suède "carries" a little longer than one in leather, especially if it's in a pale color (for really warm weather, even the thinnest leather looks too weighty, feels too warm) . . . What to look for, what's best: any of the pale, putty-like colors—chamois, grey, even white—and, any of the pieces that are spare in shape, clean-lined . . . a long jacket to throw over flannels, a high-necked tunic, a soft-moving chamois skirt. But—you also want a certain charm . . . as in a shoulder-baring suède top to wear over a "Provençal" print skirt. And while a lot of the appeal and the versatility of these comes from the soft, pale colorings, when brights come into the picture—in a charming French-blue bare top and raspberry shorts, a T-shirt in paper-thin turquoise or red suède or a marigold suède bandeau—the color lift is equally attractive. Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Details, stores, last pages.

Stanley Blacker's suède blouson, pants

Paul Amato

sigh...nals

In a bathing suit, more glamour . . . more shape!

A suit like this, *above*—less a matter of bareness or extreme cut, more one of sleek shape, and of a more sophisticated ornamentation: Norma Kamali's sensational Antron/Lycra strapless maillot, shirred at the top, swirled "zebra" print in black and matte gold. OMO-Norma Kamali, about $55. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Loooies, Margate NJ; Cache, Miami; Lingerique, Troy MI; Swansons on the Plaza. Hair, these pages, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Joey Mills.

On a more "dressed"

level . . . A new seasonless spirit! Seen in resort's newest turn—clothes that take you from season to season—with unexpected polish. Symbol of that new direction, Oscar de la Renta's lightweight navy wool gabardine suit *above:* a shorter jacket, wider trousers, and a white handkerchief linen blouse. About $830. Late December at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles. Details, last pages.

Thinnest suède—this season's "fabric" to watch

What turned up in nearly every collection, one way or another—soft supple suèdes, now for every kind of dressing. One of the pieces to collect now, *above:* Ralph Lauren's thin, beige suède wrap pants—soft at the top, straight-falling below. . .classic. With his multicolored cotton knit vest, linen shirt, and belted over with another "collectible"—his silver concha belt—easy, unaffected. Suède pants, about $584; vest, about $378; shirt, about $180. January at Bloomingdale's; Ralph Lauren for Women, Palm Beach; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Vail CO; I. Magnin. Hair, this page, Sean Hoskins for Garren at The Plaza.

New pants—from mid-calf to thigh-high

In a season that offers real variety in pants shapes and lengths, the most leg-revealing versions came from Perry Ellis, in new, sophisticated colorings. *Above*, for evenings at a resort. . .or, to wear now, under a fur: a raspberry-colored overshirt that's long, easy, wrapped over short, full olive-colored culottes, both in pleated silk cloqué. Top, about $370; culottes, about $250. Available late November at Saks Fifth Avenue. Top at Rich's; Ultimo, Chicago. Fashion information, next to last pages.

Shorter lengths, clean-lined, racy—

now, they "feel" right. One of the best of the shorter looks, *above*—uncluttered, very relaxed: Calvin Klein's wine-and-dark-green striped tunic dress in the thinnest silk crêpe de Chine. Everything about it is news—the length, the narrow shape, the deeper colorings . . . the line! About $250. Early December at Bonwit Teller; John Wanamaker; Saks-Jandel; Hudson's; Marshall-Field's; Balliet's.

Longer skirts . . .

The option of a longer length exists—one with out-and-out charm—in cool, airy dresses or in soft-falling skirts, worn with prettier blouses. Right, everything you could want for late-day dressing—anywhere—in a skirt and blouse: Oscar de la Renta's golden-yellow linen/silk top; soft, matching skirt with a multicolored waist-wrap. About $800. January at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Details, additional stores, last pages.

King

with a frankly romantic bent

More of the news: lean, leggy dresses ... cool, loose tops ... a new variety in pants. All, clothes that are unmistakably relaxed, easy... but with an attractive new simplicity and sophistication. Seen, on these fourteen pages, in their natural element—under the brilliant Caribbean sun of the United States Virgin Islands

AN EA CHARM...

SY

to the more casual,
hot-weather side
of resort dressing.

Marco Glaviano

In a season of terrific beach news—a season of terrific bathing suits plus cover-ups—one of the most charming looks anywhere: a dazzling gold and white bikini and blouson. Bikini, of Antron/Lycra, about $70; blouson, of nylon, about $175. By Gottex. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Frost Bros.; Robinson's, California; Macy's, San Francisco. The beach here: one of the endless secluded bays of St. John in the United States Virgin Islands. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Richard Adams. Fashion information, see next to last pages.

A very easy way to be in black. Calvin Klein's new sweatshirt separates—the tank top, cut higher at the neck, lower in the armholes, about $48; and matching pull-on pants, about $80. Of acrylic/cotton. Late November at Macy's, Herald Square; Saks Jandel; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Frost Bros.; Liberty House of Hawaii. . . .

Beauty Note: More sophistication—slightly gilded makeup. Plum Gold Lip Color and Burnished Plum Powdered Blush from Calvin Klein Cosmetics. The site: A tropical forest at Cinnamon Bay, St. John, United States Virgin Islands. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Richard Adams. Details, more stores, see last pages.

The ease of a "sweatshirt"...with unexpected sophistication

Black for hot weather: very cool, breezy

From Yves Saint Laurent—his largest resort collection ever . . . and the best long slide of a dress around, *left:* cool, lean and very sexy, to unbutton as far as you dare. From Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Of jersey, about $595. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Manhasset; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Oak Brook IL; Frost Bros.; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, San Francisco.

Right: The new versatility of a pyjama—the easiest top and pull-on pants . . . to wear for day, for night, all year long, belted, unbelted, indoors or out . . . depending. Top, of cotton batiste, about $44. Pants, of nylon/polyester/cotton, about $64. By Fernando Sanchez. Henri Bendel; J.M. Cook, Boston; Dolly Kay Designs, Washington DC; Lingerique, Troy MI; Margie Roth, Sylvania OH; Marie Leavell, Dallas.

Beauty Note: New makeup for dressing in black—soft, pale colors: L'Oréal's Blushed on lips, nails, eyes. Hair, left: John Sahag; right: Edward Tricomi of the Pipino-Buccheri salon; makeup, both pages: Richard Adams. Details, see last pages of this issue.

THE RESORT COLLECTIONS/AN EASY CHARM

Marco Glaviano

THE RESORT COLLECTIONS/AN EASY CHARM

The bareness, the delight, of new

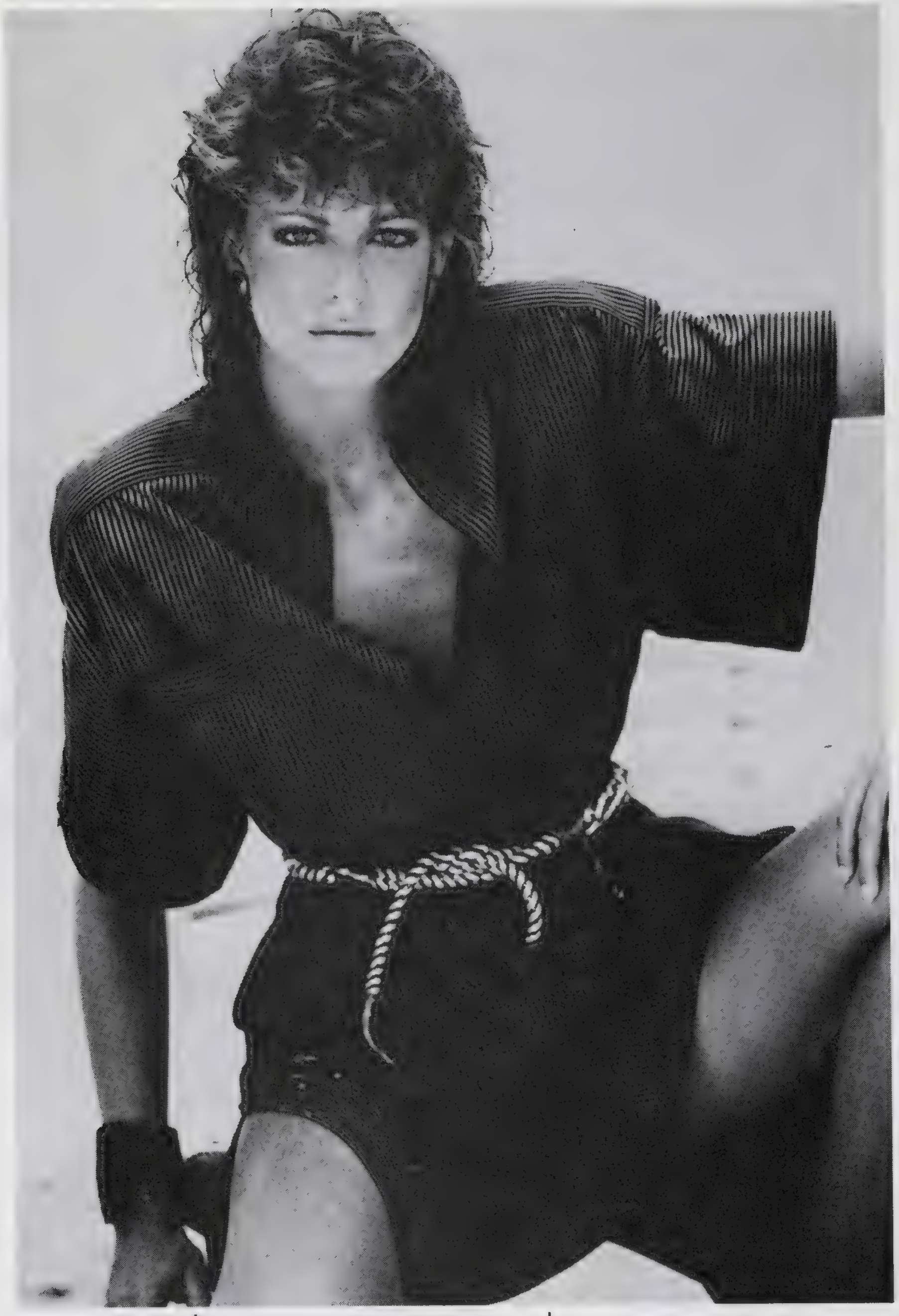
All you want in a little dress: left legginess, bareness, narrowness, and more: the luxury of white suede: to wear as a tunic over pants or a skirt; to wear here over bare legs, to wear anywhere, all year. By Calvin Klein, about $650. Mid December at Altman's, Kaufmann's, Mantalde's, Marshall Field's, Hudson's, Eaton's of Canada.

Right: The wonderful, upbeat style—and unexpected sense of color—you expect from Perry Ellis: deep tropical stripes on a billowy crimped cotton shirt, about $120, and full, side-sashed shorts, about $110. Late November at Bonwit Teller, NYC; Kaufmann's, Saks Jandel, Frost Bros., Bullock's. Hair, John Sahag; make-up, Richard Adams. Details, additional stores, last pages.

shorter lengths...

Marco Giaviano

A boldness in color



Above: Great style, sophistication in a short dress of thin-striped cotton, to slip on, belt—wear anywhere it's warm, beach or city. About $595. By Valentino Boutique. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sara Fredericks, Fort Lauderdale; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Photographed at one of the seven wonderful beaches of the Caneel Bay resort on St. John. . . .

Opposite, top: All-out sexy—a flirty strapless silk bustier, and new narrow knicker-like pants that tie at the knee. Turnout, about $1040, by Valentino Boutique. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Saks-Jandel; Hattie; Sakowitz. One place to wear it: sailing the clear waters off St. John. . . . *Opposite, bottom:* The best smock "dress" around—a top to wear short on its own . . . with an underskirt for more length, more color! Turnout; of cotton, about $1095, by Emanuel Ungaro. Late December at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, and Houston; Barton Sligh's; Loretta Blum, Dallas. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Richard Adams. Fashion details, last pages this issue.

Marco Glaviano

from black to very bright

The options in pants: cropped or classic or...

Above: One of the best-looking pants options...with all the ease, the dash, of a man's white linen suit—cropped trousers, about $170, with a loose, straight jacket, about $260—sensational over nothing but bare skin. Of silk/linen, by Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Marshall Field's; Hudson's....*Right:* Two pieces you'd always pack—always wear: Ralph Lauren's perfect cotton trousers, about $64, and his new take on a man's cotton undershirt, about $31. Both, Ralph Lauren Roughwear, Bloomingdale's; Selber Bros., Shreveport LA; Marshall Field's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Houston; Meier & Frank; Bullock's, Westwood.... *Beauty Note:* Perfect makeup—for a little color, sunscreen protection—Ralph Lauren's Active Outdoor Face Color in Bronze. Hair, above: Edward Tricomi of the Pipino-Buccheri salon; right: John Sahag; makeup, both pages: Richard Adams. Fashion information, additional stores, see next to last pages this issue.

Marco Glaviano

VOGUE PATTERNS

Left: Very feminine, breezy, cool—a pure white cotton voile dress as fetching as a schoolgirl's...with a small, neat collar; deep slit front; to wear loose or belted easy. Vogue Pattern 2837. Threadtex fabric.

Right: The fullness, the charm of a smock dress, to throw on over a swimsuit; to wear day or night, "dressed" with a fantastic belt; to make in lightweight cotton poplin. Butterick Easy & Sew Pattern 3809. Cotton poplin, Tandler Textile. Both fabrics available at Fabric Scouts, NYC. More charm: the location—a secluded cottage at Caneel Bay on St. John. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Richard Adams. Pattern information, page 498. Details, last pages this issue

VOGUE PATTERN 2837

to sew pretty dresses to toss on when it's hot

BUTTERICK PATTERN 3809

Marco Glaviano

A DIFFERENT ALLURE

There's no way anybody in range of a TV screen can have missed CBS's top-rated *Dallas*. . .missed Linda Gray as Sue Ellen Ewing, "J.R."s mixed-up, very alluring wife.

Based on her performance, Linda's success—her current sex symbol image—isn't at all surprising. What is—the fact that this is her first starring role. She'd modeled, done TV commercials, but didn't study acting till she was thirty-two. Her theory on this late-blooming: "Nothing in life is accidental. Things happen when you're really ready. When you're 'together.' Willing to risk something new." Her latest "something new": she's host-interviewer in unscripted, unrehearsed discussions of male and female sexuality on two segments of CBS-TV's *The Body Human.* Off-camera reality is an easy, un-Dallas-y life on a small California ranch with her husband for almost twenty years, Ed Thrasher; 17-year old son, Jeff; and 15-year old daughter, Kelly.

LINDA GRAY

Linda's favorite real-life dressing, "something that's not trendy, doesn't need fidgeting with" clearly describes Chanel's silk-satin French-cuffed shirt (about $455) and grey flannel trousers this page—pure, attractive, uncomplicated. Shirt at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Jewelry, Harry Winston. . . . For a different kind of evening, opposite—a fuchsia silk pyjama edged in gold lace. . .and a white Mongolian lamb jacket that reverses to gold lamé. Pyjama, Geoffrey Beene for Beene Bag. Top, about $156; pants, about $178. Martha (blouse only); Balliet's; Capriccio Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA. Jacket, Geoffrey Beene for HBA Furs, about $2950. Nan Duskin; Rittmaster, Carmel CA. Earrings and necklace, Carimati Jewelers. Linda's hair by John Sahag; her makeup by Alberto Fava. Details, next to last pages.

A DIFFERENT ALLURE

LINDA GRAY

There are nights when only all-out, knockout glamour will do . . .

Opposite: Linda in gold lamé. . . slit to the knee, closed to the neck in front, bare to the waist in back. By Carolina Herrera. About $1725. Late November at Martha; Hattie, Birmingham MI; Sandy Austin, Lafayette LA; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore; Leonard, Houston. Ring, Harry Winston. . . .This page: Halston's draped and shirred one-shoulder white chiffon jersey dress. Dramatic. . . but a classic in its own way. Halston Made-to-Order, Olympic Tower, NYC. Earrings and bracelet, David Webb. Details, next to last pages.

A photo essay by Jacques-Henri Lartigue

Monte Carlo THE LAST ROMANTIC

By John Richardson

Jacques-Henrí Lartigue is the master photographer whose intimate pictures of family, friends, and beautiful women (spanning the century from big-hatted promeneuses in the Bois de Boulogne to sleek bathers at Eden Roc) have forever become for us emblems of a lost and romantic world. Recently, he went to Monaco to photograph for Vogue. Caught in his lens, the romantic and up-to-date Royal family with its own great beauty, Princess Grace, the next generation's beauties, Princess Caroline and Princess Stéphanie, and charmers Prince Rainier and Prince Albert. Lartigue's symbol of illusive beauty and the eternal visitor to Monte Carlo: the most romantic of modern actresses, Marisa Berenson. (For more about Lartigue, see page 128.)

John Richardson, man of arts and letters, in his essay below, recalls the Monte Carlo of the past and charts its changes.

HAVEN

Thirty years ago, when I first acquired a taste for the Riviera, Monte Carlo was still coasting along on past splendor. Although still the most sumptuous resort in the world, it had fallen on fustian times. Too many millionaires and their prephylloxera cocottes had come to the principality to die and lived on forever. As a result, Monte Carlo creaked with people who were very old, very spoiled, and very bedizened. James Pope-Hennessy has described (1953) how ancient princesses like Julia Ottoboni "clung like limpets to Monaco's rocky shores," and how "immensely *decolletées* and heavily jeweled," they would snore through *Pelléas* in the much too comfortable *fauteuils* of Garnier's beautiful little opera house.

Social life, as I remember it, was far more hierarchical than it is today, partly because the Côte d'Azur still had Daisy Fellowes to contend with. This formidable scourge, whose sense of chic was equaled only by her sense of malice, was on her fourth stroke, but she still enjoyed cracking her social whip, and where better than across the fat back (figuratively speaking, of course) of Elsa Maxwell? And then, a mile or two to the west of Mrs. Fellowes, Lord Beaverbrook still presided over the Villa Capponcina. Accompanied by the most freckled redhead I ever saw, he would alternately dazzle and daunt his guests by dispensing patronage, grilled cutlets, and thunderbolts with a prodigality that Jupiter might have envied.

(Continued on page 439)

Here unchanged: the reigning family of Monaco, the Grimaldis—Prince Rainer III, whose family has ruled the rock of Monaco since 1297, Her Serene Highness Princess Grace, the essential and most durable fairy-tale princess of the century, and their three children: Stéphanie, Albert, and Caroline.

MONTE CARLO

Through the romantic eye of Jacques-Henri Lartigue, the Belle Époque confronts hi-rise utopia. It's all Monte Carlo now

This page: One of the twin bronze-winged water spirits that surround the clock (a Monaco pulse) on façade of mid nineteenth century Casino looks out over boom town Monte Carlo. Opposite page: Marisa Berenson walking through Casino's magnificent Atrium, built in 1878 by Dutrou. Beyond Atrium that glorious theater built in 1878, the Salle Garnier.

Sun and shade dapple the lush lawn of the beautifully tended Casino gardens

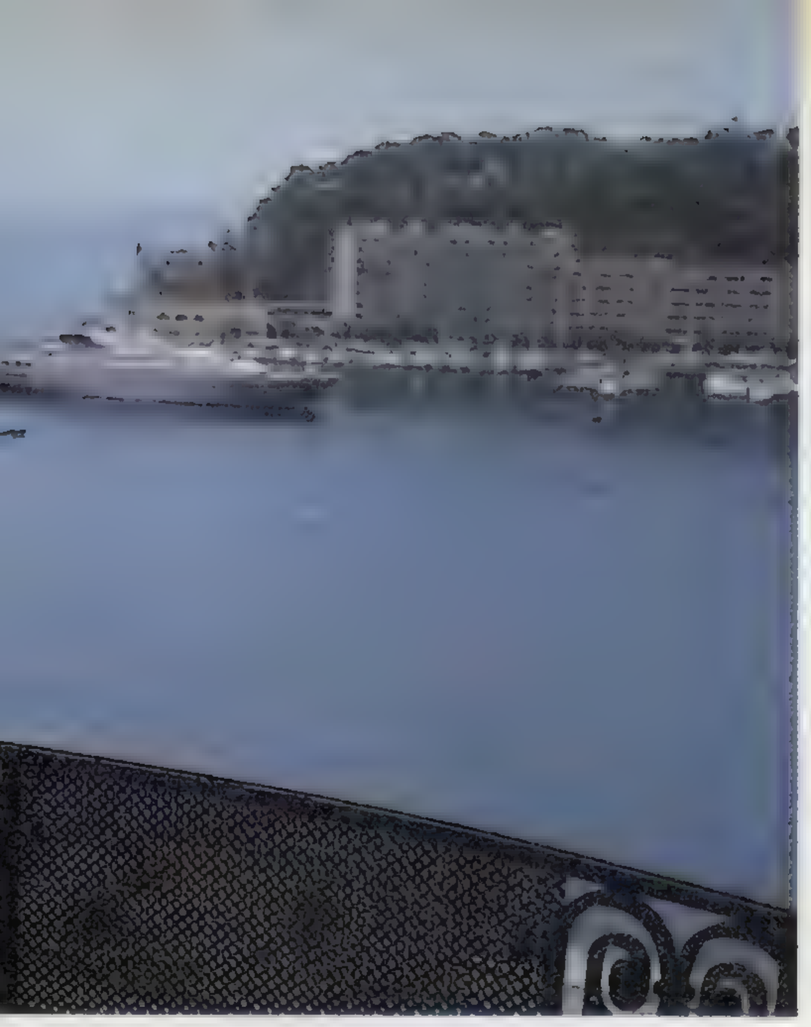
Monaco's harbor, the Kashoggi yacht, from balcony of

Berlioz's statue broods against luxuriant palms in a small park next to the Casino

Bosky privacy: wooded retreat above the sands of

Gardens are a Monte Carlo passion; there are as many gardeners as Monégasques

Fountain in front of the Sporting Club, where the great

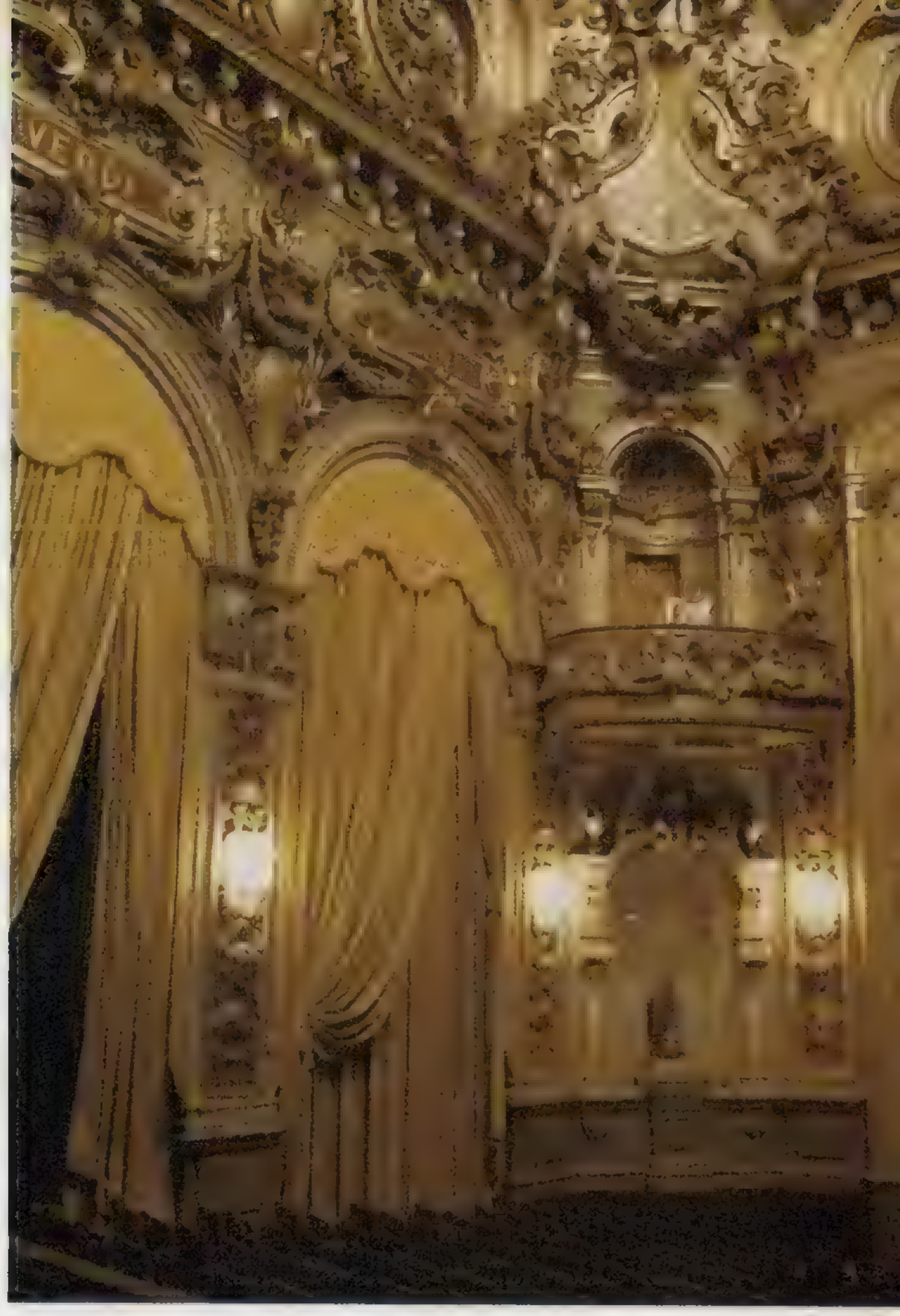


the Hermitage, a most discreet hotel

the Monte Carlo Beach Hotel

galas happen

Where demi-mondaines and dowagers glared at each other across a rustling, diamonded, snoring audience



The Casino's Salle Garnier: gilt-edged setting for ballet, concerts, opera

MONTE CARLO

Against Monte Carlo splendors—beaches, gardens, the harbor, the gilded opera house—Jacques-Henri Lartigue sets Marisa Berenson, his symbol of elusive beauty...the eternal visitor

The most luxurious beach in the world: the Monte Carlo Beach Hotel

J
NACO

Monaco of tomorrow: the next generation, Monégasque-American, and princely to boot

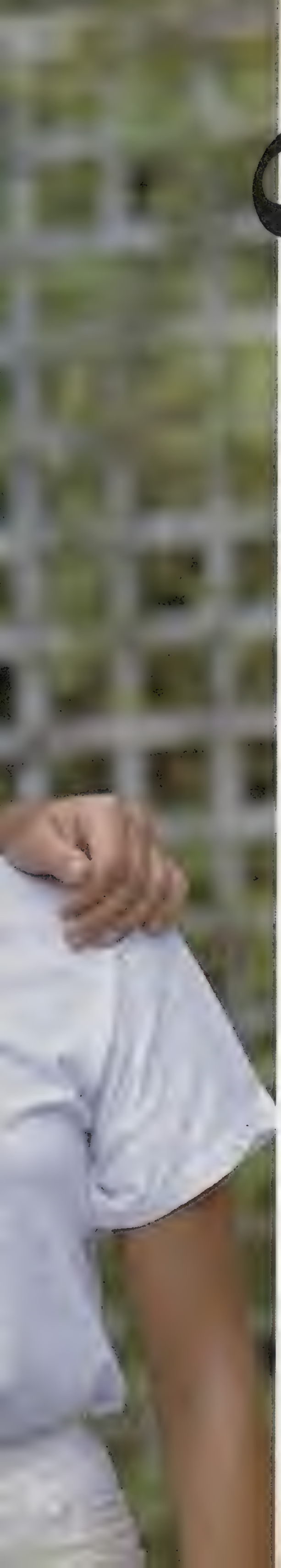
Up the road at Roquebrune, one would visit Emery Reeves and his ravishing Texan wife, Wendy. They had bought the villa that the Duke of Westminster had built for Chanel and filled it with the best Impressionist collection on the coast. Their famous friend Winston Churchill would like as not be in residence. And how touching it was to watch the great man—by this time more baby than bulldog—at work, painting, or at play on the lavender terraces. Apart from brandy and cigars, Churchill liked nothing better than having his budgerigar, Toby, nest in Wendy's pretty blond hair. "Winnie, Winnie," the bird would chirrup. "Toby, Toby," Churchill would answer rapturously. One could see why Lady Churchill never attended what she called "Windy's (sic) shindigs." Too bad the Monégasques should have commemorated Churchill's lifelong passion for their town with a particularly hideous sculpture.

Back at the Hôtel de Paris, Somerset Maugham would be stepping out of his Rolls, accompanied by a fat pink friend in a pet. Were they on their way to a mean game of bridge with Lady Bateman, or a lunch with Graham Sutherland, who had recently acquired a neighboring house (originally built for herself by Eileen Grey)? Sutherland, more likely. Maugham had an uncharacteristically soft spot for the English painter who had portrayed him—not to speak of Churchill, Beaverbrook, and Helena Rubinstein—with a rugosity that was appropriately saurian. So saurian, indeed, I always assumed that Sutherland's portrait of Maugham must have inspired the creators of that similar monster, Godzilla.

Yes, those were the days, the last days of a way of life that went back to the *Belle Époque.* In retrospect, Monte Carlo was much more stylish, also much more *faisandé*—gamey—than it is today. I did not, alas, see Bella Darvi, Darryl Zanuck's doomed mistress, throw her last possessions, the rings off her fingers, onto the baccarat table and lose the lot. But I did overhear the dreaded Zanuck castigate Darvi for something that had nothing to do with gambling: "I thought I told you *not* to wash," he hissed at the pathetic Polish starlet. Not the sort of thing you hear in Monte Carlo these days, I can assure you.

And then what dramas were triggered by that other pig, ex-King Farouk ("Pharaoh" to his mistresses). How he lived as long as he did I cannot imagine, given the way he terrorized the staff of one hotel after another. "Your ears—poached," he ordered a wretched maître d'hôtel to provide. Having risen early, I was once unlucky enough to glimpse the preposterous porker returning from the Casino in his Cadillac, its horn blaring away in imitation of a dog being run over. When Farouk finally obtained Monégasque citizenship, the concierge of my hotel declared that "Egypt's loss is not exactly Monaco's gain. If only our new compatriot were half as nice as he looks."

But it was not so much the celebrities or notorieties as the anonymous people you saw in the streets who really gave Monte Carlo its special cachet. The White Russians were the most touching—so steeped in ethnic pride and gloom. No amount of poverty or degradation, it seems, can tarnish the panache of the Slavs. I will *(Continued on page 495)*



The royal children, left to right: Princess Caroline, a moody beauty, eldest at twenty-four; Prince Albert, brand-new Amherst graduate, American voice, American ease; Princess Stéphanie, the youngest charmer, a budding beauty still half tomboy.

Jacques-Henri Lartigue

MAKING MOVIES: ON LOCATION WITH THE STARS, THE SHAPERS OF THREE SENSATIONAL FILMS

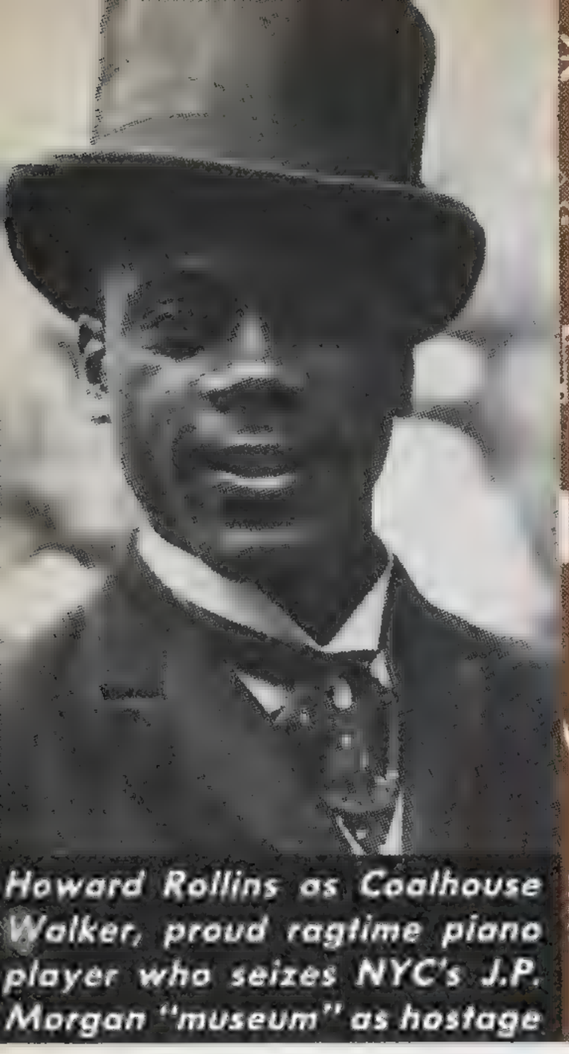
"RAGTIME" Dreaming America

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

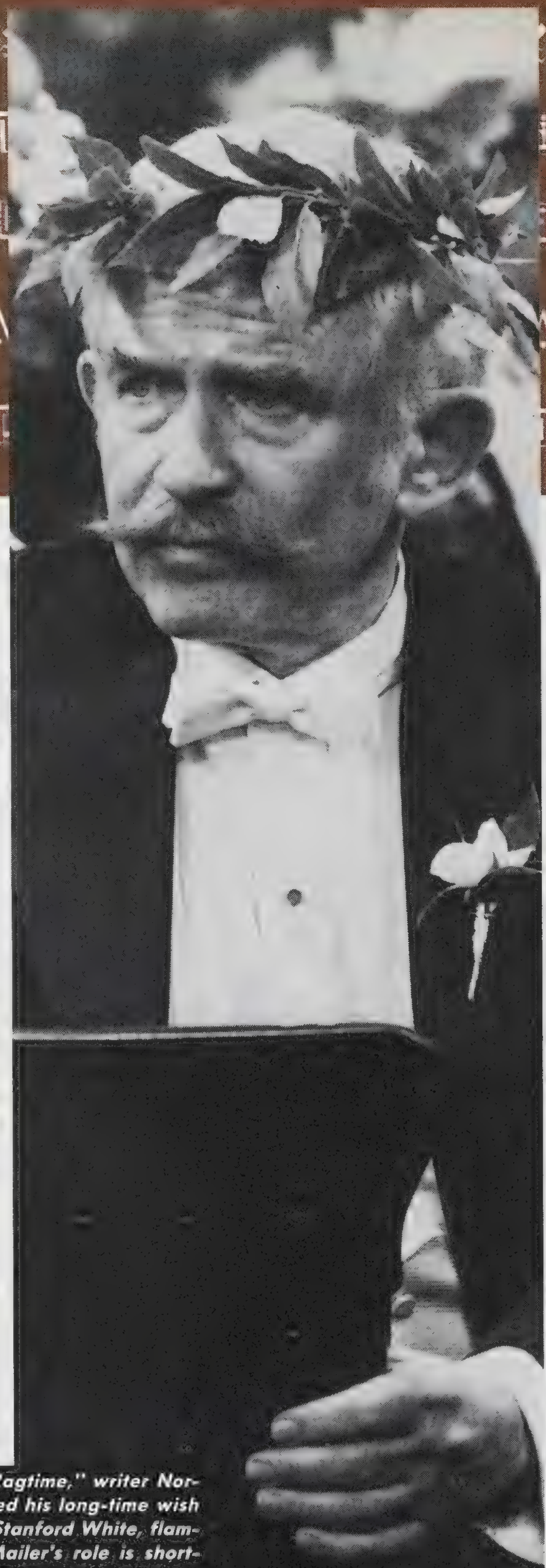
Ragtime, E. L. Doctorow's book, is about connection: the connection between private events and public ones, and their effect upon each other; the relationships within a family, within a society, the connection of the old and new. It is set at the beginning of our century, when most sentiments, including patriotism, were reliable, when our present was in its infancy, and unthinkable, when motor cars and Harry Houdini were equal marvels, when black men were called niggers, when the Jews on the Lower East Side spoke only Yiddish. The book strings together episodes of national, historic, and personal interest, in an entrancing quick-step saraband; Doctorow throws in Henry Ford, J.P. Morgan, and Freud, to provide the asides of history. It has been said that the book is about the immigrant experience, that it is about America's loss of innocence. The Great American novel.

Early on, Doctorow shows Freud visiting New York; upon returning to Vienna, he says that he thinks America is a gigantic mistake. He is appalled by "the vulgar wholesale appropriation of European art and architecture, *(Continued)*

"Ragtime" casts its spell: Wizard-director Milos Forman (top) lured James Cagney (left) out of retirement, re-created the bubbling 1906 musical "Mamzelle Champagne" (far left) to conjure up the brazen era in which a poor Jewish immigrant from New York's Lower East Side (Mandy Patinkin, inset, center) turns into a dashing Hollywood director. The result: a clairvoyant look at America's roots.



Howard Rollins as Coalhouse Walker, proud ragtime piano player who seizes NYC's J.P. Morgan "museum" as hostage



Elizabeth McGovern as Evelyn Nesbit, luscious child-woman/ chorus girl and center of a notorious and tragic love triangle.

Playing out the dream: With "Ragtime," writer Norman Mailer (above) was granted his long-time wish to act on the big screen. But as Stanford White, flamboyant architect/bon viveur, Mailer's role is short-lived—he is gunned down by Evelyn Nesbit's jealous husband (far right). Sultry Norris Church, Mailer's real-life wife, an extra in the scene, movie-acts horror.

(Continued) regardless of period or country. . . ." And yet, inevitably, America is the child of Europe. The central plot of the book was, I have heard, presumably borrowed by Doctorow from the story of Michael Kohlhaas, a sixteenth-century German whose attempts to bring to justice the men who confiscate his horses lead to a pitiless crusade of revenge. The Michael Kohlhaas of Heinrich von Kleist's story becomes the Coalhouse Walker of Doctorow's book, a twentieth-century black pianist who conducts his own campaign of revenge.

Thus: An American story, if not the American novel, as American as apple pie and clapboard houses, based on a German nineteenth-century retelling of a sixteenth-century tale. The book was bought six years ago, in the summer of its first success, by Dino De Laurentiis, an Italian producer recently immigrated from Rome to Los Angeles. At first, the film was to be directed by Robert Altman, a man as American as Malibu and Nashville; Altman and Doctorow met, a connection was made, they became friends. In the way these things happen, Altman did not direct the film, but remained friends with Doctorow. Dino De Laurentiis chose Milos Forman instead, the Czech immigrant director who in 1964 had stood on Forty-second Street, oblivious to the filth, gazing at the twenty theater marquees piled one next to the other, wishing, "Maybe, oh my God, maybe one day my films will play here."

"I decided Milos Forman was an artist and an immigrant, like me," said De Laurentiis; "the story is a fresco of the USA that an immigrant could understand, a romantic fresco." De Laurentiis is a man renowned for his boundless appetite for work. In the postwar years, he produced *Bitter Rice, La Strada, Nights of Cabiria,* and on through some six hundred films. One story about him goes that, finding himself in a New York hotel room without his usual pile of scripts to read and hungry for reading material, he addressed himself to the room-service menu, then the fire-drill instructions, and fell at last upon the Gideon Bible in his bedside table drawer. Four hours later he called his office in Rome, and set in motion the film called: *The Bible. . . . In the Beginning,* which John Huston directed in 1964.

The casting of *Ragtime* took six *(Continued on page 492)*

The
fantastical
intersecting
of lives in a movie
that summons up
the gaudy
innocence of
turn-of-the-
century
America

MAKING MOVIES

Katharine Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Jane Fonda—the extraordinary trio in a movie full of heart and grit, about letting go, holding on, wising up at any age.

"ON GOLDEN POND"

Yankee Grit

BY CORBY KUMMER

The living room of the lakeside cottage seems hardly big enough for the enormous camera focused on Katharine Hepburn's face as she flirts with Henry Fonda. A passerby would deny that the modest house could also hold a director and thirty set technicians, but at least that many people are flattened against walls, crammed on a narrow staircase, and squashed together along a small balcony. Most of them are trying to stay out of sight and out of earshot as the camera rolls, but no one is trying harder than a writer who has come to watch the last days of shooting. Katharine Hepburn, he has been told many times, hates visitors on the set.

But much as the writer tries to hide behind the slats of the balcony railing, Miss Hepburn, as she is addressed by everyone save the director, knows perfectly well he is there. "She's incredibly observant," her co-star, Jane Fonda, says. "I've never seen anyone like her." Usually the most important star sets the tone on a movie set. But this house on Squam Lake in Center Harbor, New Hampshire, is unlike most movie sets: each of the three stars is used to being the most important star. Even if Henry Fonda has by far the largest part, however, and if his daughter's name means the most at the box office, it is Katharine Hepburn who sets the tone of *On Golden Pond.* In the first weeks of filming she made sure that everyone was properly terrified of her unbending will. Now, seven weeks later, she has reached her gracious stage, passing out chocolates and smiles all round. "You can't hate her, though," says one member of the film crew. "No matter how calculating she is."

Katharine Hepburn casts a spell over anyone she meets, even a writer she doesn't want to talk to. She doesn't want to talk to many writers. When the publicity woman hesitantly leads me toward a Katharine Hepburn still in costume—a tattered blue bathrobe and pink terrycloth turban—to ask if I could have a word with her, Miss *(Continued on page 490)*

MISS HEPBURN

CONVERSATIONS

BY PENELOPE GILLIATT

Katharine Hepburn sat herself in a high-slung leather chair with a footrest.

"Isn't that a barber's chair?" I asked.

"Men's chairs are always more comfortable," she said. "So are men's clothes. That's why I wear pants. And for quite a while, from ten to thirteen, I shaved my head so that boys couldn't pull my hair."

Miss Hepburn lives in New York City, in a part of it called Turtle Bay. Her drawing room, on the ground floor, has comfortable vicarage-looking chairs and a lot of books. None of the usual clutter of film scripts.

She was wearing one of her khaki drill suits. They look steely but they remind you that steel has a melting point.

"What made you play that Broadway piece about Chanel? *Coco*?" I said. I wouldn't have asked her if I hadn't known that she thought the show rewardingly testing, though not to her taste in all other ways.

"It wasn't altogether bad" (the "a" of her famous "calla lilies" line in *Stage Door* is always there in her accent). "But it wore me to death."

During the run of *Coco* she had sent me a handwritten note in answer to a letter of mine, the answer driven by limousine, saying among other things an abrupt "This *Coco* is wearing me out. Telephone at 7:30, can you, tomorrow morning before the helpers come in?" It was actually an extremely nice note and I suspect that she had taken the trouble to come with it and to scrawl it in the limousine as it was being delivered, this apparently unaccompanied letter of luxury.

One of the most recent times I saw her, three or four years ago, we talked about Bryn Mawr, her college of old. She wanted to make a film about it, with the proceeds to go to the college, and she wanted me to write the script. We had cucumber sandwiches. I *(Continued on page 489)*

Steve Shapiro/Sygma
Inset: Mary Ellen Mark/Magnum/Lee Gross

"MY DINNER WITH ANDRE"

Two remarkable men at dinner in a restaurant, where people seem to do most of their talking now....catching up with one another, moving on to their search for uncommon experience, real feeling, love, where wonder is...

an amazing journey

BY JOHN LAHR

"The life of a playwright is tough." The first words of Louis Malle's *My Dinner With Andre* are those of its rumpled co-author and co-star Wally Shawn as he sets off to dine with the film's co-author and co-star André Gregory. Bald and pear-shaped, Shawn looks as impish now as he did twelve years ago when he appeared at my door with an introduction from André, who would later direct one of his plays Off-Broadway and include Wally as an actor in others. Most playwrights accost critics with their most recent play; Wally brought his last nineteen, all entitled *Untitled Play.* "I want you to read these," he said. "But I don't want to know what you think." His plays, like his personality, turned out to be a quirky mixture of terror and brazenness.

My Dinner With Andre is typical of Shawn's dreamy shrewdness. The film is startling in its absolute refusal to acknowledge the visual or commercial demands of the cinema. There is no plot, no action except the eating of a meal (quail), no chase, no violence, no sex. *My Dinner With Andre* is 110 minutes of close-up conversation. The chat is neatly shaped, often hilarious, and unrelenting. Those who saw the piece when it was mounted with great success as a play at the Royal Court in London last year aptly dubbed it *Andre's Knee.*

The emotional premise of the film is Wally's nervousness about meeting his old friend after a hiatus of four years in which André, having dissolved his very successful avant-garde acting troupe—The Manhattan Theatre Project—had gone off around the world in search of his art and his life. They meet to talk; or rather, as Wally confesses to the camera, to let André talk about his adventures in search of his soul. They are physical and philosophical opposites. Wally is plump, beleaguered, and insistently reasonable. "When I was ten years old I was rich. I was an aristocrat . . . and all I thought about was art and music. Now I'm thirty-six, and all I think about is money." André is at ease with luxury. His own monied past is as visible in his long, lean face as in his diction. A terrific raconteur, André is never at a loss for words while Wally stammers to his comic conclusions. On the surface, André's passions and his debating points seem more persuasive. His search has been for meaning outside himself; and Wally's strength is his sure access to his inner life. "Isn't it pleasant just to get up in the morning and there's Chiquita [André's wife], there are the children, the *Times* is delivered, you can read it, and—maybe you'll direct a play . . . why is it necessary to have more than this?" Wally's comic voice is the voice of wisdom; André's the voice of mysticism.

"They've discovered a new kind of magic," André *(Continued on page 491)*

The travelers: playwright/actor Wallace Shawn (left), vanguard-theater director Andre Gregory (right), and, in the middle, this astonishing film's director, Louis Malle.

Avedon

André Soltner, left, Lutèce's owner/chef, with some of his specialties
Lemon tart, above, with a new twist: at Lutèce, expect the delicious unexpected

THE Taste of Perfection

Lutèce—the look, the essence of a great Paris restaurant—right in New York

New York's restaurant Lutèce: Its food is pronounced "remarkable," "perfect," "superb," by gastronomy arbiters Henri Gault and Christian Millau, the much respected/feared authors of the monthly French gourmet magazine *Le Nouveau Guide Gault-Millau,* and of guidebooks whose authority rivals (supercedes, according to some) even that quality-seeker's bible, *les guides Michelin.*

Here, a taste of Lutèce in their own words, translated into English for the first time from their new *Guide Gault Millau New York. Above,* a look at culinary genius André Soltner, Lutèce's owner/chef, plus pictorial samplings of some of his most dazzling dishes (recipes—with an introduction by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—for several of these and others, on page 298). *Opposite page:* the reviewers reviewed by Joan Juliet Buck.

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Susan Wood

Form and color: Lutèce by the glass

Raspberry delights: cold soufflé, sauce

GAULT ET MILLAU ON LUTÈCE

André Surmain (looking like a former matinée idol who might have done some boxing on the side) demonstrated complete understanding of the New York approach to restaurant-going in the 'sixties when he baptized the young Lutèce "the most expensive restaurant in the city"—a slogan which would no longer get him very far, since rich Americans are currently dining less and less on money and more and more on food. That food, by the way, is at this writing infinitely better than it once was. André Soltner, who has been in the kitchen since Lutèce opened, has hit his stride since becoming sole proprietor. Alsatian by birth and inclined to resist change, he has been slow to alter the menu and to develop a style of his own, apparently unable to decide between good, solid *bistrot* cooking and the "grand manner" characteristic of New York's fanciest French restaurants since before the Second World War. With the help of Christian Bertrand, he has chosen to set for Lutèce a more personal and reasonably daring tone. His menu still shows signs of indecision, but good ideas nonetheless outweigh the not-so-good, with dinners (approximately $50 with wine) noticeably more imaginative than the lunches ($21 *prix fixe*) and from which Soltner has yet to eliminate the *filets de sole amandine, escalope de veau vosgienne,* and *tournedos chasseur.* That explains our having first had a very ordinary meal there, followed by two others which were remarkable: *(Continued on page 494)*

Surprise: duck with raspberry sauce

THE COMPLETE FRENCHMEN

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

Gault and Millau in their favorite restaurant

Food critics Gault and Millau—audacious bons vivants—instruct us about the finer things in life

The gentlemen *above,* Henri Gault and Christian Millau, are about to devour this leg of beef at their favorite Paris restaurant (that's their secret). They have just feasted on ortolans, birds no bigger than a good star sapphire. The ortolans were served on slivers of truffles considerably larger than a Cartier watch. Food and drink have proved, over eighteen years, to be a gold mine for Messrs Gault & Millau. Their first Paris guide *(Guide Julliard de Paris)* presented their own brand of consumer criticism—irreverent, often hasty, chauvinistic, and amusing—to a public which, surfeited with art and worry, literally ate it up. Their judgments have since then been parlayed into thirty guides, revised yearly editions, a monthly magazine, and a club. Gault and Millau, having eaten eight research meals a week for over ten years, were ready for the light touch of *nouvelle cuisine* which they sniffed out, baptized, and launched in 1973. They fostered its chefs Bocuse, the Troisgros brothers, Guérard, Chapel, Senderens, awarding the nineteen out of twenty that all French school children recognize as the top rank in an imperfect world. Now they feel the unbridled creativity of the movement has gone too far. They long for honest bourgeois cooking. Their *bête noire:* International cuisine executed by mediocre chefs. Millau has high hopes for American food once it gets rid of the influence of fake French cuisine. Millau is smooth, handsome, a former features editor (at the newspaper *Paris-Presse*), with an eye for pretty girls. He specified that when G&M gave a dinner for their favorite chefs, a model be seated between each one. The Paris guide lists discreet assignation hotels, the necessary addresses for roués of the world. Gault, a former tennis writer, is bluff, gruff, stout. "I must have an ostrich's stomach," he says, "because I have eaten such terrible things. I'm luckier than Millau, he's got a fragile organism." They recently collaborated on *Garçon, un brancard!* (published by Humeurs/Grasset), a book detailing every offense that can be committed onto a plate. They have set themselves up more as the complete Frenchmen than as consumer watchdogs: their guide to New York has finally mastered American spelling. Typos used to be a *specialité de la maison.* "The girl who typed our first guide was astigmatic: she mixed up all the 5s, the 8s, and 6s, all the phone numbers were wrong." One points out that their magazine is difficult to read, ads and copy all crammed together. "Maybe you are astigmatic too," he says.

Marc Riboud

Clue yourself in...in the best possible way...with the unbeatable special effects of fragrance— the hidden persuader... and makeup, your own personal art...

NEW DISCO

Denis Piel

VERY

This fall . . . your makeup as dramatic—and as different—as you've ever wanted it to be . . . with skin made deliberately pale (cheeks *and* lips, too), your eyes—nature's own special effect—made more special with new ideas from Ultima II . . . a soft black pencil that shapes as well as defines (the Kohl Black Dramatic Eye Definer), three grey-to-mauve-to-violet shadows (the Spectra Tint Triple Effect in Rare Orchids) applied with a damp sponge to intensify blending, Nite Violet Super Luscious gloss stick on the mouth.

You are . . . exactly who you decide to be, your personality transmitted, your identity sharpened in other people's minds—especially by fragrance . . . a very special one like Ivoire de Balmain, at once warm, sensuous—with olibanum from Arabia; jasmine from Italy, rose otto from Turkey . . . with bergamot, ylang, camomile all combined with your unique skin oils. . . . These six pages: hair by John Sahag, makeup by Alberto Fava. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Top, Oscar de la Renta. Details, last pages.

NEW DISCOVERY

Fragrance—more "perceptible" at night, when olfactory senses are at their peak . . . the perfect time for a fragrance that catches the imagination . . . like Private Collection by Estée Lauder, Nahema by Guerlain, Fracas by Alfin Fragrances, Femme by Rochas, Sculptura by Jōvan, Dioressence, and Oscar de la Renta. . . . And makeup—where effect comes from texture and color: *left,* from Charles of the Ritz . . . on eyes (Night Jewels Trio), cheeks (Shimmering Amethyst), lips (Opaline Amethyst). Oscar de la Renta blouse; earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals.

A different kind of burnish, gossamer-light in texture, "polished" to catch the light. . . . *At right,* from Frances Denney: Night Gold Bronze, Polished Pewter eyes, Glazed Copper/Spice Mist cheeks, Gingered Spice lips; Bronzed Face Accent. . . . And a different, piquant kind of fragrance . . . like Michelle by Balenciaga, Silences by Jacomo, Tamango by Léonard, Ciao by Houbigant, 1000 by Jean Patou, and the new Antaeus by Chanel, a man's fragrance women can also wear. Oscar de la Renta jacket; earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. For details, see next to last pages.

NEW DISCOVERY

When it's time to pull out the stops and be dazzling, it doesn't mean your fragrance choice has to be overpowering. On the contrary. For a big night—a big-effect fragrance that releases its magic s-l-o-w-l-y, because it's been created to linger . . . like Missoni by Missoni, Halston Night by Halston, Di Borghese, Opium by Yves Saint Laurent, Anaïs Anaïs by Cacharel, and Magie Noire by Lancôme. Makeup, too, should be stunning in its *softness* . . . as here, *right,* pale colors with shimmer from Princess Marcella Borghese, which highlight the face merely by "buffing" the mouth and cheek with Opale Pink/Pink Opaline, achieving a monochromatic eye with Black Diamante/Pearlato Eyeshadow Mist. Halston Originals jacket; earrings by Kenneth Jay Lane.

At your most (deliberately) intriguing, *far right,* a cool, quiet makeup . . . with a bright blaze of a dress, a spritz of glitter in your hair . . . Pewter lid, Frosty Mauve under brow, Icicle Eclipse Stick cheeks, Moon Glow/Pearly Gates Eclipse Stick lips—Diane Von Furstenberg. Glitter by Stagelight. And a fragrance as complex and emotive as you can find: Volcan d'Amour by Diane Von Furstenberg, Metal by Paco Rabanne, Estée by Estée Lauder, Pavlova by Payot, Galanos by Galanos, White Shoulders by Evyan Perfumes. Top by Galanos; earrings Kenneth Jay Lane. Details, stores, see last pages of this issue.

Denis Piel

SCENT: MAKING CHOICES

The chart on the right is a guide to direct you to the kind of fragrance choices that, based on the *facts* we know, will most probably appeal to you . . . and be appealing to others.

We *know* that fragrance doesn't last so well on a dry skin as on an oily one—so fragrance should be deeper and more complex for the dry-skinned, delivering more "body" and so staying power. . . . We *know* highly strung, excitable

Denis Piel

people generally have problems retaining fragrance, because high emotions produce more body heat—and glandular secretions—which "throws" fragrance off the skin fast. In this case, the reapplying of a lighter scent makes sense—to keep fragrance "in place"—and to cool down temperament. Your sense of smell often declines after forty (in the same way that eyesight can diminish). Then, reapplying a favorite-but-intense perfume too often is a common mistake. Better to switch to a lighter, fresher variety. . . . Cold and heat affect the strength and life of perfume. It performs best in a warm humid atmosphere, for odor molecules are sluggish in the cold. The inference? Switch scents from season to season, stronger in winter than in spring and summer.

FRAGRANCE: THE FUTURE

Facts are facts, but it's what we don't—and can't—know about fragrance that gives it its major fascination.

As one of the great men of the fragrance industry Henry G. Walter, Jr., chairman of the board of International Flavors and Fragrances, makers of many of the world's best-known and loved perfumes, describes it, "Fragrance has a part in our dreams . . . and that's not fantasy; it's fact, for the nose receptors go straight up to our limbic system, the part of the brain which controls our mental images . . . and dreams. That's why fragrance has always been associated with emotions, moods. . ."

At the Monell Chemical Senses Center at the University of Pennsylvania, where Mr. Walter is a member of the board, the search is on, he says, *(Continued on page 493)*

1 FLORAL
Flowers/herbs

2 GREEN
Fresh/balsamic

3 ALDEHYDIC
Woody/opulent

4 CHYPRE
Fruity/animalic

5 ORIENTAL
Earthy/sultry

6 AMBER
Leathery/smoky

7 SPICE
Fresh/mossy

8 COMPLEX
Modern blends

COLORING: COOL	COLORING: WARM	SKIN TYPE: DRY	SKIN TYPE: OILY
Quintessential floral perfume, Joy by Jean Patou, (1930), enriching, always enticing	**Chanel No. 22 (1928), subtle kick of an all-white exotic bouquet**	Lavish bouquet of long-lasting spring flowers, Diorissimo by Christian Dior (1956)	**Gentle and sensuous? Yes, Flora Danica by Royal Copenhagen Perfumes (1980)**
Citrus touch adds zest to Quartz de Molyneux (1980), green but flowering	**"Tropical green" with jasmine, amber, many precious woods, Halston (1975)**	Y by Yves Saint Laurent (1964), as fresh— and as lively— as freshly cut grass	**As light and as sparkling as a spring breeze at sea, Ma Griffe (1946)**
Always ahead of its time, Chanel No. 5 (1924), magnificent, complex floral atom	**Calandre by Paco Rabanne (1970), a unique blend of florals and earthy elements**	Bulgarian rose made richer with sandalwood, lys de France, patchouli: Quadrille by Balenciaga 1955	**Rive Gauche by Yves Saint Laurent (1970), light, spirited, contemporary**
Miss Dior by Christian Dior (1947), still making memorable, golden waves	**Tonkin musk makes the (big) difference to Cabochard by Parfums Grés (1962)**	One of the richest newcomers. Molinard De Molinard (1980), abundant with fruit, flowers, ambergris, and incense	**Piquant and unusual, Ciao by L'International Houbigant (1980)**
Emeraude by Coty (1923)—uninhibited, mysterious, designed specifically to intrigue	**Flowers, mosses, earth, fruit notes . . . Tuxedo by Ralph Lauren (1979)**	Inimitable Shalimar by Guerlain (1925) instantly acknowledged on all continents	**Scoundrel by Revlon (1980), an inspired blending of exotic flowers and herbs**
Aromatics Elixir (1972), subtle, slow-building, memorable effects	**Van Cleef and Arpels Pour Homme (1978), all-natural, superb blend of flowers, spices**	One note of leather —fascinating—in the richly floral/ fruity Geminesse by Max Factor (1974)	**Vétiver by Guerlain (1960) . . . an original; dry, deep, different**
Cinnabar by Estée Lauder (1978), a spirited interpretation of spice and allure	**One hundred and thirty flower/ fruit/tree oils for intriguing Vôtre by Charles Jourdan (1979)**	Macassar by Parfums Rochas (1980), memorable melange of woody/ green notes	**Sophia by Coty (1980), appropriately delicate yet gutsy, created for Sophia Loren . . .**
New art of bringing many categories together in one glorious scent like Epris by Max Factor (1980)	**Yendi Di Capucci (1975), languorous mix of flowers/ spices . . . to produce a brisk, bright perfume**	Modern technology helped spike L'Interdit by Parfums Givenchy (1957) with extra potency	**Perfect marriage between young flowers and early citrus fruit . . . White Linen by Estée Lauder (1978)**

FRAGRANCE GUIDE

CHARACTERISTICS		AGE		SEASONS	
DELIBERATE	**IMPULSIVE**	TWENTIES +	**FORTIES +**	SUMMER	***WINTER***
Chloé by Parfums Lagerfeld (1975) —a great innovative way with flowers, warm exotic notes	**Heady, unusual, with stefanotis from Greece, Nocturnes by Caron Parfums (1981)**	An abundance of freshly picked flowers with leafy green leaves— Adolfo by Frances Denney (1978)	**L'Air Du Temps by Nina Ricci (1948)— born to be classic, delicate with a sharp shaft of spice**	*Instant reminder of long summer days—and nights, Blue Grass by Elizabeth Arden (1934)*	***Charlie by Revlon— a fragrance masterpiece, sweet and spicy without being too much of either***
Colorado Sage by Jess Bell (1972) with enough floral and sage notes to suit both sexes	**A green melange— the original "sport" fragrance, Aliage by Estée Lauder (1972)**	Not all green, not all floral— Enjoli by Charles of the Ritz Group (1978)	**Red by Geoffrey Beene (1976)— a fast fragrance lift . . . that lasts**	*Lauren by Ralph Lauren (1978): a neat blend of innocent (violet) and sophisticated (jasmine) oils*	***A rich and rare tumble of flora and mosses—warm inviting Chanel No. 19 (1972)***
There's a powdery woody note to Chamade by Guerlain (1969) that's stirring, appealing	**calvin by Calvin Klein (1981) is a big new scent, intoxicating in its grasp of woody/earth notes**	Exotic woods, mosses, musk, herbs make Grey Flannel by Geoffrey Beene (1975), a choice for both sexes	**Haunting, magical, Je Reviens by Worth (1932). Flowers plus what? It's still a secret**	*Calèche by Hermès (1961), an especially aromatic scent that lingers long into summer nights*	***Made from only the richest essential oils, luxurious Arpège by Lanvin Parfums (1925)***
Senchal by Charles of the Ritz Group (1981), especially cultivated to "bloom" indoors	**First to start a big new trend: Musk Oil by Jōvan (1972), unequivocally sensual/sexy**	Musk and amber and jasmine equal mystery and 7e Sens by Sonia Rykiel (1981)	**Jasmine is the special floral touch; the undercurrent in Balenciaga's latest, Michelle (1980)**	*A mind-bending evocative blend of white flowers and golden fruits, Mystère by Parfums Rochas (1978)*	***Maja by Myrurgia Perfumes (1921) . . . means "beautiful woman" . . . means beautiful fragrance, too***
Warm, animal, earthiness, and no pretense with Opium Parfum by Yves Saint Laurent (1978)	**Isadora by Isadora Parfums (1979), unconventional with bergamot**	From a rush of floral top notes to dry woody base, Réplique by Colonia (1967)	**One of the simplest yet most seductive "Orientals": Bal À Versailles by Jean Despres (1962)**	*Dream of the Mediterranean and experience Chantilly by Houbigant (1941)*	***Youth-Dew by Estée Lauder (1953) . . . still setting trends, warming up atmospheres***
Jacomo De Jacomo (1980), a svelte, amber men's fragrance that women can enjoy	**Baby marigolds underscored by vétiver/patchouli and much more, Norell II (1979)**	As smooth and impeccable as new leather, Foulard by The Perfumer's Workshop (1979)	**A sportive scent of the first order, rightfully woody, leathery, tobacco-y, Polo by Ralph Lauren (1978)**	*Earthwood by Claire Burke (1979) links mint, citrus Eastern spices to coniferous green*	***Tabac Blond by Caron Parfums (1919) sets the scene properly by the fire***
Murasaki by Shiseido (1980), softly sensual florals fresh ferns, dark mosses	**Paco Rabanne (1973) supremely individual, harmonizing forest flowers, mosses, tree barks**	Out and out herbaceous loaded with green and amber tones, Cellini by Fabergé (1980)	**The big new fragrance from Yves Saint Laurent, Kouros for men**	*One of the best-selling fragrances, clean, gutsy Chaz by Revlon, a man's fragrance that women love*	***Cie by Shulton (1977), an unusual subtle blend of florals accented with green notes, precious woods and spices***
First "pheromonal" scent, Andron by Jōvan (1981) . . . a sweeping new fragrance direction	**Eau Sauvage by Christian Dior (1966), epoch-making scent for men, worn by both sexes since its inception**	Not a perfume, but much more than a cologne, Cristalle by Chanel (1977), a shimmering sprite of a scent	**K De Krizia (1981) a dashing new original from one of Italy's leading female designers**	*Wind Song by Prince Matchabelli (1952) as evocative as its name*	***Jasmine, most vital of the essential oils, warms Germaine by Germaine Monteill (1971)***

Last summer the U.S. Women's Ski Team—our prime World Cup and Olympic contenders—went through off-season training in Hawaii. Their program consisted of daily workouts: running, distance swimming, weight training, canoeing, karate, volleyball, tennis. (For ways you can use their program, see "Fitness Now," page 165.) Above: Cindy Nelson and Abbi Fisher with trainer John Atkins at the Mauna Kea Hotel; below, in an outrigger off the Kona Coast.

On my way to Hawaii recently, I stopped in California to play tennis with a friend and court rival of long standing. We had our usual close match. Two weeks later, returning from the Islands, I played her again. This time, my game was remarkably surer, stronger, more aggressive.

"What on earth happened to you in Hawaii?" she demanded to know. Had I taken lessons? Eaten mega-bowls of Wheaties?

In fact, I had hardly played tennis at all. What I *had* done was watch members of the United States Women's Ski Team play tennis, along with other sports, as part of their summer training. Etched in my memory was the vision of Cindy Nelson, this country's premier downhill racer, move toward each ball as it came over the net, the muscles in her thighs and calves rippling with power. Somehow she and the other seven young, superbly conditioned women had energized my entire tennis game.

It was hard to explain to my friend what Cindy Nelson's thighs had to do with my backhand. (The effect is called "visualization"—your mind pictures the perfect backhand form and your body unconsciously tries to imitate it.) It's harder still to explain why, after observing women athletes for many years as a reporter, I continue to be so impressionable. Nevertheless, give me a glimpse of Grete Waitz running a marathon and I will jog through Central Park with just a touch more spring in my steps.

Nelson and Waitz are not merely good athletes; they are champions. Women as champions have always fascinated me, partly because they embody qualities we all seek to emulate. More and more women want to be champs, whether on the playing fields of Yale, in the boardroom of Bendix, or at the health club around the corner. Once, in the Dark Ages before fitness and feminism, we pooh-poohed the idea of women as winners. Now, we turn over the issues of "strength," "competition," "aggressiveness," and "femininity" as if they were sections of Rubik's Cube, searching for a pattern.

Yet the link between "woman" and "champion" often eludes us. After struggling to ski down an intermediate slope with some semblance of coordination, it is not easy to imagine how Cindy Nelson felt whooshing down a far steeper slope with confident abandon in the Olympics. It is one thing to be strong and tough. But that strong? That tough? Is this kind of skill really compatible with the feminine personality? What can the rest of us learn from these champions that will help us be winners at home, at work, in relationships, in our own eyes?

Champions themselves cannot always articulate the connection between winning in their sport and winning in real life. They are jocks, not philosophers. Many of those who *are* articulate retain some residual ambivalence about being athletic heroes, a role once reserved exclusively for men. But what they say is less important than how they perform. In their gut, they've got the rest of us beat two sets to love.

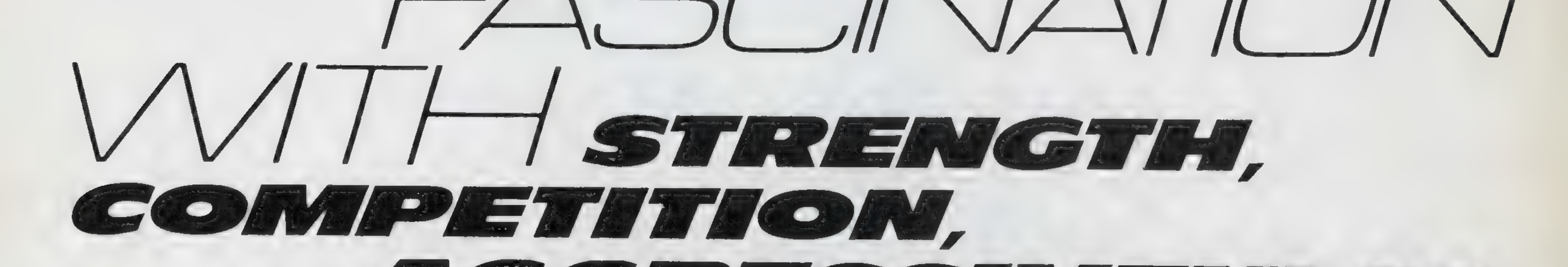
Chris Evert Lloyd, the most admired champion of her generation and the woman who did more *(Continued on page 494)*

Real life is more complicated than sports, where achievement is measurable. But the principle of nurturing a desire to win remains the same

BY GRACE LICHTENSTEIN

WOMEN'S FASCINATION WITH **STRENGTH, COMPETITION, AGGRESSIVENESS— AND "FEMININITY"**

Joe Carini



GIVING PLEASURE

THE IRRESISTIBLE ACCESSORIES

Starting here, four pages of perfect presents—to give yourself, or somebody else: The news from Chanel, in accessories that set the standard for style, for quality . . . for luxury. This year, for years to come—the appeal is universal . . .

Chanel style, as conceived in the 'teens and 'twenties by Coco Chanel herself: neo-classic—timeless but innovative. From a new collection in keeping with that tradition: The perfect loafer, left, about $240. Quilted napa leather tote bag, about $840 . . . . Right, hand-cut faux-stone drop choker, about $530. Maltese Cross pendant—an exact replica of Chanel's original design, about $745. Link belt, about $165. Tuxedo-pleated silk crêpe de Chine dickey, and French cuffs, about $245. Details, stores, see last pages of this issue.

Beauty Note: One of Coco Chanel's many innovations—the first designer fragrance, Chanel No. 5.

GIVING
PLEASURE...
IRRESISTIBLE

ACCESSORIES

BASIC PIECES, BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED—with conviction in the quality: left, Chanel's chain belt set with square and oval hand-cut faux stones, about $5300. To wear with a cashmere turtleneck sweater, about $400; wool flannel pants . . . to wear with everything. All by Chanel.

IN KEEPING WITH THE STYLE Coco Chanel pioneered, a style that rests in accessories: Right, cashmere scarf with piping, about $240. Long strand of irregular pearls, about $850; of uniform pearls, about $194. Pearl earrings edged with braided "gold," about $64. Chain belt with a hand-cut faux-stone clasp—worn as a necklace; about $875. Golden chain, about $490. Belt chain, about $165. With a black cashmere cardigan that reverses to white, about $1335. And a white cashmere tank, about $375. All, Chanel. . . . Beauty Note: Another accessory—makeup, in classic shades: Suède eye color, Red Lacquer lipstick, Fire powder blush—all, Chanel. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Ariella. For details, stores, see next to last pages.

Avedon

SOME THINGS YOU RESPOND TO INSTANTLY. . .they're so attractive, so far ahead of everything else in their class. Example: the 18k-white gold CC Concord Centurion quartz watch, opposite. Part of the news, the delight—the design of the bracelet band continues on the face, the clasp. This version for men; there's another for women. Concord Collection at Tiffany. . . . Beauty Note: The irresistible mouth color you see here, Lancôme's Maquiriche Crushed Velvet.

SUDDENLY . . . EVERYTHING CHANGES . . . one perfect, ornamental accessory does it—the ultimate concha belt, below. Inspired by the ones Navajos wore—the sterling silver conchas hand-cast, hand-finished, numbered and signed by Barry Kieselstein-Cord—on a lizard belt long enough to wear at the hips, over a heavy sweater, a fur. These two pages: hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Details, stores, man's clothes, see next to last pages of this issue.

GIVING PLEASURE...SPECTACULAR ACCESSORIES

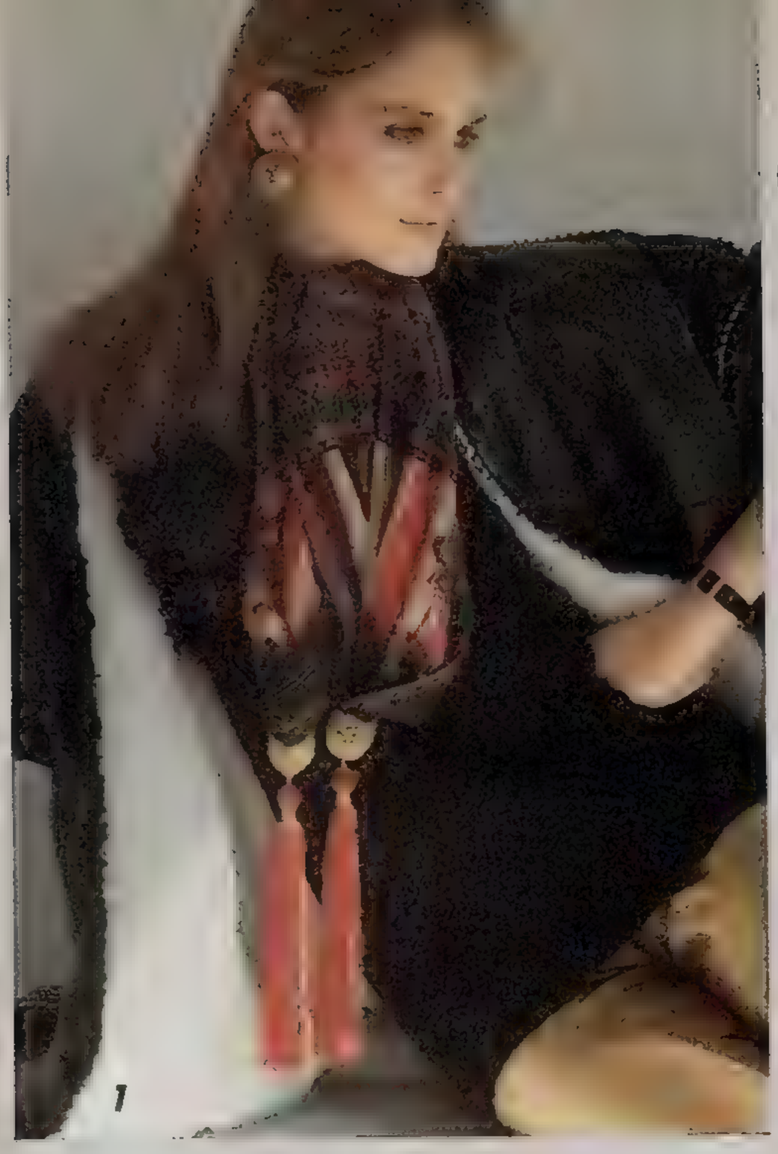
GIVING PLEASURE... SPECTACULAR JEWELS

WHY FIGHT IT . . . THE APPEAL IS IRRESISTIBLE! . . . Cartier's choker, above, of yellow and blue sapphires, unusually large, linked with pavé diamonds, set in 18k gold. And dazzling ear studs—oval-shaped canary diamonds set in 18k yellow gold; triangular white diamonds in platinum. The only other adornment you'd need: Cartier's new, beautifully bottled fragrance. It's called—Must de Cartier, of course!

OUT OF THIS WORLD! The sensuous dazzle of diamonds with diamonds. From Van Cleef & Arpels, opposite, a necklace of round and marquise shapes, set in platinum, a double strand in front. Before you put the necklace on: put on First, Van Cleef & Arpels' fragrance. It has a dazzle of its own. These two pages: hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, above, Ariella; opposite, Tyen. Details, see next to last pages of this issue.

Avedon

GIVING PLEASURE... WITH A LOT OF STYLE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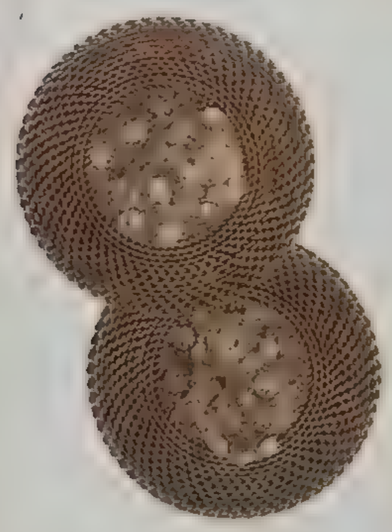
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*On these four pages: Great new "classics"—to give . . . to own! The kinds of presents everyone wants most . . . . . **1.** In silk—Emanuel Ungaro's wonderful oversized shawl, tasseled, multicolored, nearly weightless. $600. Watch, Concord Collection. **2.** "Nugget" earrings: Alex & Lee's one-of-a-kind gold-plated clip-ons with an interesting, brushed-gold finish, pavé-studded center. $320. **3.** A very sensuous appeal—extraordinary "hoof"-shaped bracelets, sculpted by Ted Muehling in polished black oxidized bronze, $380, and in 24-karat-gold-plated bronze, $380. **4.** The neatest, smaller lizard-skin bag, from Hermès. In navy—this year's "sneaky" neutral. $635. **5.** Newest collectibles from Barry Kieselstein-Cord: his black lizard "pecos" belt, ornamented silver buckle, $475. And, **6.** his hand-made Byzantine-inspired cross—very beautiful, very precious, in 24-karat-gold, set with green tourmaline and rubellite, on gold beads.*

7. *A wide, striking, bolder cuff—in polished ivory, with inlay of violet wood. By Patricia von Musulin, $800.* ***8.*** *One of the most luxurious evening scarves—in gold lamé and black silk chiffon, from Calvin Klein Scarves, $150. Concord Collection watch.* ***9.*** *From Fendi, a small, flat woven-leather envelope—the perfect bag, $425.* ***10.*** *This year's belt—the concha. Alex & Lee's one-of-a-kind version, here in a mix of gold metallic textures, $3000.* ***11.*** *Terrific working bags—all classic, roomy, slightly more structured. Redwall camel/tan napa leather satchel, $400. Hunting World chocolate-colored tote, $285. Trussardi black leather "weekender." Bottega Veneta leather-trimmed canvas tote, $20.* ***12.*** *The softest, easiest duffel—in silver! By Mandarina Duck, $67. Watch, Les Must de Cartier.* ***13.*** *The hit of gold—Yves Saint Laurent gold leather boots with black cuffs, $272; Lou Taylor Handbags, navy bag with thin gold piping, $43. Hair these four pages, Stephane Lempire for John Sahag; Kerry Warn. Makeup these four pages, Sophie Levy of the Pipino-Buccheri salon; Richard Adams; Wendy Whitelaw. Stores and fashion details, men's clothes, see next to last pages of this issue. All prices approximate.*

Duane Michals

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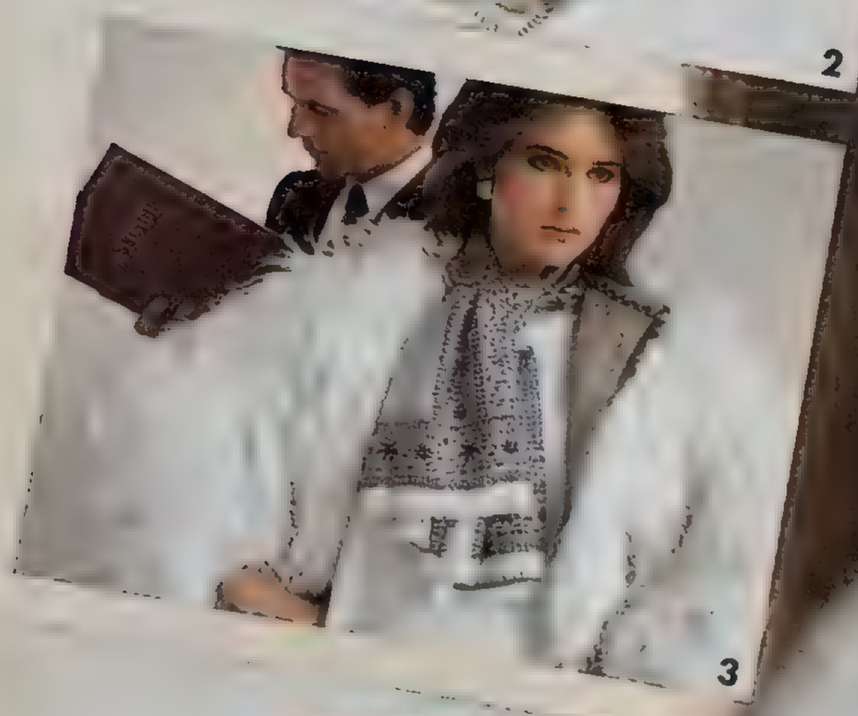

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Stores, details, men's clothes last pages. All prices approximate.

GIVING PLEASURE... WITH A LOT OF STYLE

More glamorous classics . . . **1**. Outstanding texture: Arthur Koby's ornamental necklace—strand on strand of luminescent silver with palest yellow beads and shell, $4000. Watch, Les Must de Cartier. **2**. News in a cuff—metallic "leopard skin" studded with "jewels." By Ellen Designs for Robert Originals, $45. **3**. The all-out luxury of Yves Saint Laurent's wool/silk Paisley scarf shot with "gold." For Jewel Case, $270. **4**. Strength of color, of design: An Oriental red silk and black lacquered bamboo evening bag. Elsa Peretti of Tiffany, $595. **5**. Pretty on bare skin—a handful of delicate necklaces with semi-precious stones, $575 to $3800. All from Fortunoff. **6**. Two luxurious ways to add warmth—dash! Agnona's white alpaca/wool "blanket" shawl, $250. And the perfect pinstriped "man's" cashmere/silk muffler, $165. **7**. Subtle, sophisticated: Bonwillum's sleek mix-of-woods and brass cuff $145. **8**. Very feminine, very dazzling evening earring: Kenneth Jay Lane's pavé rhinestone leaves, $65. **9**. Knockout earring—with a difference: Ted Muehling's silver "pods;" an extraordinary new burnished oxidized finish, $240. Ivory cuff, Mikal-Jon, $525. **10**. Pure classic: Yves Saint Laurent's white silk jacquard muffler. For Jewel Case, $125. **11**. The lacquered wood bag of Rafael Sanchez: strong, seasonless, $450. **12**. Best gift buy—best collectible: Echo Scarfs' black-and-Lurex evening shawl, $40.

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Duane Michals 9

THE NEW FREEWHEELING

Penn

If you want a fur that's attractive, luxurious, but not too "serious" . . . a fur flexible enough to wear any time, any place . . . this is the year! What does it: the paler colors, the shorter lengths, the new racy-but-uncomplicated shapes. On these eight pages, the best. . . .

FURS

We're talking about the kind of mileage, the kind of pure pleasure you'd get with this natural cross fox jacket, *opposite*—straight-lined, 3/4 length, shawl-collared—striking . . . but easy to wear. Over a cashmere sweater and wool pants for day . . . a charmeuse pyjama at night. By Pierre Balmain for Pologeorgis. About $6400. Zweig Furs, NYC; Garfinckel's; Alper-Richman Furs, Chicago; Arlington Furs, Arlington TX; Furs by Mannis, Beverly Hills. . . . A real sweatshirt, *right*—ribbed knitting at the neck, cuffs, waistband; even slash pockets in front. But it's the thinnest natural beige mink lined in charmeuse! You see it with "sweatpants," a snappy fedora. Think of its impact on a long velvet skirt. Jacket by Pamela Koch. About $2000. Off Broadway Boutique, NYC; I. Magnin, Chicago; Swansons on the Plaza; James Furlin Furs, Houston; Herbert's Furs, San Francisco; Bullocks Wilshire. These eight pages: hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Richard Adams. Details, see next to last pages

A NEW FREEWHEELING STYLE : FUR HANDLED LIKE

Penn

FUR WITH WIT, WITH DAZZLE

From Fendi, first—**FABRIC...** unequaled—in treating furs in unique, inventive ways, *opposite:* A long, lean jacket of chamois-dyed squirrel, edged in mole, with a giant detachable cowl that doubles as a hood. Fendi Furs. About $8250. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . The surprise of rhinestones all over a straight 3/4 natural white Tibetan lamb coat, *right.* A new slant on glamour that's not difficult to deal with. By Koos Van den Akker for Ben Kahn. About $6000. Ben Kahn, NYC; Cyreld, Brookline MA; Saks-Jandel; Maple Furriers, Oak Park/Stanley Korshak; Chicago; I. Magnin. Details, last pages.

A NEW FREEWHEELING STYLE : EVERYWHERE...THE

INSTANT FLATTERY OF LONG-HAIR FURS

The kinds of jackets you'd live in—they're that versatile, that attractive. *Opposite:* In the warm colors of American grey fox—a simple, straight-falling line, a 3/4 length—with a shawl collar, hook-and-ring closings. By Grosvenor Canada. About $4500. Saks-Jandel; Chudiks of Birmingham, Birmingham MI; I. Magnin, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO; Roberts Furs, San Francisco; Eaton's of Canada. . . . All the ease of a bomber jacket, *right*—collarless, a zippered front—in bleached blond knitted raccoon with knitted leather edging. To slide over a classic white silk shirt and grey flannel pants. To slide over almost anything you own. Paula Lishman. About $2700. Sprei Freres, NYC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Balliet's; Szor-Diener, Dallas; Herbert's Furs, San Francisco. For details, see last pages of this issue.

Penn

A NEW FREEWHEELING STYLE :

THE MOST CLASSIC, CASUAL

Penn

Nobody's SHAPES... better at "turning" classics with unexpected colors, unexpected fabrics than Yves Saint Laurent. Now he does it with fur. *Opposite:* The standard hooded duffel coat . . . in natural Emba jasmine mink with white silk closings! Perfect proportion over his short, narrow tuxedo skirt; over a long, narrow silhouette. Yves Saint Laurent for Alixandre. About $8500. Carl W. Herrmann Furs, Pittsburgh PA; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago. . . . Another sportive shape *right*—Birger Christensen's natural coyote jacket—zipped in front, small collared, ribbed knitting at the cuffs and bottom . . . its attitude as uninhibited, as casual as corduroy. About $4575. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland OH; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin, San Francisco. For details, see last pages.

IN THE MOST LUXURIOUS FURS!

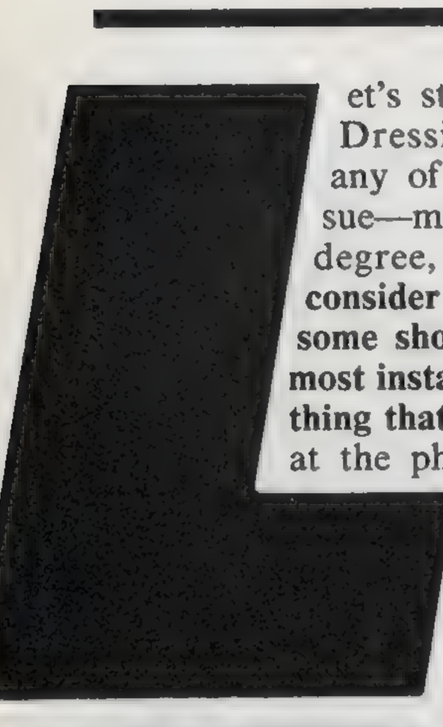
VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: when you're dealing with a short skirt, a long skirt, or with your favorite pants dressing; when you're looking at shoes, at belts, or the prettiest earrings around now

Let's start with a conclusion. Dressing now—dressing in any of the clothes in this issue—means thinking, to some degree, about lengths. **You'll consider long lengths, look at some short ones; most often, in most instances, you'll want something that falls in between.** Look at the photographs, *below:* they stand for some of the choices—some of the lengths—that you find, now. Each length works—because of a particular skirt or pants shape, because of the way that bottom piece has been worked with a top. **Each length, now, demands some attention as to when—and how—you wear it. You'll think more than ever about shoes and stockings.**

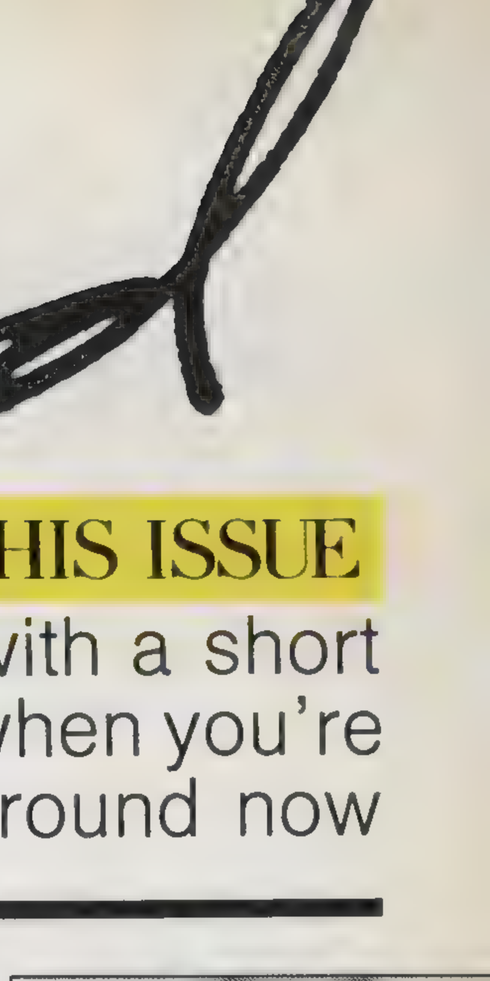


Calvin Klein's skirt, *below* and on page 401, is probably the newest—shortest—most showstopping choice around, now. It's made for hot weather, it's obviously not for every woman; it's a length worked around a very specific proportion: a narrow short-short skirt with a long oversized top. We put it with wafer-flat strappy bronze sandals and bare legs; if the skirt had been a different color, we would have gone with a stocking color close to—or a bit darker than—the color of the skirt hem. With this much legginess, we found, you'll want your shoes low—probably an inch high or less, no show-girl heels—and you'll want shoes that are open-looking and non-obtrusive: sandals or low sling-back heels, nothing that cuts into the long line of your leg.

Rule of thumb: the more leg that a pair of pants or a skirt covers, the more choice you have—in terms of stockings and shoes. With Oscar de la Renta's blouse and calf-length skirt, *top left* and on page 405, we added the finish of taupe stockings—close in color to the taupe silk skirt—and some flat, step-in sandals. That length could, just as easily, have taken closed-toe sandals or delicate pumps with a two-inch-high heel. **With that longer, easier shape, you'll think more about a belt than you might have with some other pieces. You'll want a belt with some width, one that holds the soft fabric close to your body.** The belt, *top left,* is from Lisandro Sarasola: added texture, a neutral color that doesn't cut your body in half.

Ask any woman and she'll tell you: pants are easiest . . . easiest, at least, when they're full-length like Perry Ellis', *bottom left.* With only a bit of ankle showing, you can play with a brighter stocking color; you'll pick a heel height that balances best with your own height and with the amount of fabric you have at the pants cuffs. You'll probably like those pants best with a neat, uncomplicated shoe, a pump. Perry's satin pants are about the most generous you'll find in terms of length, now: they're sloped in back to almost touch the floor. We lifted the cuffs off the floor with an inch-high heel. If you wanted, you could shorten the pants themselves a bit; the proportion would remain, in effect, the same.

In jewelry, in leathers, you notice some changes, now: a shift to some subtler textures and softer colorings—to a look like that of the earrings, *above right.* These, from Kenneth Jay Lane, are drop "pearls"—one charcoal, one white; they're meant for evening; they're part of a whole new category of earrings you see now: drops that are rather short, semiprecious looking, totally pretty. Like the best, newest makeups now, they're a bit of gleam and shimmery color, not all-out shine. A word of caution, if you're looking for earrings now: "drop" doesn't mean ethnic tassels or long dangly wires.



On just about every fashion page in this issue, you'll see a remarkable belt of some kind or variety; a new belt, this winter, is one of the quickest changes you can make: to give some freshness, a new feeling, to some things you already own. There's new variety in belts now; but certain things, we found, hold true for all of the best ones: a special texture, some unusual decoration. Often, there's a new closing . . . like the off-center buckle on Calvin Klein's wrap belt, *below.* This is about the widest—6½ inches—width you'll find in a belt now: you can wrap it on a narrow black top and pants, like those *below;* but you'll probably like it best—and need it most—to hold in some of this season's fullest skirts and dresses, to give your waist real definition.

As the shape of a skirt becomes narrower, there's more of an option: to stay with a wide belt, or scale down to one that's a bit less. The soft white gauze dress, *right,* because of its thin, non-bulky fabric, worked great belted low, on the hips. It's a look you'll be seeing more in warm weather: At that point, you may want an even cleaner look: no belt at all. ▽

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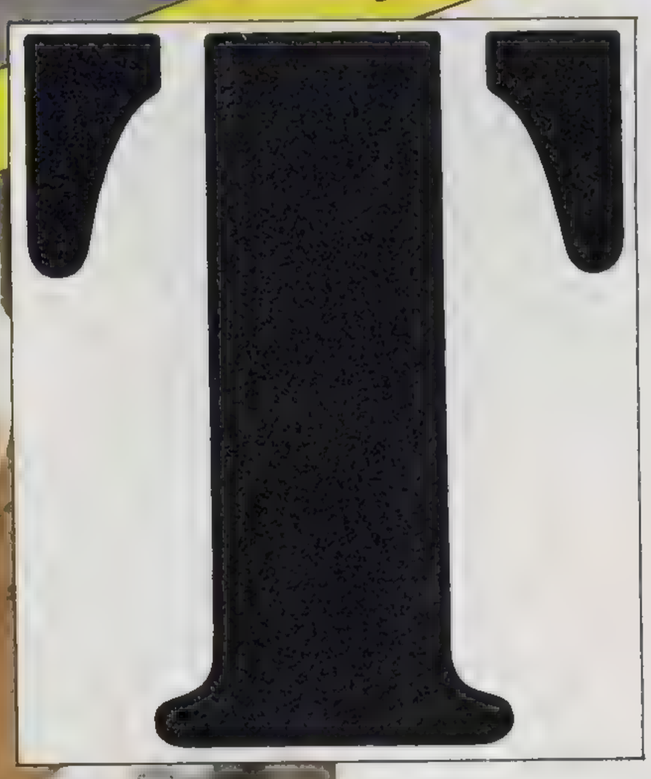
BAILEYS.
THE ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM LIQUEUR.

THE CREAM IS REAL. THE SPIRITS ARE REAL.
ONLY THE TASTE IS MAGIC!

HEALTH *style*

Trends in fitness gear, gadgets, environments ...cold-weather warm-ups...sodium levels in bottled, tap waters...how to have fit feet

In our lifetime, we walk 115,000 miles, four times around the world



STEPS TO HEALTHY FEET

he foot that rocks the cradle is far healthier today because it's been out exercising, running, wearing more sensible shoes," says James E. Nixon, M.D., chairman of the department of orthopedics and clinical professor of orthopedic surgery at Philadelphia's Graduate Hospital, affiliated with the University of Pennsylvania.

"We've been forced into a more enlightened age because of people's running," says Maurita Robarge, fitness consultant to Scholl, Inc., and teacher of physical education at the University of Wisconsin at La Crosse. "Runners are impatient; they want to keep running, extending their mileage; and they've forced the medical profession to pay attention to feet." Dr. Nixon agrees, but he sees other reasons, too, for the new "compassion" for the foot: a growing concern for whole-body health and the move away from very high heels.

All this translates to better foot care for women. And, beyond that, to recognition that a well-functioning foot and the mobility it gives have easily as much to do with our confident self-image and vitality as makeup.

Shoes and healthy feet High heels can curve the spine, create *(Continued on page 485)*

For those of us trying to cut down on sodium, Perrier wants to set the record straight: eight ounces of Perrier water contain two milligrams of sodium compared to sixty mg. in the same amount of Canada Dry Club Soda. Even tap water can be a culprit: eight ounces of Newark's contain ten mg., Miami Beach's thirteen, Dallas' fourteen, San Diego's fifteen. Nutritionists "allow" us 2300 mg. of sodium daily, but it all adds up—especially from "hidden" sources in our diet.

When fitness meets fashion, why not brightly dyed running shoes? One New York boutique dyes the Nike "Spirit" shoes yellow, pink, lavender, blue, brick, khaki. The colors are permanent, don't come off in mud puddles. Fast Feet, 118 E. 59th St., NY, NY 10022. . . . For sport-shoe repair, try one of the several liquid rubbers on the market now.

Fashion details next to last pages

A SIDE OF ME WANTS A SOAP TO CLEAN MY SKIN WITHOUT DRYING

A SIDE OF ME WANTS A SOAP TO SOFTEN WITHOUT A GREASY FEELING

Now there's a soap that can clean without drying, soften without that greasy feeling. It's new Tone. With a unique cocoa butter formula, now with added glycerine. Get clean and soft ... with new Tone.

NEW TONE. BALANCED TO BRING CLEAN AND SOFT TOGETHER.

NEW FORMULA!
Glycerine & Cocoa Butter
Tone
SKIN CARE BAR

"I have to feel this fresh all day, every day. My job depends on it."

"A shower and powder and Lightdays® PantiLiners. That's what keeps me feeling fresh all day.

Lightdays are especially important to me, because as a model I wear a lot of clothes that don't belong to me. So I feel safer wearing Lightdays PantiLiners.

I like their shape, too. Lightdays aren't square with corners. They're curved, like a woman."

Kotex® Lightdays PantiLiners. Soft, delicately quilted little pads to help protect against discharge and spotting. The contoured sides and three adhesive strips make Lightdays PantiLiners comfortable enough to wear all day, every day.

Why would a model like Nancy Toner use Lightdays® PantiLiners?

For just-showered freshness, anytime.

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HEALTH

HEALTHY FEET

(Continued) pressure on the toes. Even sports shoes can be implicated in foot damage; the chemicals used in the linings of inexpensive running shoes can cause contact dermatitis and sometimes aggravate fungus infections on the bottoms of feet. Wearing the wrong shoe for the sport, too, can do harm. Running shoes, with their five-eighths-inch heel, on the tennis court can throw the body forward and to the side; flat tennis shoes on the running path can pull the Achilles' tendon. Ron Valmassy, D.P.M., chairman of the department of biomechanics at the California College of Podiatric Medicine in San Francisco, says, "When a woman wants small corns cut off the top of each toe joint, I say, 'What you need is surgery on your *shoe,* not on your foot!' "

Awareness of what the shoe can do is the first step, believes Eugene M. Farber, M.D., chairman of the department of dermatology and professor of dermatology at Stanford University Medical School, reciting ailments that can be caused by improper shoes: thickening over the Achilles' tendon, corns on toe knuckles, dry-skin calluses and cracking on heels from bare-heeled shoes, fungus infections, inhibited circulation, aggravation of ingrown toenails, and Morton's toe or neuroma—a compression on the nerve between toes that causes numbness and tingling. Virus-caused plantar warts on the bottoms of the feet, too, are aggravated by a hard, ungiving sole. Synthetic materials of both shoes and stockings tend to "trap heat, creating moisture that macerates and breaks down the skin, leading to cracking and vulnerability to infection." Dr. Farber's preventive advice: Don't wear the same shoes every day; in summer, stuff shoes with cotton cloth overnight to help them dry. Powder between your toes each morning with a talcum-type but *not* medicated powder. Use a good moisturizing cream or bath oil every night for dry skin. Visit a podiatrist at least once to learn how to trim nails to prevent ingrown toenails. And consult a physician immediately if abnormal symptoms appear; foot problems can be early indicators of system-wide disorders. Even a condition as apparently benign as dry, flaking, or fissuring feet *could* be symptomatic of diabetes, hypothyroidism, vitamin deficiency, or arteriosclerosis. Foot discoloration could be a clue to a circulatory problem. And black moles in an area of friction could become cancerous.

One podiatrist says, "When a woman comes in wanting small corns cut off the top of each toe joint, I say, 'What you need is surgery on your shoe, not on your foot' "

Foot stresses Other problems are caused by our urban environment. As a running heel makes contact with the ground, pressure equal to at least three times the body's weight courses through the foot, putting enormous stress on the foot's shock-absorptive capabilities. "When women come to me with problems in the leg or hip, I say, 'Have your feet checked,' " says Ms. Robarge.

We can reduce vulnerability to biomechanical breakdown by keeping the muscles of the foot and lower leg stretched, strong and flexible. Robarge recommends several fast, easy exercises especially for women who routinely wear high heels, which shorten the Achilles' tendon at the back of the heel. Sit on a chair with a brace between the legs, the balls of your feet on the brace, heels down and toes up, and feel the tendons stretch. When you get out of a warm bath or shower (warm water is an excellent muscle relaxant), bend over, knees straight, while you towel dry your hair. A classic stretch for the Achilles is to stand with your feet, flat, three or four feet from a wall and do *very* slow push-backs from the wall. The arch, that vital shock absorber, can be strengthened by sitting with your foot in a tight arched position, and tapping twice with your toe, once with your heel, rhythmically and repeatedly. —MOIRA JOHNSTON

style

Surefire invigoration: winter sports. On cold-weather days, wear the right clothes, protect skin, do warm-ups first

Winter sports warm-up are especially important because cold temperatures, layers of clothes, even heavy sports equipment make the body feel stiff. Otto Tschudi, director of skiing at the Winter Park ski area in Colorado, recommends thirty minutes of limbering exercises before playing winter sports.

The program: fifteen minutes of warm-ups—jump rope, run in place, some jumping jacks. For the next fifteen minutes: spot exercises (seven to twelve reps of each). For shoulders, arms (important in cross-country skiing), do bent-knee push-ups. Follow with bent-knee sit-ups, good for the waist, abdomen. For thighs: squatting, with chair under you—prevents you from going too low (deep bends can hurt knees). To prevent ankle injuries: ankle rolls. Make a circle with tips of toes.

SCOTT BOLESTRIDGE

Eyes: Glare/ Sun Shield

Ultimate sun protectors: the NoIR wrap-arounds, left, which absorb total UV light, almost all infrared; in a variety of light transmissions and four styles.

Women in sports

Ratification of the first Olympic marathon for women—to be run in Los Angeles in 1984—attests to the tremendous surge in participation and performance in this sport by women in recent years. In fifteen years, the women's marathon record (26.2 miles) has improved by one hour! Moreover, new medical research, compiled by Avon, which sponsors women's sports programs, suggests women have even greater potential for endurance sports than is currently realized (more body fat is thought to be one reason), that they may reach their athletic peaks later, too. (Joyce Smith, one of the top-ranked world marathoners, is forty-four years old.)

Don't get caught in the herd.

Shop early. Mail early.

All those Merry Christmas cards and gifts you send won't mean a thing unless they arrive on time.

That's why it's so important to shop and mail early. And just as important to use right ZIP Codes, standard size envelopes, return addresses and write clearly. And when you send gifts, package them properly.

Please, don't prance around and wait till the last minute, because Christmas won't wait for you.

U.S.MAIL ®

Make Christmas merrier. Mail early this year.

Q&A

Adult acne: what causes it, how to clear it up . . . mouthwashes: how helpful are they?

Just when I thought I'd gotten rid of acne forever (I'm almost thirty), I've begun to experience occasional flare-ups. What causes adult acne? What can I do?

According to Vera H. Price, M.D., associate clinical professor, department of dermatology, University of California, San Francisco: "It is a common misconception that all acne clears up after teen years. In many cases, acne lasts well into the twenties, thirties—even the forties, though the degree of severity varies.

"Even if you didn't have a tendency towards acne in your teenage years, you may still be a candidate for adult acne. The two most common causes: overuse of greasy products, along with inadequate cleansing and birth-control pills.

"In their twenties, most women begin to use more makeups and heavy creams on their faces—often without cleansing adequately. Some stop using soap altogether because they're afraid it will dry out their skin and cause wrinkles. Cleansing creams, however, are not enough; the simple fact is that very few women can get away without some form of soap or detergent cleaning; nothing else cleans the skin as thoroughly.

"The other main cause of adult acne—the birth-control pill—can irritate skin in two different ways. Some women develop acne a few months after they begin using the Pill; others start to break out a few months after they go off the Pill. If you're among the first group, the progestin (synthetic progesterone) in your pill is probably either norethindrone or norgestrel—two compounds which may aggravate acne. The solution is to switch to a pill containing a different type of progestin. If you suffer from 'post-pill acne,' your condition is most likely temporary—though it can last a year or more.

"Other factors that can aggravate acne in adult women: stress, certain medications, and hormonal disorders—enlarged ovaries, for example. Diet, however, is not usually a factor.

"No matter what the cause, the treatment of acne is always the same: check with your dermatologist. Wash face with a detergent or soap cleanser. After washing, wait about a half hour before applying moisturizer—you'll be better able to judge how much you need. Switch to oil-free, water-based makeups; non-greasy moisturizers; powder blushers instead of creams; loose not pressed powder."

Is mouthwash an important part of oral hygiene; are some better than others?

Alexander E. Eitches, D.D.S., chief of prosthodontics, Mount Sinai Hospital, and to Marc H. Lorinsky, D.M.D., chief of prosthodontics, St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York, told us: Most breath odor is the result of an accumulation of tartar and debris not removed by brushing or flossing—or of an oral or systemic disease. Assuming that there is no stomach disorder causing breath odor, if you suffer occasional bad breath and want a temporary cover-up, mouthwashes can be of use. Commercial mouthwashes, which do not usually contain active ingredients, are essentially "cosmetic." They mask breath odors temporarily but will not help to get rid of their causes. More useful are fluoridated rinses; effective as regular mouthwashes, they also help to increase teeth's resistance to cavities.

For more permanent relief of bad breath: ask your dentist about using a 3-percent solution of hydrogen peroxide, which oxidizes—releases oxygen bubbles—in the presence of organic material. It helps to rinse out particles caught between teeth, kills bacteria.

No mouthwash is a panacea for all breath odors; none is as important as regular brushing, flossing, and periodic dental checkups and cleanings. If you practice good oral hygiene and continue to have severe bad breath, see a dentist or doctor. Breath odors can be caused by systemic diseases and should be diagnosed and treated by a professional. ▽

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To Dealer: Royal Crown Cola Co. will redeem this coupon for face value (20¢) plus 7¢ handling provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of this offer. Good only on purchase of Diet Rite Cola. Customer must pay any taxes and usual deposits. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted. Cash value 1/20 of 1 cent. For reimbursement of properly redeemed and handled coupons mail to: RC Cola Co., P.O. Box 1525, Clinton, Iowa 52734. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1981.

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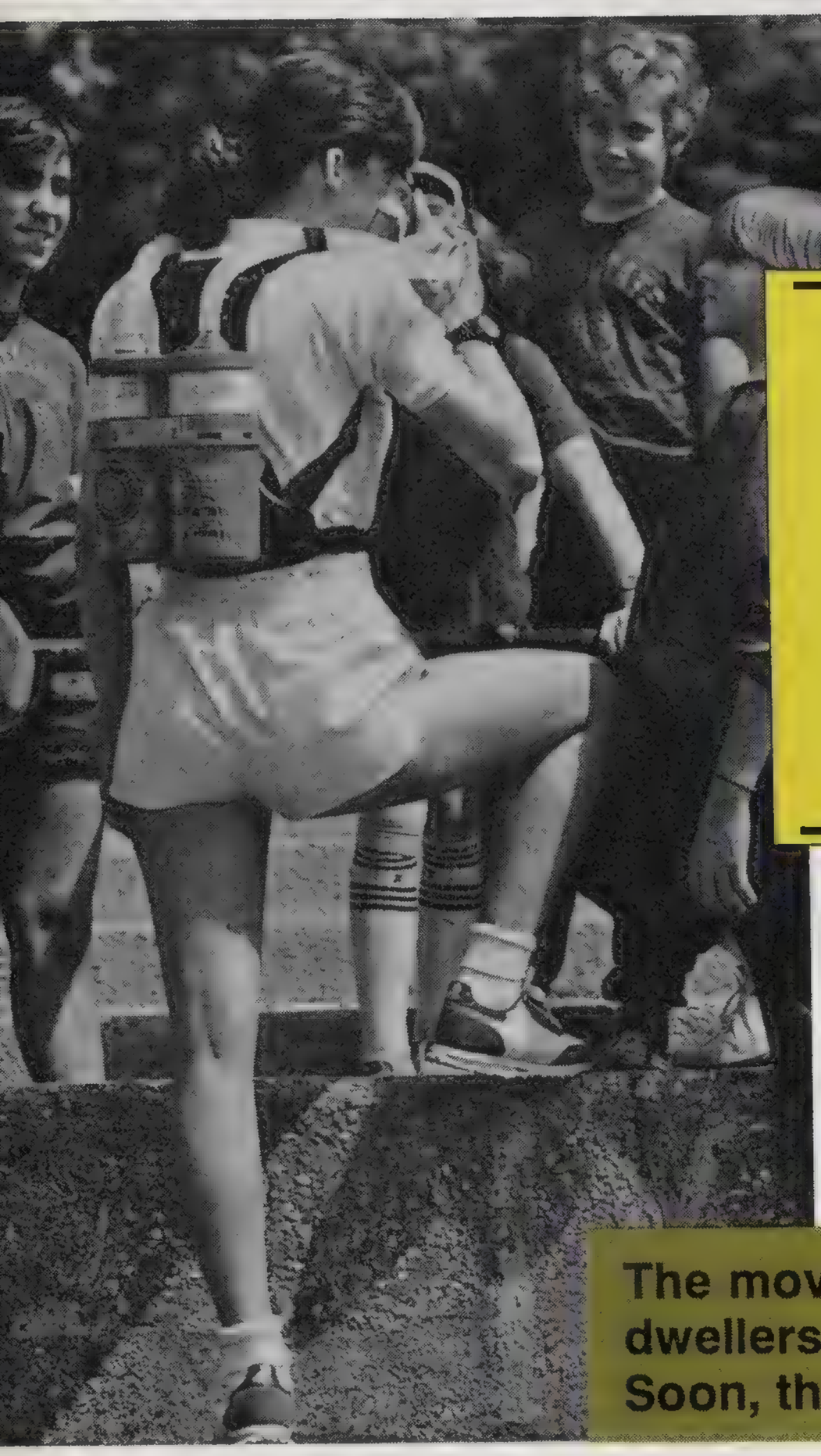

ANDREA BLANCH

Fitness Payoffs

It's becoming a consumer's market in fitness goods—finally—with improved technology, facilities, foods. (Check with your doctor before using any of the gadgets here.) . . . See the InspirAir PO_2 Aerobic Exerciser, *at left*: with a twist of a valve, it simulates moderate-altitude training up to 7500 feet—and improves cardiovascular fitness—for runners running even at sea level. . . . Another useful fitness gadget: a pulse-rate monitor to record resting, exercising, and recovery pulse rates. DNA Medical's PulseTach CPS4 fits on your finger; Biosig's Insta-Pulse is baton-shaped, gives your pulse rate at a grasp.

Advances in prepared food cater to restricted diets. Kellogg's Nutri-Grain in rye, barley, wheat, and corn flavors is a whole-grain (bran and germ included) cereal with no added sugar. . . . A Minneapolis grocery store, Byerly's, color-codes shelf tags for choosing foods low in calories, sodium, fat and/or gluten; high in fiber, potassium and/or iron.

City fitness is becoming a convenient reality with growing numbers of urban gym/spa facilities. Prime example: Chicago's East Bank Club, with golf, tennis, squash, racquetball, track, swimming, sun deck, exercise and weight rooms, saunas, whirlpool, massage, child care—a country club in the heart of the city! . . .The Saga Club in Washington, DC, has complete health-club facilities all run by veteran spa director Lisa Dobloug. . . .The new direction in hotel facilities: spa/health clubs available to guests and in-town members, like Parker Meridien, with a running track and pool on the forty-first floor.

The move is toward superb new fitness facilities for city dwellers: urban spas, hotel gyms, even city country clubs! Soon, there'll be no excuses left for skipping exercise . . .

HOME PREGNANCY TESTS

Many women find home pregnancy tests valuable to allay their curiosity. But how reliable are these tests? When a home test says you are pregnant, chances are excellent that it's so. But negative results are much less reliable. Very early in pregnancy, the tested hormone may not be detectable in the urine to give a positive result. When early diagnosis is important, you should visit a medical laboratory for a radioimmunoassay blood-sample test. If you continue to have signs of pregnancy, see your doctor for a repeat test, regardless of the home test results.

FOOD FACTS

Here's sound fact to replace two common food myths from Howard Hillman's "Kitchen Science" (Houghton Mifflin).
Fresh vegetables are more nutritious than frozen. Not always.
Garden-fresh food is richer in nutrients than frozen food. But supermarket produce loses much of its nutritional value as it travels from farm to table. In this case, the most vitamin-dense choice is fast-frozen food. Seafood is a low-calorie source of protein.
True. Yet the calorie count of seafood varies. One-hundred grams (3.5 oz.) of chinook salmon is 222 calories, while the same amount of haddock equals 79 calories. Both fish choices are less caloric than a T-bone steak (397 calories per one-hundred grams).

LESS RED MEAT

Turkey breast can break the chicken/fish routine in our effort toward a light, low-calorie alternative to red meat. Best of all, boned, sliced turkey-breast "scallopine" is an inexpensive substitute for veal, and is available in many supermarkets. If yours hasn't yet caught on, slice and pound partly frozen turkey breast into scallops, plug into any veal scallopine recipe.

Fashion details, stores, next to last pages

KATHARINE HEPBURN

(Continued from page 445)

was catechized about what the hell I knew about Bryn Mawr. Scared, as intended, I managed to dredge up a few facts, and also mentioned some alumnae who are friends of mine. "I graduated in 1928," she said. "They're much younger than I am," firmly. An accusation. She got up from her barber's chair and threw the tea leaves on the fire, hating tea bags, and saying: "That fire won't be lit till tomorrow evening anyway." The unique bone structure, the freckles, the lack of makeup, the energy at seventy-plus and who cares how much plus: she is watchable whatever she is doing. Her grin alone would identify her.

She has worked all her post-college life. She recently finished shooting a film called *On Golden Pond,* directed by Mark Rydell, written by Ernest Thompson, and has been on a long tour of her new Broadway play called *West Side Waltz,* also by Ernest Thompson, directed by Noel Willman, in which she plays an aging, radiant pianist gifted with so much attack that any grand piano of proportionate manners would back away. Before the tour started she had also been playing a lot of her usual tennis, at which she is very good, and thus given damage to a shoulder. She didn't want any intruder to know which hospital she was in. In, out, fast. She was furious as hell about the impending and endless costume fittings, which hurt, but she did them.

Her professionalism is as obdurate as her friendships and her opinions. This is not to say that she doesn't call any of her decisions into question. Though her emotional instinct is to be staunch, her intellectual instinct is to be truant. When she is acting, particularly onstage, her character is a trumpet call to dissidence. It is as if she were to collect together in a school the few rebel children who sense that their future lies elsewhere. In performance, her brazen caw to play hooky sounds across the stage, a call urging all runaways to defy sacrosanct opinion.

"My father, Thomas N. Hepburn, was a urologist from Hartford, Connecticut, who led the field in education about venereal disease twenty years before public-health officials would talk about it. My mother was a Boston Houghton, also called Katharine. She also went to Bryn Mawr. She was a champion of women's suffrage and birth control. Why are you laughing?"

"Because you were one of six children." She turned away her head and I remembered that one of the six particularly dear to her had died in youth, in circumstances not to be gone into. She turned her head back to look at me straight, more characteristically, spoke a couple of sentences about the death, and got rid of the lasting pain of it by shaking her head in impatience as if she had grit in her eye.

Bryn Mawr is a remarkable college. It has close links with Queen's College, University of London, where I went: the reasons for the link being, among others, that Bryn Mawr is firmly a women's college, was founded by a few men with regard for the kind of women still dismissively called "brainy"; that, like Queen's, it has produced a great many of these brainy women who also have the strongest instinct for private life with men, seeing no antithesis.

"At Bryn Mawr, I was a very good golfer and a very poor student. I got in by the skin of my teeth, and by the skin of my teeth I stayed. Everything that you start becomes discouraging almost immediately. But if you start something you finish it."

"You've described yourself as painfully shy."

"Whether that was because I was painfully egotistical. . . ." The born actress's pause. "But my father said, 'My children are all very shy—they go to a party and they're afraid they'll be neither the bride nor the corpse.' I think he had something there.

"I was a very good athlete, but I didn't dare try out for anything so I just pretended I was awful and finally, in the beginning of my sophomore year, I had an appendix attack and I thought, 'Thank God, I hope I'll die.' The College wrote my family and said that they thought maybe it would be a good idea if I didn't try to finish college. Because at the end of that year my standing was bad. And my father, being a doctor, wrote back and said that if he had a patient in the hospital who was sick he wouldn't send him *home*. . . . The secret of life is that if you work you can do anything. I used to sit next to my friend" (a life-long friend who wants to be unnamed) "and I used to hear her brains going around" (gesture) "and I'd die of jealousy so I dropped her and sat next to a real slow brain."

•

The same life-long friend went with her to England when they were both twenty. The friend told me, "I had accumulated some money, $500, by picking potato buds. Miss Hepburn said she'd hock the furniture in her mother's room. The fare was $210 round trip to Plymouth. We hired bicycles. But we hadn't figured on England's being so hilly, even on the trip from Cambridge—she was in Cambridge first and I remember her running along the railway platform when she saw me on the train—so we found a very nice man in London called Mr. Seymour, in Great Portland Street, and he let us have a Morris for £95 [$475]. When we went to Oxford we found living very expensive. Two shillings and sixpence a night, and it came to $5 a day for the car and us.

"Miss Hepburn said, 'Damn this trip.' I said, 'We're not going to stay in those musty old cathedrals.' We sold that car back to Mr. Seymour for practically no less than we'd paid for it."

"Hepburn tries to be ordinary . . . and fails"

In this negotiation, her friend says, Miss Hepburn gave one of her best performances.

Miss Hepburn picks up the memory: "And then we went to France and we were in a little restaurant on the Left Bank and there was a young Englishman there waving his arms trying to get across what kind of chicken he thought he wanted and my French was fluent though I didn't think much of my accent but it helped the fluency that there was always a bottle of wine on the table. In England we'd been non-alcoholic, because of the expense."

•

In June, 1965, Katharine Hepburn wrote notes for a column called "Dicta," published in the *Virginia Law Weekly,* about the right to privacy. To speak legally, the argument stands. To speak of what it reveals of her own mind, it is exhilarating. This is no actress content to spout other people's words, or ever to complain about the troubles she must have had with the press in her own private life.

Sixteen years ago, this farsighted woman was warning law students that the greatest threat to privacy was insurance and the credit-rating, upon which insurance depends. "You can be protected against anything, but for it you must sacrifice your privacy—if a friend is injured in your house—let the company pay—if you can't save enough money to live on in your old age—if you are hospitalized. Now all this is progress—these things are necessary—They are things which an individual can no longer be responsible for—The government or the Company must step in and bear the burden—but with the loss of responsibility—we have also lost our privacy—Privacy in the sense that it was used thirty years ago has almost ceased to exist—the individual has become a pretty well-documented punch card."

Earlier in the same dashy document, she wrote, "Today it is extremely difficult to control one's privacy—even if one is not a public figure. . . . What is your religion—Have you ever been a communist—What is your income—Whom do you support—How much did your house cost—Your wife's clothes—Do you wear glasses—Do you still menstruate. . . . Your bowels—Do you sleep in the same room with your wife. . . . These are the questions which must be answered—if—you are insured by your employer—(an actor is)—drive a car—pay tax—get social security—"

Miss Hepburn has a way of saying "humph" that sounds English. She should use it in a play or a film.

•

The great series of Tracy-Hepburn films. People have sometimes asked why the woman's name doesn't come ahead of Tracy's in the credits. Her retort to that was, "it's not like a shipwreck. It's not women and children first. It's just billing."

She shifted on her barber's chair, spoke of Hollywood colleagues, especially of George Cukor, of the anti-Fascist movement in Hollywood that caused our friend Donald Ogden Stewart (who adapted Philip Barry's stage play *The Philadelphia Story* and filmed it with Katharine Hepburn) to settle in England, where he has lately died, as blithely mischievous to the very end as any ally could be.

When she first went to Hollywood the producers were all very *short,* she said, and Louis B. Mayer was very, *very* short. We looked together at her clog-soled and clog-heeled shoes on the barber's chair, each of us taking in what the other was thinking. She is a tall woman anyway, but the way she builds up her hair adds to her height, and so do the clog shoes. Struggling as an actress in the Hollywood power factory of the 'thirties, she found it helpful to tower over mini-built megalomaniacs. No magnate could have come on this poised and razor-brained beauty on the lot without hearing the clarion power of her voice as it would sound to the box office, nor without hearing a warning peal in his own ears that he had better agree, finish, cut, and run.

•

She has won three Academy Awards and eleven Academy nominations, but the prizes constitute no sufficient salute to the body of her best work. She doesn't care, except that there is no commemoration of the Tracy-Hepburn films. Nine of them. *(Continued on page 490)*

KATHARINE HEPBURN

(Continued from page 489)

When Tracy and Miss Hepburn play together they create a particular comic weather. It is without storms, sometimes self-mockingly despairing, imbued with generosity, blue-skied. I asked about the particular way she chose to pick up a milk-jug in *Adam's Rib,* one of her best films with Tracy. Not by the handle; by her long fingers placed firmly over the jug. George Cukor, the director, confirms that it was her own piece of acting business.

Tracy and she are alone together in the scene. Her gesture has the tone of all their films: together, they convey a quality of sexuality between true siblings, brother-and-sister love and alliance as it exists in so many of the 'thirties-'forties films we most cherish (Olivier-Leigh, Bogart-Bacall); love without the folly of "sibling rivalry," womanliness liberated from Women's Liberation. Miss Hepburn's elemental blend of resilience, frailty, and courage is not definable as ordinarily feminine, but it is certainly not mannish. We know that she has the voice of exactitude, in her own fashion, as Tracy had in his own fashion. Great actors, true-pitched in their idiosyncrasy. Miss Hepburn tries ambitiously to be ordinary, and lamentably fails.

Onstage, she will either stare down an audience and shoot the lines at us as if our minds were the bull's eye and she the surest shot in the world, or play them as though they were banners of the English language that she commands and serves. She can often make you wonder for a moment if she wrote her lines herself.

I asked her about *Pat and Mike,* also directed by George Cukor. Mike is a sports promoter who manages Pat, an amazing uppercrust girl athlete unbeatable at golf, tennis, shooting, archery, boxing.

Never short of breath, Miss Hepburn added a few other sports.

"When Pat and Mike decide to get married, who decided that you should shake hands on the agreement like two men?"

"It was the right thing to do," she said. Away with discussions on the set, away in romantic scenes with sentimentality. Which makes the silent, kissless handshake eloquent indeed. Kate Hepburn is a spare actress, but when she fires, the flames blaze out of the barrel. People often talk about heroic actors. She is a heroic actress. I can't think of any other woman with the rage of pity to play Lear if she had the chance, or the swift sad wit to play Hamlet.

Most full of guts herself, she lights up to guts in others. Recently, on tour in *West Side Waltz*—which she plays for the sake of the part in a wheelchair as the action proceeds, even though she makes any wheelchair sat in by her look as though it were in need of being wheeled by her—at the opening night in San Diego, where they opened cold, she forgot her lines. The gifted New York producer Robert Whitehead, watching, must also have gone as cold as mayhap. The actor playing opposite her in the scene, cast as a Rumanian apartment superintendent, had to get offstage. She couldn't give him his cue. Smiling brilliantly at him instead and leaning forward from a loveseat chair, she said, "What are you going to do now, Serge?" throwing to him the job of improvising with her a longish preamble for his exit-line, and getting laughs for them both on the way. No slouch she. In the midst of their coping with the business in hand, Miss Hepburn smiled again upstage, invisible to the audience. "Good going," she said quietly. This woman is not only on top of a play, she is on top of an audience, and she bestows on the people playing with her the sunny command that she has.

■

At the end of the stage-run of *The Philadelphia Story,* of which Miss Hepburn had cannily bought the author's and the Theatre Guild's rights, she said, with her usual direct wheeling to attack subjects possibly sentimental, that all plays were sad to close but that this was the saddest ever. And so she had decided that, on the last night, the curtain would never fall. "I made a sign to the stage manager to leave the curtain up and we all just walked off. I liked doing that." ▽

YANKEE GRIT

(Continued from page 444)

Hepburn cocks her head and stares at me. "About what?" she demands. "Oh, he's very sweet," the publicist fills in. "He's from Hartford." Miss Hepburn walks along the dirt path from the cottage to the A-frame cabin she uses as a dressing room. "Then he's not sweet," she shoots back, and disappears. The publicist shrugs. Maybe she will return. Maybe she won't.

But ten minutes later she is back, in her own clothes: torn khaki trousers, a frayed white turtleneck stretched from too many washings, and a moth-bitten fisherman's sweater. She sits on the steps of the porch, arms around her knees, and fixes her grey eyes on her listener. Her face is extraordinary, and her every gesture defines an angle that could be plotted on a graph. "I think Ethel's simple," she says of the character she plays. "So am I. Simple-minded. One and one makes two. I think the rules of life are simple. Absolutely simple. That's why I never understand why people have such problems."

What she says sounds unique because it is Katharine Hepburn saying it, but in fact it is exactly what any Hartford native of her age and background still says and thinks. "People today are very soft. *Easily* spoiled. We rot fast, do you know what I mean? Morally. And this notion that you don't have to be disciplined, that you don't have to do anything you don't want to, is about as *dumb* . . . we're living in the great age of the great moan. Total 'me' preoccupation. When people feel that they're misunderstood, bore bore bore, that's what I say. Take an aspirin, as my father used to tell us, and go upstairs. Take a bath." Unlike a typical Connecticut Yankee whose conviction only borders on arrogance, however, Miss Hepburn's conviction long ago crossed that border. Too many years of having one's way, of outshouting and finally outlasting one's colleagues can do that to a Hartford girl turned movie star.

Katharine Hepburn speaks for a breed of Yankees whose credos are independence and manners. "How are you going to get along in the world if you don't *know* how to behave, if you have no manners to fall back on?" she asks, and so do Norman and Ethel Thayer, if less imperiously. They are the sort of couple who would never think of buying a television set, and whose idea of high praise would be to say, as Katharine Hepburn does of Ethel, "I don't think she goes in for a lot of folderol." The cottage has been furnished with the slapdash accumulation of worn and mismatched but functional objects that is the only style true New Englanders care to adopt. It is the style in which Katharine Hepburn dresses.

Still, she has a galvanizing effect on the people she works with, especially Jane Fonda. The personal styles of the two women could hardly be more different, even if, as Jane Fonda says, they have "acting and a class background" in common. Miss Fonda arrives in the cottage living room during a break in shooting, having spoken at an actors' rally in Los Angeles the night before. Her sunglasses, sun-bleached hair, and casual Californian clothes are only slightly out of place in New Hampshire; but beside the flannel-shirted, sturdy crew of New Englanders, the guest she has brought could be from another planet.

The young man is slight and black, that much is sure. But enormous mirrored aviator sunglasses hide most of his face, and his only clearly visible feature is the corkscrew curls that stick out from his orange baseball cap. "This is my friend Michael Jackson," Jane Fonda says, settling into a lotus position before the fireplace. "I've brought him along to observe." Miss Fonda, because her friend is so interested in the answers to my questions, speaks with unusual candor and warmth, acting out every sentence.

"I've learned more from Katharine about living and how to behave than about actual acting," she says. "She's just filled with wisdom, knowledge, and insights. And she loves to pass them on. She said to me that when she was younger she learned a lot from older actresses, especially Ethel Barrymore."

The director, Mark Rydell, feared that hostility would develop between the two actresses. "After all, Jane is the big star of the 'eighties, and Katharine *was* the big star," he says. "You had the sense, in the first few days, of two lionesses prowling the same ground. But Katharine realized that Jane respected her, which was important to her, and now you see them walking arm in arm." Miss Fonda says she was "absolutely terrified" on the first day of shooting. "We came to rehearse the first scene, and right away I realized she was as nervous as I was. The moment I realized that, I lost all my fear."

Miss Hepburn soon became a guru to Miss Fonda. "You're never number one in this business forever," Miss Fonda says. "Most people on the way down get bitter, alienated, and downright crazy. To find somebody who's remained intact is rare. She has a real perspective on her life and what the rest of it will be like." The two actresses discussed aging: Miss Fonda is forty-three, Miss Hepburn seventy-two. "Katharine doesn't go to the rushes. I asked her why, because she's got her nose in every aspect of the film. She said that she used to go all the time, but when you start to notice the lines"—she points to her neck, which has few—"and you begin to think that the best take is the one where you look the best, it's time to stop going. That's an important thing to say to somebod . . . you know . . . me."

The point at which respect became mutual, both women say, was when Jane Fonda decided not to use a stunt double for a dive her character learns in the film. She describes her

moment of decision as if it were from a screenplay: Miss Hepburn taunting Miss Fonda during the first nervous days by asking if she plans to do the dive herself; Miss Fonda, rising to the bait, asking if Miss Hepburn knows how to do a backflip dive; Miss Hepburn replying evenly that yes, she does; Miss Fonda, catching some of the iron determination from Miss Hepburn's iron-grey eyes, deciding that she will learn a backflip dive if it kills her. It is a wonderful story, wonderfully told: so wonderful, in fact, that Miss Fonda later repeats it, word for word and gesture for gesture, for a public television special about Katharine Hepburn.

The filming of *On Golden Pond* also gave Miss Fonda the chance to become closer to her father, with whom she had never worked professionally. "It's given us time together," she says. "I go over to his house all the time. At night my father goes fishing with my husband, and my little boy, too, has had the chance to know his grandfather in a different way, sitting in the canoe fishing night after night."

Mr. Fonda has rented the house next door to Miss Hepburn. She leads the most secluded life of the three, studying her script and going to bed early in order to write her diary in the mornings. On weekends she tramps through the New Hampshire woods, entering and exploring houses whose owners are away—a favorite pastime since childhood and one she describes with relish. Henry Fonda and his wife Shirlee content themselves with a gentler hobby, collecting antiques.

Whereas Miss Hepburn often contradicts by instinct, if Henry Fonda disagrees with anyone, he spends so much time apologizing that both speakers forget the original issue and change the subject. A more naturally gallant man would be hard to imagine. Like his daughter, Mr. Fonda says he was deeply affected by working with Hepburn, whom he had barely met before. "It's the joy of doing a scene with her and getting something from her eye," he says, demonstrating with a look from the side of his, "that you don't get from *anybody* else. I've worked with hundreds of actresses. But there's something about the way her face lights up, the contact that is made between us . . . we have an emotional and comedic response to each other that she certainly had with Spencer Tracy and may not feel she's had since. But she feels it now, and I certainly feel it."

"I make him funny and he makes me funny," Miss Hepburn says. "Something happens." She snaps her fingers. "A good actor gets better with a good actor. You're always playing a concert, aren't you? It's a harmonizing business. I like Hank and Jane very much. Very much. I say that with no bunk. She's very good. He's really tre*men*dously good." Although Henry Fonda says, "I want to live long enough to do another one with Katharine Hepburn," Katharine Hepburn doesn't much mind if she doesn't do another one with Henry Fonda. "I don't know if I have any desire to work with anyone," she says. "I never think about it."

Jane Fonda, on the other hand, does think about the future. "You know what's exciting?" she asks. "To start getting older and still learn. I'll get real old, and I'll still feel like a kid because I'm still learning. Katharine's an example of somebody who deals with that real well." She pauses for a long time. "What a very complex person she is," Jane Fonda says. She is not so simple herself. ▽

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AMAZING JOURNEY

(Continued from page 446)

enthuses to Wally about the Findhorn Colony in Scotland where people talk to plants and make them grow to incredible sizes. Both on stage and off it, André is in search of more potent magic in order to survive the chaos he catalogues around him. André describes journeys to Poland to work with Grotowski in the Polish forests, trips to India, Tibet, the Sahara. He recounts being buried alive in a rebirth ceremony on Long Island. To which Wally replies, "Wow"; and the waiter chooses the moment to ask, "Is everything all right, gentlemen?" The film never lets the audience know just how much André knows he's being sent up. But his collusion in detaching himself from his ambitions is one of the subtle motives of the film and André's trickster's way of seeming to lose while winning the day. His shaggy-dog illuminations, his penchant for hip jargon ("I was experiencing a lot of synchronicity."), his enthusiasm for the whole protean performance of the 'sixties is slyly teased and shown up by Shawn as so much waffle. Wally, who speaks infrequently but always to great comic effect, rises almost to voluble anger when he tries to explain to André that his whole quest is the luxury of affluence. "I mean, why do we require a trip to Mount Everest in order to be able to perceive one moment of reality? . . . I mean, isn't there just as much reality to be perceived in a cigar store as there is on Mount Everest?"

As an inventive theater director with a healthy love of the grotesque, André Gregory has always existed at his happiest at the extremes of the theatrical experience. He wants astonishment, and part of his dilemma is that the public is both too jaded and too numb to be touched by ideas. In the old days, when he was head of a Philadelphia theater, a woman who had been paralyzed in a wheelchair for a decade actually walked up the aisle to escape Gregory's production of Rochelle Owens' *Beclech.* (Her forty-year-old son then shouted, "Mommy's walking, oh, she's walking.") In *My Dinner With Andre,* the audience gets a glimmering of Gregory's appetite for the outrageous as he talks about awakening people's feelings to the stage reality of Pentheus' death in his Yale production of *The Bacchae.* "My impulse," he says, without a smile, "was that the thing to do was to get a head in the New Haven morgue and pass it around the audience . . . so that people somehow realized that this stuff was real, see. . . . But the actress playing Agave absolutely refused."

These are drastic measures which are indicative of how far Gregory feels the theater must go to break through the carapace of public indifference. Wally and André talk at length about sleepwalkers, so long in fact that sometimes the audience feels the need for a little shut-eye. In Malle's movie, as with friends, you can tune in and out of the conversation and still get a full sense of the characters' humanity. The issues they discuss are serious even if they are not dramatized. Wally, of course, keeps jabbing away at André's apocalyptic pronouncements with his skeptical wit. "I mean, there must have been periods when in order to give people a strong or meaningful experience you wouldn't actually have to take them to Everest." To Wally, an electric blanket is something strange and wonderful. André contends that modern man is being suffocated by his comforts; but Wally's cold-water loft is cold, and he staunchly defends his small pleasures. "I would *never* give up my electric blanket, André, because New York is cold. On the contrary, I'm looking for *more* comfort, because the world is very abrasive. I mean I'm trying to protect myself, because really there are these abrasive beatings to be avoided, everywhere you look."

And so the debate goes, with Shawn and Gregory turning themselves into the Bob and Ray of urban blight. What emerges powerfully from their smart talk is a panic not just about surviving in the civilization but more locally about surviving in theater. Their dinner conversation enacts the Peter Brook's dictum about the stalemate of modern theater: they don't know how to celebrate because they don't know what to celebrate. Shawn and Gregory part company after the meal with neither of them having changed or, apparently, been affected by the other. At the beginning of the film, Gregory explains his problem by quoting Ingmar Bergman: "I could always live in my art, but never in my life." He ends the evening by admitting, "I haven't been living. I have been acting. I've acted the role of the father. I've acted the role of the husband. . . ." And, of course, he is also acting the role of repentant confessor. Although its debate is stimulating, the film doesn't sort out the game it is playing with the fiction and reality of their lives. It ends, for those who know and love Shawn and Gregory, with a smile. Gregory pays for the meal. This, surely, is fiction. ▽

"RAGTIME"

(Continued from page 442)

months, and it resulted in a tribute to both the old and the new in American cinema: James Cagney was coaxed out of his retirement by Milos Forman to play the police commissioner Rhinelander Waldo, Pat O'Brien to play the lawyer Delmas, Donald O'Connor to sing, dance, and play the man who coaches Evelyn Nesbit. Skipping what one would call the middle generation of American actors, Milos Forman chose new stars and unknowns for the other parts: Elizabeth McGovern, the self-assured young beauty from *Ordinary People,* to play Evelyn Nesbit, one of the first pin-ups of scandal; Brad Dourif, whose disturbing air of vulnerability and violence had illuminated *Wise Blood,* to play the part known in both book and film only as "Younger Brother"; the pebble-voiced Mary Steenburgen to play the equally nameless "Mother"; Mandy Patinkin, known on stage from *Evita* but new to films, as the immigrant Tateh who goes on to become one of the first movie directors; Mariclare Costello, a grimly glamorous unknown, for Emma Goldman, the anarchist; Howard Rollins, an unknown young actor, for the role of Coalhouse Walker; and in the role of the architect, Stanford White, the writer, Norman Mailer.

* * *

Milos Forman stood in the center of the roof garden, surrounded by five hundred extras dressed as New York's Four Hundred on a big night out. A tall, stocky man with a granite profile, he shouted orders in the accent that tradition ascribes to all middle-European directors, most notably to the men in jodhpurs and high boots who waved megaphones at Rudolph Valentino. It was reassuring to hear this voice, a throwback to early preconceptions about the cinema. Next to him, behind him, circling him, the young writer of the script, Michael Weller (*Moonchildren, Loose Ends*) busied himself fulfilling a function he described as "a second pair of eyes." The choreographer, Twyla Tharp, darted about, checking legs. Brad Dourif darted from one balcony; Robert Joy, wild eyed, darted from another, while Elizabeth McGovern (an interesting combination of the monarchic and democratic, that name), all dolled up in organdy, looked aghast for the camera.

On the tables inside and above the terra-cotta balustrade under the leafy arches hung with electric bulbs were menus—reproductions of the original menus for the opening night of *Mamzelle Champagne* in the roof garden of New York's Madison Square Garden on July 6, 1906. The date outside Sound Stage H of London's Shepperton Studios was December 8, 1980. The interiors of the film were shot there, bringing Shepperton, once a great studio and now a place where holograph companies rented space, back to life. Donald O'Connor, with a bounce in his step and a cashmere sweater on his shoulders, rehearsed his song, "I Could Love a Million Girls," in the middle of a flower blue and pink stage, as some twenty Gibson Girls bounced and fluttered around him. Norman Mailer, hunched in a windcheater, watched the rehearsal from the balcony of the restaurant. He did not seem affected by the idea that he was going to be shot the next day. He had directed three films himself, and watched Forman with interest.

At a break ("All extras on the side of the camera, you can go and get your tea now, ladies and gentlemen"), I asked Norman Mailer what he thought of violence in films. "Films that have violence may alleviate violence in the world," he said.

Mailer's role as Stanford White required that he be shot by Robert Joy, the actor playing Harry K. Thaw, the jealous husband of Evelyn Nesbit, during the noisy and crowded opening of White's Madison Square roof garden.

"Mailer will bring intellectuality to the character," said De Laurentiis.

"I was fascinated by Norman Mailer as a writer and as a person," said Milos Forman. "There are certain similarities, culturally and socially, between him and Stanford White, and an aura of accomplishment in art and social life. Then I found out he had an ambition to perform. . . ."

There didn't seem much of a relationship between the five hundred Four Hundred watching *Mamzelle Champagne* and the dreary winter reality. The stretch of New York City's Thirty-sixth Street and the Morgan Library that had been built for the movie on a few new acres at the back of the studio were up for sale, and the production company was hoping, like the rest of England, for a wealthy bidder. Behind the Madison Square Garden set, two men discussed the finance problems of another film. "We were paid in Liberian promissory notes," groaned one.

A producer, down on his luck, accosted me. "Remember me? I brought Milos to New York in 1969. I'm the one who brought him. Remember?"

The next day in the production office a French journalist was on the phone to Paris. "The mood of England is somber today," he said, as he watched the secretaries crying. The news of John Lennon's death spread slowly through the studio.

Norman Mailer, fitted into an impeccable set of tails and a mustache, left the Tuscan brick tower where Stanford White had his private apartments, and crossed the animated crowd, accepting greetings from his guests. Donald O'Connor sang "I Could Love a Million Girls." Mailer looked oddly meek in his white tie. Waiting for him at his table was a beautiful redhead in pale yellow, no ordinary extra but his wife, Norris Church, hustled out to the studio in great haste as the result of a brainwave of Milos Forman's.

Robert Joy/Harry Thaw darted forward, and shot his gun. Mailer toppled.

"I dreaded doing it," he said "I hadn't thought it through when I took on the part. I didn't realize that when you get killed in a movie you get it in close up. Charges detonate on your skull and on your back. The killing of John Lennon altered everything: I no longer took my own movie death seriously, I had the shock of a real death going through my system. Like fifty million other people I cared about Lennon; my own concerns were put into proportion. I had to do something tricky physically: Be shot, slump to my right, knock over a Champagne bucket, without braining Norris or decapitating myself, and do a little twist as I fell. There was a man under the table controlling a pipe full of blood, which came up my leg and ended at my ear. The gun fired and the charges went off, time slowed as it always does when there is violence; it took forever to get going. I remember thinking, 'Get moving you dummy,' and then I began jerking, my head flew to the left, to the right, I fell to the table,

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clawed the Champagne bucket, it flew in the air, and hit me on the head, I did my twist and there I am on the floor and Norris is screaming and the extras are surrounding me, and I feel content. I can feel the pool of artificial blood spreading under me, and there's a 'CUT!' It was a curious twilight state. There is something compelling about experiences you don't control."

De Laurentiis had described *Ragtime* as a very modern film. The previous day, on another set, one smoky and pink for the Clef Club in Harlem where Coalhouse Walker played the piano, Brad Dourif had explained that, as he saw it, the book related to the 'sixties. "Younger Brother is the upper middle class phenomenon of a young person with all the chances, blowing things up. Like Abbie Hoffman, Bernardine Dohrn."

It is Coalhouse Walker's humiliation when a group of firemen impound his new Ford that leads to his takeover of the Morgan library: The black man's frustration at the ineffectuality of justice eventually engulfs all the characters. Howard Rollins' (Coalhouse Walker) first brush with the book of *Ragtime* came four years ago, on the No. 1 Broadway local, when he noticed all the other subway passengers were reading the same book. "What in hell is *Ragtime?*" he asked himself, and thought no more of it.

Rollins wanted to be an actor in college. He was told, "Black people don't become movie stars," so he decided to become a teacher. He began acting in Baltimore, his home town, and moved to New York where in his first show he stood with a mask over his head and a submachine gun under his arm for eight performances. "My greatest fear is being everyone's angry black man," he said. Yet he agreed, in principle, with the principle of principles that drove Coalhouse Walker to criminal revenge.

Elizabeth McGovern knew about Evelyn Nesbit long before she was put in the film. "A friend of my mother's knew her when she was in her eighties; Evelyn Nesbit would show her pictures and talk about the scandal. She was bitter about men and life, and yet she had a very appealing charm. She died in a Hollywood nursing home in 1966." McGovern never met her, but researched her life. "I read her autobiography on microfilm," said the young actress. "She wrote it right after the scandal. It's both prim and moral, a sweet explanation of the events. She was from a poor family, and she learned very young that her beauty was the way to put food on the table. She was fifteen when she got involved with Stanford White, who was a father figure to her, as well as being the man who made her a woman." The prim expression went well with Miss McGovern's organdy evening dress. "She had an affair with John Barrymore, and he sent her away to boarding school. She had 'appendicitis.' Some people think she had Barrymore's child. She fell for anyone who gave her attention; she didn't have a strong sense of the things she wanted to do, she was open to everything. I could never be like her," she added; "I know what I want."

"Ladies and gentlemen," called the second assistant, and Miss McGovern regained her seat by the potted palms. "I could love a million girls," sang Donald O'Connor.

"... the aroma of home cooking and scandal"

Milos Forman seemed to be directing the film at a fast clip, as if the music of the title and the music on the soundtrack, still to come, were leading the action along. "Movies move," he said. A tempting parallel was between Tateh, the immigrant peddler who became a director, and Forman, the immigrant director who went on to win an Oscar. Yet when Forman first came to New York, it was at the invitation of the New York Film Festival; and when he moved here after the events of 1968, he immediately made *Taking Off.* A long period of inactivity followed, when, as is widely reported, he lay in the Chelsea Hotel, having taken to his bed until things took a turn for the better, which they did with *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* which soared, followed by *Hair,* which sang.

"When I first came to America, I had the reaction of a newcomer: overwhelmed by the new world you've entered so that, for your work, you don't want to lock yourself in a room with two people. Your own curiosity takes you out of yourself. I started as a writer: when you are a writer you have to work out of the material you've digested, and the most important experiences are as a child and a teenager. You feed on them for the rest of your life. I can't become an American writer, so I have to turn to material already digested by American writers: Kesey, Doctorow.

"You pay more attention to details, because your eye is still fresh. But as a director I don't want to know more than the audience: when I was doing *Cuckoo's Nest* I was asked if I'd been tempted to study psychiatry. I wasn't, because I didn't want to put in things that only I would understand.

"For *Ragtime,* I went through all the books on the period, picture books especially: I didn't want to be overloaded with words. There is so much stuff available, and I didn't want to burden the film with details. You can't let the concept of Americana hang over your head like a curse. You are just trying to tell a story as effectively as you can, and either the smell and the feeling of a country and a period will be there or they won't."

Milos Forman had already shown that he could provide these things: his film of *Hair* exuded the distinctive smell of mashed bananas that had clung to the Bethesda Foundation hippies of Central Park in 1969, of dried grass on the ground and burning grass in the air. *Ragtime,* it seemed, would smell of home cooking and gunpowder, horse manure, cigarettes, perfume, scandal. The bright comfort of the huge set for the shooting of Stanford White exuded an unreasonable pull. It had little to do with the story of Mother and Father and Younger Brother, more to do with Evelyn Nesbit, nothing to do with Coalhouse Walker. It is just a few minutes in the film; it was an entrancing place to be, and I returned to the set day after day to watch the same thing happen again and again, as if it were a sort of home. Some people only exist around the arc lights, some need to be there to learn: Michael Weller, the playwright and screenwriter of both *Hair* and *Ragtime,* was learning how to direct: with Forman, he had compressed and expanded the book, deepened it in some places and cut it in others. No more Henry Ford, no more J.P. Morgan, no more Freud. The screen doesn't need the asides of history; instead, newsreels will be inserted into the film, showing the main characters taking their part in public events. The mere act of watching the past from the present will be enough. ▽

FRAGRANCE: THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 456)

". . . to establish the existence in human beings of pheromones, the chemical substances we know are secreted by animals and insects as a sexual attractant, to make a trail and/or to give information to members of their own or different species."

So far in this scientific search, as Mr. Walter describes it, "we have found no evidence of pheromones in the genitalia, some in sweat glands, but the most promising evidence of their presence in humans appears to come from the mouth . . ." Mr. Walter is anxious to point out that there is no intention to use pheromones in fragrances as ". . . aphrodisiacs. We see them as a way to improve the atmosphere, to enhance personal auras, where a pheromonal scent will be able to dispatch the invisible message, 'yes, I am approachable,' replacing, in a sense, the wary even hostile messages we can transmit without even knowing it. To that end we expect to make the mouth an object of good grooming which goes far beyond traditional toothpastes and mouthwashes.

"Another interesting aspect of olfaction now opening up is its potential application to the broad field of health care; diagnostic uses; remedies for taste or smell malfunction; the use of aromatherapy for preventive health maintenance for such conditions as hyperactivity, insomnia, anxiety, depression and therapeutic use for some forms of drug and alcohol abuse."

Much of IFF's research is carried out in conjuction with the Monell Center, with neuro-science centers at major universities and surprisingly at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

As Hank Walters points out, "The American Museum of Natural History is a great teaching institution . . . and to make their exhibits more realistic it was recognized that fragrance had to play its part. In the Hall of Asiatic Animals, for instance, an IFF time-released scent associated with that habitat is used.

"Our ultimate aim is to have the study and appreciation of smell and taste built into our primary school systems, just as is the appreciation of art and music. We are trying to teach the young, as well as the mature, the joys of odor appreciation . . . and remember, we begin with the fact that odor binding between mother and baby is one of the first imprints of human experience. This awareness of odor continues naturally throughout life in rural and primitive societies; but in urban communities it has developed through the widespread use of fragrance in cleansing, household, personal care and now—increasingly—environmental products, recalling for urbanites many of the beautiful scents of nature . . ."

—SHIRLEY LORD

WOMEN AS WINNERS

(Continued from page 459)

than anyone else to promote the acceptance of athleticism among girls (Billie Jean King accomplished it first among tomboys) years ago told me she would not fall down for a point. She was determined to be ladylike. Now, she regrets the remark, but she candidly admits it took her years to see herself as a hero rather than as a freak.

Christin Cooper, a twenty-two-year-old Olympic slalom racer, sidesteps the quandry by relating her athleticism to "health," not to competition.

"If you exercise, you're more liable to eat better, you're spending time outdoors, you're getting yourself in shape, you'll live longer, you'll feel wonderful. God, if there's something unfeminine about being healthy, I'd love to know about it," says Christin.

But competition? Quite a different story, in Christin's mind. "One thing I like about skiing is that you're working against yourself and not directly against anyone. I get very uptight in a direct confrontation with someone else."

Christin was echoing the sentiments of a lot of otherwise assertive women who worry about "beating" someone. The same ambivalence crops up when Christin and other female athletes shy away from proclaiming that their aim is to become "number one." And how many times has each of us heard a fiercely competitive woman say demurely, "I just want to be the best I can." Men don't seem to have this problem. Remember Muhammad Ali braying, "I'm the greatest!"

Nevertheless, women athletes may show us "ordinary" women how to shout "I'm the greatest" without feeling feminine guilt. In their attitudes, they convey that the road to a gold medal is astonishingly similar to the road to a bank vice-presidency or a Nobel Prize.

Before victory, there is desire. It helps to be born with a burning desire to win. I'm convinced, however, that the spark of a winner lurks in every woman; it just has to be fanned and reinforced.

Nancy Lieberman, as sensational a basketball player in her league as Magic Johnson is in his, was born with the desire. Growing up in New York, she had to outrun her mother to the subway station to get the chance to match her skills with Harlem's best. Mrs. Lieberman would wring her hands and puncture Nancy's basketballs; Nancy kept practicing her jump shot. (Nancy "won" over and over—an athletic scholarship to college, a roomful of trophies, a $100,000 pro-basketball contract. That's reinforcement.)

The wonderful thing about sports is that achievement is measurable. Real life, of course, is more complicated than this. But the principle of nurturing a desire to win remains the same. For women who were brought up to believe that competition is a man's game, merely entering the ranks of the competitors can mean a gigantic leap of faith, an enormous initial risk with no guarantee of success. Once the leap is made, however, the momentum can carry a person far enough so there is no thought of turning back.

From victory flows confidence. Women athletes are not necessarily born with more self-confidence than the rest of us, but they do learn quickly to reinvest every penny of self-confidence earned on the scoreboard this week toward a more positive attitude about winning next week. Holly Flanders, a ski racer from New Hampshire, confessed that in high school she saw herself as a nothing. As she began entering skiing competitions, she saw that the "nothing" was actually a marvelously coordinated machine which, when properly tuned, could speed her across the finish line faster than almost anyone else in the state. Feeling good about her body, she started feeling good about her brain, her sense of humor, her ability to handle herself.

Women who do not grow up with participant or spectator sports as part of their personal history tend to misunderstand the nature of competition itself. The very word can be threatening. Those threatened have a picture of a duel to the death, an either-or, life-and-death struggle. In the past, this idea was so ingrained in female culture that bits of the negative connotation of competition still cling to a woman as young as Christin Cooper. In actuality, what Christin knows about skiing as a battle with herself, as an endeavor that provides measurable rewards and as one that demands discipline in return, is more important than the ambivalence she feels about coming into direct confrontation with an opponent.

For starters, sports-oriented women know that each game is nothing more than that, a game, anything *but* a life-and-death struggle. Every sport is set within boundaries. Each has a beginning and an end, a time limit, a context, rules that must be obeyed. Even in the most intense one-on-one sport widely played by women—tennis—the battle stops when the match is over. Great tennis players such as Chris Evert Lloyd and Billie Jean King hate to lose, but they do not hate a woman because they've lost to her. (There are bitter personal rivalries among top women players, to be sure, but they usually have nothing to do with the game itself.) A great athlete, if she hates anyone, hates herself for playing badly. There's got to be a lesson here for female politicians and business enemies who overpersonalize their battles. Cindy Nelson, an introspective twenty-six-year-old, is smart enough to *respect* nineteen-year-old Tamara McKinney for finishing with increasingly faster race times, no matter how much it pains Nelson to fall behind a younger opponent.

The most significant lesson we can learn from women who are champions is that the race goes not to the swiftest but to the toughest. At the world-class level in swimming or track, for instance, every competitor is spectacularly talented. The key that makes swimmer Tracy Caulkins a consistent winner, or runner Julie Shea (or Chris Evert Lloyd and Cindy Nelson), is mental, not physical. Tennis players talk about being "match tough." Golfers mutter about concentration. Skiers conduct interior monologues about their "mental attitude." Each refers to the same quality. It is a psychological quirk that allows a performer to focus so completely on her event that her inner discipline, her steely alertness, gives her the tiny edge she needs to beat an opponent whose attention might wander. Chris Evert Lloyd is that strong, that tough. It has nothing to do with muscles.

I'd wager that Rosalyn Yalow was able to bring this laser-like focus to the research that won her the Nobel Prize for medicine. I know I've experienced the high that comes from total concentration—centeredness, if you like—at my typewriter when my writing is going well and I forget to look at the clock. What an athlete calls mental toughness is what others call the pursuit of excellence. To members of the ski team, it means training eleven months of the year. Luckily, they see much of training as "play." The canoeing and the tennis and even the endless runs through slalom gates are pleasures in themselves. Does Rosalyn Yalow love to put in hour after hour in her laboratory? I expect she does.

At times, mental toughness and the pursuit of excellence are at war with other needs. Chris Evert Lloyd left the tennis tour for four months because she needed time in one place for herself. Christin Cooper declares she would never give up a man she loves for ski racing. But these pressures are no heavier than those that women everywhere face daily.

Champions in any field learn to handle the pressures. Athletic champions represent a new breed of women, a breed unafraid to be that strong, that tough. They express their remarkably healthy self-image best in metaphors. When I asked five of the women of the U.S. Ski Team, if each were an animal, what would she be; four out of the five without hesitation exclaimed, "eagle!" ▽

TASTE OF PERFECTION

(Continued from page 449)

saucisson chaud en croûte as good as any Lyons has to offer (Soltner prepares the sausage himself); delicious little *bouchées aux escargots; filets de Saint-Pierre* which were a bit bland, but rescued just in time by an absolutely delightful tomato sauce with fresh mint; small *coquilles Saint Jacques,* perfectly prepared (with the coral tongue, which is generally—and stupidly—thrown out in the U.S.A.), with very good broccoli, thinly sliced carrots and, alas, a superfluous puff pastry which served only to soak up an otherwise perfect light cream sauce; squab (American) with delicate, rosy flesh, surrounded by chanterelle mushrooms, thin slices of celery, and admirable peas—an absolutely superb dish; a melt-in-your-mouth *aiguillette de boeuf* with carrots; and, finally, wonderful desserts, most notably a *tarte bressane aux amandes* of his own creation and a divine *mousse* of bitter chocolate. And to wash it all down, irreproachable wines, including a flawless 1978 Alsatian Pinot Noir from Léon Beyer or that glorious 1974 Château Rayas Châteauneuf-du-Pape, both drawn from a wine list which is rather short but very carefully chosen and extremely well set out. It would appear to be the *menus-dégustation,* made up of six or seven dishes, served only in the evening and only to groups of at least four or five (approximately $50 per person), that best displays the talents of André Soltner and his assistants, among whom may still figure a promising young man—the son of Jean Troisgros.

But no matter what you order, you can count on a smile from Mme Soltner, the perfect hostess, as well as on the considerable courtesy of the French staff who, for a change, seem to love what they're doing. And whether you're seated on the main floor with its provincial décor (which is a bit odd but fun), or in the small rooms upstairs, you are sure to glimpse familiar faces if you've studied your "Who's Who" in New York. ▽

MONTE CARLO

(Continued from page 439)

never forget one magnificent old leftover from the days of Diaghilev who haunted the back streets of the principality, investigating the contents of trash cans with the disdain of Karsavina in *Thamar.* Wolves must have howled themselves hoarse outside her ramshackle door. Less attractive were the malodorous old harpies—malodorous because it was bad luck to leave "the kitchen" (the main gaming room) *pour les besoins*—who used to crowd round the roulette tables trying to grab one's paltry winnings. Picasso used to claim that one and all of them were really Misia Sert. To judge from my recent visit, a merciful god has removed most of these crones from the scene.

Gone, too, are most of the English "remittance" people—paid by their families to keep out of "Blighty." A disreputable old aunt of mine would occasionally round up a few samples for my amusement: curates who had been defrocked; tipsy widows always ready to wager a mite on the number of the last hymn sung at the Sunday morning service; whoopsy bachelors who had even more arcane methods of divination, like counting the number of buttons on a bellhop's uniform. And then there was my aunt—an old lady of impeccable mien but addictive nature (roulette)—who lived virtually free in return for giving a star-less hotel some semblance of status.

My aunt and her friends have long since vanished, but aficionados of the second rate need not despair; Monte Carlo still has its *louche* underbelly, notably a milieu which, for want of a better word, I will call "Euroscum." Commission men rather than remittance men, members of Euroscum make a surprisingly good living (jewelry sales, questionable real-estate deals, etc.) on the outermost fringes of café society, where they profit from the right kind of wrong contacts. They gravitate to Monte Carlo because of all the jewelry business and the endless round of promotional receptions and dinners where they can ply their trade. Euroscum comes in all guises, ages, sexes, and nationalities, but beadiness is hard to hide, and they can usually be spotted a mile off. Watch out, for instance, for the seedy contessa who latches onto you at the bar and *knows everybody*—everybody that is in her hard little set of hangers-on—or her smarmy confederate who is out to ascertain the number of your Swiss account. The trouble with these operators is not so much that they are dangerous as dull and devoid of the raffish charm of their more amateurish predecessors.

On the whole, however, Monte Carlo has become prodigiously respectable—one of the safest cities in which to ride out these dangerous times. It is also a very good place to keep a low profile: crucial if Monte Carlo is going to live up to its reputation as the most attractive tax haven in Europe; crucial, too, if the influx of celebrities is going to continue. Don't, however, expect to see Bjorn Borg, Anthony Burgess, Placido Domingo, Ringo Starr, or Marie Bell—to name but a few newish residents—disporting themselves on the *m'as tu vu* terrace of the Hôtel de Paris. Unlike their predecessors of the *Belle Époque*—like the de Reszke brothers or La Belle Otéro—today's stars keep themselves to themselves. Only Nureyev, who lives just outside Monaco, makes any ripples to speak of.

If you go to Régine's spectacular nightclubs—Jimmy'z or the younger set's favorite haunt, Parady'z ($50 for two Scotches, but only those who are short on charm or clout need pay *that* much)—you will again find new rather than old money, from new rather than old places. For all that Régine's discos are crowded with attractive people, it is unlikely that you will recognize more than a very few. So, snobs be warned, don't expect to see more than a smattering of *gens bien.* As for *gratin*—such a feature of Monte Carlo in the old days—forget it, except for the beautiful Grimaldi girls: Princess Caroline, whose looks and character have developed a new depth, thanks to marital sorrows, and Princess Stéphanie, whose radiant glow and electrical physicality are already galvanizing the local *jeunesse dorée.* Likewise, except for a couple of very young English peers exiled by their families for tax reasons, you will search in vain for the British nobility who used to be the mainstay of Monte Carlo's foreign colony.

"Her hairdo looked like profiterolles"

In their place, however, Monte Carlo abounds in the aristocrats of finance and industry, cosmetics, and petroleum from both sides of the Atlantic. Since one of their main motives for moving to Monte Carlo is the anonymity that the place offers, they would obviously prefer it if their names were not mentioned. These tycoons don't necessarily all live in the principality, but they seem to have made it their stamping ground. And it must be said that the brio with which they carry on the tradition of grand entertaining does hostesses like Estée Lauder and Lyn Wyatt the greatest credit.

Although those historic yachts, the *Christina* (Onassis) and the *Créole* (Niarchos) are long since gone, you will still find a number of very rich Greeks gambling for enormous stakes in their tents at the Beach Hotel, but they lead a very incognito, very low-profile existence. You will also find a number of very rich Italians doing exactly the reverse: that is to say displaying as conspicuously as possible the clothes and jewelry that would be a foolhardy challenge to thieves, kidnappers, and terrorists back in Turin or Milan.

Above all you will find lots of frightened French ventilating their forebodings at anyone who will listen. It seems that since the advent of Mitterrand, the poor—or rather rich—French have come to look upon Monaco rather as refugees from Red China look upon Hong Kong or Macao. What gnashing of teeth there was of an evening on the steps of the Hôtel de Paris, as envious Parisians watched Rolls-Royces with Swiss license plates—little else authentically Swiss about them—disgorge one over-jeweled lady after another! "If only Gaston had listened to me," one French lady wailed at another, "we'd have moved to Gstaad years ago."

French political developments have cast so much light on the strategic role that Monte Carlo plays in European financial affairs that it is at last possible to appreciate the extent to which the *ville de plaisir* has been transformed into a *ville d'affaires.* This development has always been dear to the heart of Rainier III, a head of state who has always analyzed the problems confronting him and his people with a lucidity and articulateness rare in princes. Trust Rainier to see that, although the *Belle Époque* charms of his principality had a potent drawing power, nostalgia could be—indeed had been—overexploited. And so, where a less perceptive ruler might have sat back and watched the revenues from gambling and tourism roll in, Rainier has done everything to widen the scope, but nothing to lower the tone of Monaco's attractions. Long may he rule, although rumor has it that he contemplates handing over the reins to his son, Albert, and retiring to his family estate, the Château de Marchais, in the north of France—considerably larger in area than Monaco. To judge by his outgoing Ivy League manner and penchant for pushing his buddies from Amherst into the pool, Albert will be a decidedly democratic ruler.

The Prince and the Société des Bains de Mer (S.B.M) which administers much of the business of the principality—the Casino, Hôtel de Paris, Hermitage, Sporting Clubs etc.—have gone all out to lure big businesses, especially banks, to Monaco. According to Rainier, they have been very successful. Thyssen-Bornemisza, Silvatrim, Single Buoy Moorings are only a few of the corporations that now operate out of the principality. In addition, the S.B.M. sponsors the Grand Prix and a Television Festival which has become as celebrated in its way as the film festival at Cannes. And then a whole new public has been lured to Monte Carlo by Sotheby's who have made the winter Sporting Club the venue for some of the most spectacular sales of furniture, objets d'art, and jewelry to have been held in recent years.

Nor should we leave out of account another new attraction: the huge and well-equipped convention and conference center, emblazoned with a rather garish roof by Vasarely, that hangs out over the Mediterranean below the Casino. Where else in Europe are businessmen going to find such a lavish forum, not to speak of so many attractive hotels? But where else, above all, will they find such security? For Monaco is said to have more police, more private guards per square meter than anywhere else in the world.

But Rainier has not confined progress to the realm of business. As the grandson of a pioneer oceanographer, he is understandably proud of his efforts—the R.A. M.O.G.E. project and the marine treaty recently ratified by Monaco, Italy, and France—to combat the pollution that is threatening to turn the Mediterranean into a dead sea. He is also busy constructing artificial reefs off his rocky fastness—breeding grounds for crustaceans. Then again, as a man of literary bent (Cocteau once told me he had a high regard for Rainier's youthful verse), the Prince is proud of the annual literary prize which was set up in his name by his father. Thanks to a discriminating jury originally presided over by Colette, the *Prix Rainier III* is still taken more seriously than most comparable accolades. No less prestigious is the annual musical composition prize that Rainier inaugurated in 1959. As for Princess Grace, she is also active in cultural affairs, as witness her two special projects: the concerts which she organizes in the palace courtyard, and the *Académie de Danse Princesse Grace.* This ballet school, directed since 1952 by Marika Bresabrasova, who danced in the Ballets Monte *(Continued on page 496)*

MONTE CARLO

(Continued from page 495)

Carlo under the direction of the legendary Mikhail Fokine, is doing so well that it looks as though it will give birth to a fully fledged company.

Rainier and the S.B.M. are also to be congratulated for taking such a vigorously anti-honky-tonk line, while at the same time catering for popular taste to the extent of setting up two international festivals, one for fireworks and one for circuses. Every Saturday night during the height of the season, pyrotechnists from different countries compete to transform Monte Carlo harbor into a succession of Whistlerian compositions of ineffable beauty. Bengal lights turn the Grimaldis' palace all colors of a tourmaline, while veils of golden stars do glissandos into the sea.

Meantime, inside the Hôtel de Paris and the Hermitage—since renovation, more than ever the quintessence of luxury—a different kind of fireworks display will be taking place. The world's leading jewelers will be showing off their wares at a succession of evening receptions. The week I was in Monte Carlo, M. Gérard put on a great show. On the Monday, he organized in the huge gilded restaurant a display of diamonds that one would have thought unbeatable, but on each of the following evenings M. Gérard outdid himself, successively with panoplies of emeralds, then sapphires, then rubies. An old cocotte (actually a hooker from Havana), who knew a thing or two about jewelry, to judge by her rings, told me that Monsieur Gérard's treasures made his competitors look "mucho Mickey Mouse."

Besides laying on the requisite safeguards, Monte Carlo comes up with a series of pretexts for wearing conspicuously elaborate jewels. The most illustrious of these is the *Gala de la Croix Rouge Monégasque*—the climax of the summer season. *Toilettes* have to be seen to be believed. As I went down to join the pre-Gala throng—shades of *La Cage aux Folles*—in the Hôtel de Paris, I found myself behind a sizable Arab lady in a white crinoline attended by three or four apprehensive-looking men—presumably guards. No doubt about it, the hairdo deserved a prize, but as a triumph of the patissier's rather than the coiffeur's art. A more peculiar *pièce montée* I never saw: a heap of what looked like profiterolles, dark and shiny, enveloped in candy floss, plus a superstructure of wiglet—croissants and brioches—held in place by too many jeweled ornaments. Over it all went a diamond snood with as many dingle-dangles as a Portuguese man-of-war. On closer inspection, the stones were not *that* big (Monte Carlo spoils one). "Those men aren't guards," my companion said, "they're hairdressers, and if they look apprehensive it's because the gala gets awfully hot and their creation may come to grief. And if that happens, their no-good fingers will be chopped off, one by one, and they'll never wield a teasing comb again."

Yes, the August heat penalized anyone silly enough to set herself up as a victim of fashion: for instance, the wearer of a broadtail cloak, or the elderly American lady bizarrely attired in a headdress of plastic jonquils, which may or may not have been conceived as a mobile. Since the auditorium where the gala takes place is open to the night sky—and very romantic too, with a plethora of electric stars to eke out the real ones—no air conditioning is possible. It is almost a foregone conclusion that the handiwork of hairdressers and make up artists, flown in for the occasion from as far away as Los Angeles, will not last out the evening.

In every other respect, however, the Red Cross Gala is the height of *faste,* thanks in great part to the Prince and his family—not the least, his distinguished cousin, Prince Louis de Polignac, president of the S.B.M.—who make every effort to glamorize the evening. In this day and age, only Monte Carlo could gather together over a thousand people (eight hundred more were on the waiting list for tickets) of comparable elegance and, on the evidence of the jewelry alone, comparable fortune. What is more, we were lavishly fed (lashings of caviar and pink champagne) and treated to an hour or so of Julio Iglesias. Unlike most galas on this side of the Atlantic, where anyone in his right mind wants to dash off as soon as he has downed the dreary food, these Monégasque affairs are regarded as state occasions. Everyone is out to see and be seen, above all to show off jewelry that cannot be shown off to such advantage or to such a canny audience anywhere else in the world.

"People move to Monte Carlo for anonymity"

This year, there was the added drama of the socialist "menace." The fact that two out of the three neighboring communes (Cap d'Ail and Beausoleil) have gone communist; the fact that there are now four communist ministers in the French cabinet; the fact that Mitterand's imminent wealth tax threatens to reduce a great many of the assembled guests to what they regard as direst poverty; all these considerations gave the 1981 gala rather eerie overtones, so much so that there was an almost *après nous la déluge* edginess to the festivities. Why then was one especially diamond-encrusted lady in such high spirits? "Because she's married to the man who buys up your jewelry when times are rough, or luck turns against you," I was told. ▽

NEW LOOK AT. . .RESORT

(Continued from page 399)

attributes the seasonless aspect of resort—along with its variety—to the upsurge of interest: "This year, there are evening things, but there are also more varied looks—things that work for all seasons, rather than just for 'cruise.' We seem to have gotten away from resort collections as meaning 'let's do white linen.'"

"Resort is a season that's evolved, with seasonless clothes showing up more and more, where once all you used to find were beach clothes," agrees Louis Dell'Olio, who with Donna Karan, designs the Anne Klein collections. Adds Kasper: "Resort clothes have always had a certain eye appeal—that's what makes it an interesting season. But now, it's becoming a way of dressing that transcends seasons, where you tend to find clothes that can go on a little longer."

Apparent in nearly every collection then, seasonless dressing worked out in fabrics previously foreign to warm-weather dressing—fabrics like suèdes and leathers, wool, wool jersey, and gabardine. These less-than-traditional fabrics are being used on their own, and, more freely with hot-weather staples like cotton, linen, poplin and silks. At Anne Klein, you'll find linen and silk paired with suède; at Calvin Klein, suèdes in colors like salmon, raspberry and blue; Zoran, whose clothes have always symbolized a seasonless approach to fashion, teams cotton gabardine with cashmere, very thin batiste with charmeuse. And, at the European resort collections, the same applies: at Saint Laurent, leather and wool were worn with poplin and cotton, poplin jackets had leather appliqués. You'd be hard-pressed, in fact, to find a collection that hasn't featured suède or leather or wool, in at least some form. Even in Oscar de la Renta's resort collection, always an S.R.O. attraction, but which, in line with the needs of his particular customer ("an affluent woman," he admits), is apt to be dressier, more traditionally "resort"—there's a bow to the seasonless aspect in a short jacket and matching trousers, both in a lightweight navy wool gabardine.

Color is another contributor to this year's seasonless aspect. Where the fabrics remain light in weight, they acquire their seasonless status by virtue of color. Geoffrey Beene, for instance, describes his resort fabric choices as being "very light, weightless" yet he considers them seasonless—pointing out a particularly rich-colored red silk, a cloqué in a soft lavender, celadon, and teal, that work year-round. More and more, there's a move to colors that offer that kind of versatility. "Rather than just typical resort brights like red, orange, and blue, I prefer *tints* of color for resortwear, like eggshell, blush, mauve, and silver," says John Anthony, "colors that work in winter anywhere as well as in California and in Palm Beach."

Another part of the special versatility of resort clothes—that the more festive, decorative pieces can also be fed into your winter wardrobe for evening, supplementing what's already there.

Comments Ellin Saltzman: "Based on the current buying pattern, by November or December, a sophisticated shopper will look to the resort collections for an instant mid-winter pick-up. This season too, she'll find that easier, particularly because of the suèdes which we haven't seen for resort before."

Kal Ruttenstein, Bloomingdale's vice president, fashion direction, finds, too, that there are a percentage of shoppers who scout resort collections for pieces to wear soon. "Those who buy in December and January don't necessarily buy clothes to take away anymore," he said. "A lot of clothes—like pieces of Calvin's—will be bought now, to wear under furs."

Another important factor in considering the

strength of the resort season: its relationship to the surrounding seasons in the fashion calendar, and, to the marked decline of the summer fashion season especially.

In the past, the resort collections have taken direction from two opposing quarters: one, being a continuation of the best and most successful of the concepts begun in fall. Calvin Klein, for example, feels that many of his themes haven't changed so much from fall—just the weight of the fabrics and the colors. And at Oscar de la Renta, who showed a simplified "resort" version of his signature decorated jacket, done now in white piqué, ornamented in black: "For us," he said, "the silhouettes continue, while you get a different fabric story. And the "character" changes with the fabric and the weight."

The second resort "direction": as a preview of warm-weather clothes to come—a testing ground for new ideas, creative thinking. And never more than now have the resort collections overlapped and in many cases overshadowed the summer fashion season, emerging as the primary source of the best and most interesting hot-weather clothes.

"Summer is meaning less and less," explains Dawn Mello, "as the best 'summer' clothes—the best ideas—come out of resort."

Says Ellin Saltzman: "Resort is a much stronger season than summer—with new excitement. The summer season, on the other hand, has become the time for essentials."

And, Geoffrey Beene sums it up this way: "Resort clothes are better designed, more-thought-out in concept." He characterizes them as "deluxe, luxury summer clothes." "If you want something really special for warm weather," he advises, "you buy it in resort."

The final question about resort is related to how we buy. Are women psychologically "ready" to look at and buy warm-weather clothes, no matter how interesting, exciting and "newsy"—so close on the heels of the fall season?

To the designers and retailers, it seems, the answer is yes.

"Coming out of heavy tweeds and camel's hair, resort clothes look light, fresh, and easy to wear," explains one young designer. "The customer sees the department looking light and bright for the first time, and gets a first look at the first warm-weather clothes."

Others look to buying patterns. "Resort is an inspirational buy," says Louis Dell'Olio. Comments Victor Joris, who designs for Christian Dior Sportswear: "Most people don't buy clothes by the season anymore. They buy them when they see them and when they find something new." Confirms Kal Ruttenstein: "Our customer, for one, doesn't come in to the store to buy for the season. She's always attracted to something new."

"Interestingly enough," adds Dawn Mello, "I find that although people may say they're not psychologically ready to buy, that's really not true. A good example would be the new fall coats—which come into the store in spring, in May. And they sell. It's the same thing with resortwear. People have a hunger for news. The Bergdorf Goodman customer, who wants the most forward-thinking fashion ideas, will respond to something new and exciting—like resort. Most women though, are learning that they must buy clothes when they see them and not wait. In the case of resort, by summer, what she wants will just not be available."

—ALLISON LEOPOLD

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 49: *Photos above:* Cotton/polyester tank top and shorts by The Unicorn & The Rainbow. I. Magnin. Cotton/acrylic jacket by The Gap. Available at The Gap stores. **Page 124:** *Cover details:* Adolfo sweater and matching pants. Late November at Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Topps of Omaha, Omaha NE; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Alex & Lee's one-of-a-kind earrings. About $120. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **Page 396:** Earrings, Ken Begun. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Bangles, Boutique Fabrice de Paris. Barney's, NYC; Pegasus, Philadelphia. **Page 400:** Earrings, bracelet and belt, see information page 401. Guido Pasquali shoes. **Page 401:** Bonwillum Designs earrings and bracelet. Bracelet at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Belt, Calvin Klein. Bernardo shoes. Foley's, Houston; Bullock's. **Page 402:** Bracelet, Victor Carranza. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lou Lattimore. Panty stockings, Electric Sok! Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **Page 403:** Bracelets, Margarita Popova for Bonnie Roseman's Artware, Los Angeles. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Grace Muchmore's, Palo Alto CA. Stockings and shoes, see information page 402. **Page 404:** Earrings, Bonwillum Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue NYC. Calvin Klein Belts. I. Magnin. Calvin Klein silk serape. **Page 405:** Silk crêpe de Chine skirt. Belt, Lisandro Sarasola. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Hattie. Bracelets, Carol for Eva Graham. Macy's. Bag, Lisandro Sarasola. Saks Fifth Avenue; Pegasus, Philadelphia; Claire Pearone, Troy MI. Shoes, Joan & David. Ann Taylor. **Pages 406-407:** *Stephen Burrows* rayon satin pants ($120) and wool jersey tank top ($56). Macy's, Herald Square; Hattie; Leonard, Houston. . . . *Marcasiano* cotton knickers ($210) and cotton top ($175). Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; I. Magnin. Shoes, Joan and David Too. . . . *Adrienne Vittadini* silk/cotton warm-up pants ($54) and matching top ($42). Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. Shoes, Bernardo. . . . *Blassport* wool trousers ($150) and matching blazer ($278). January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Balliet's. . . . *Izabel Lam* Lurex top ($170) and pants ($140). Altman's; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Balliet's. . . . *Pinky & Dianne* silk shorts ($110) and cotton/lamé sweater ($370). Late November at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. . . . *Perry Ellis* silk culotte ($170) and cotton T-shirt ($40). Early December at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Balliet's. Belt, Lisandro Sarasola. Shoes, Guido Pasquali. . . . *Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.* linen/cotton striped pants ($170) and linen T-shirt ($120). Early January at Bonwit Teller; Bullock's. Belt, Rafael Sanchez. . . . *Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.* linen/cotton skirt ($104) and matching tunic ($200). January at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. . . . *Calvin Klein* silk crêpe de Chine skirt ($220) and cotton/linen striped sweater ($130). December at Bloomingdale's; Burdine's. Skirt at Swansons on the Plaza. Calvin Klein Belt. . . . *Perry Ellis* cotton bandeau and skirt (both, $350). Late December at Henri Bendel. . . . *Zoran* silk lamé skirt ($350) and cashmere sweatshirt ($320). Saks Fifth Avenue; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; I. Magnin. . . . *Perry Ellis* silk split skirt ($250) and silk blouse ($290). Barney's, NYC; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. . . . *Oscar de la Renta* linen skirt, blouse and silk sari sash ($730). January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; Sakowitz. Shoes, La Marca. . . . *Giorgio Sant'Angelo* Antron/Lycra maillot ($64). Late November at Bloomingdale's; Foley's, Houston; I. Magnin. . . . *Elon by Monika Tilley* cotton/polyester/Lycra bikini ($31) and cotton seersucker harem pants ($51). December at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . . *Gottex* fishnet cover-up ($90) and nylon/Lycra bikini ($42). Lord & Taylor; Liberty House of Hawaii. . . . *Rikma* polyester and Arnel/Lycra maillot ($44). Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; My Sister's Circus, Chicago. . . . *Gottex* cotton/Lycra shorts ($28) and matching tank suit ($39). Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Sakowitz. . . . *Ralph Lauren* chamois shirt ($338) and cotton skirt ($178). Lord & Taylor; The Polo Store, Costa Mesa CA; I. Magnin. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. . . . *Calvin Klein* suède blouse ($620) and suède shorts ($440). Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's. Calvin Klein Belt. . . . *Ron Leal* suède blouson jacket ($490), silk blouse ($170), collarless overblouse ($160) and wool/silk cropped pants ($140). January at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Balliet's; I. Magnin. . . . *Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.* suède bandeau ($160) and silk/Lurex pants ($330). Early January at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus. *Bill Atkinson* suède skirt ($360). Lord & Taylor; The Denver, Denver CO. Shown with cotton poplin blouse ($36) by *Willi Smith for Willi Wear.* Late November at Ann Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida. . . . *Stanley Blacker for Women* suède jacket ($290), suède pants ($280) and handkerchief linen blouse ($79). Bonwit Teller (jacket and pants); Bullock's. Belt, The Common Ground. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE. **Page 408:** Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. **Page 409:** Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Bloomingdales; Woodward & Lothrop. To order at Nan Duskin. Pin, Bonwillum Designs. Belt, Infinity by Omega. Shoes, Stéphane Kélian for Vittorio Ricci. Vittorio Ricci, NYC. **Page 410:** One-of-a-kind belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Bloomingdale's; All Polo/Ralph Lauren Shops. Shoes, Bernardo. **Page 411:** Earrings, Ted Muehling. See information page 413. Cuff, Cara Croninger at Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago. Belt, Morris Moskowitz. Shoes, Anne Klein. **Page 412:** Calvin Klein tunic also at Montaldo's; Rich's; Sanger-Harris; Joseph Magnin. Earrings, Bonwillum Designs. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Calvin Klein Belt. Bracelets, Bonwillum Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Shoes, Guido Pasquali. **Page 413:** Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Beverly Hills. **Pages 414-415:** Earrings, Alex & Lee. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hattie; Frost Bros.; Obiko, San Francisco. **Pages 416-417:** Calvin Klein turnout also at John Wanamaker; Nordstrom, Portland and Seattle. Earrings, Bonwillum Designs. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Bracelets, Bonwillum Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Tootsies, Houston. Calvin Klein Belt. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 418:** Acetate/silk/rayon dress. Alex & Lee's one-of-a-kind earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bonwillum Designs bracelets. Bracelet at wrist available at Jordan Marsh Florida. Belt, Rafael Sanchez. Claire Pearone, Troy MI. **Page 419:** Earrings, Bonwillum Designs. Patricia von Musulin bracelets. Barney's, NYC. Belt, Rafael Sanchez. **Page 420:** Tunic also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Earrings and bracelets Bonwillum Designs. Earrings at Ultimo, Chicago. Calvin Klein belt. **Page 421:** Hat, Whittall & Javits. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. Earrings, Laurence Seegers. Gindi, NYC; Dolly Kay Designs, Washington DC. Lisandro Sarasola belt. **Page 422:** Earrings, Mark Spirito. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Jerry Kott one-of-a-kind bracelet. Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 423:** *Above:* Valentino silk jacquard pants and bustier. Arthur Koby one-of-a-kind necklace. Arthur Koby Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. . . . *Below:* Earrings, Robert Lee Morris available at Artwear, NYC; I. Magnin; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. **Page 424:** Jacket and pants also at L.L. Berger; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Nordstrom, Seattle and Portland; Liberty House of Hawaii. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Belt, César of Gstaad. **Page 425:** Earrings, Van Allen. Available at fine department stores. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Sneakers by Keds. **Page 426:** Earrings, Mirtha Savage. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bloomingdale's. Belt by Eagle & Fox. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **Page 427:** Earrings, Mary McFadden Jewels. Belt, César of Gstaad. **Page 428:** Pancaldi shoes. **Page 429:** Beene Bag silk jacquard pyjama. Geoffrey Beene polyester lamé reversible coat lining. **Page 430:** Carolina Herrera silk gold lamé dress. Earrings, Ken Begun. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Hanes Hosiery available at fine department stores. Shoes, Pancaldi. Bloomingdale's. **Page 431:** Halston Couture rayon chiffon jersey dress. Hanes Hosiery available at fine department stores. Shoes, Pancaldi. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. **Pages 450-451:** Rayon/acetate velvet top about $850. Martha. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Elizabeth Arden Salons. Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. **Page 452:** Cotton blouse, about $850. Late December at Martha. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's; Chas. A. Stevens; Balliet's; Robinson's, California. **Page 453:** Silk organza with cotton appliqué embroidery, about $1950. Late December at Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Saks Fifth Avenue. **Page 454:** Silk organza jacket, about $1950. Late January at all Halston Boutiques. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Lord & Taylor. **Page 455:** Silk taffeta top and pants, about $5000. Martha. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 456:** Jewelry, Yves Saint Laurent. Jacket, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **Page 460:** Shoes at Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's. Tote bag at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Garfinckel's; Frost Bros. All, Chanel. **Page 461:** Choker necklace, to order at Jacobson's. Cross pendant, to order at I. Magnin. Belt at Garfinckel's. Dickey and cuffs at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's. All, Chanel. **Page 462:** Chain belt at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Sweater at Jacobson's. All, Chanel. **Page 463:** Scarf and irregular strand of pearls at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Uniform pearls at Frost Bros. Earrings, at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Garfinckel's; Jacobson's. Chain belt, worn as necklace, to order at Bergdorf *(Continued on page 498)*

FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 497)

Goodman. Chain necklace, to order at Frost Bros. Chain belt at Garfinckel's. Cardigan sweater at Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Tank top at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. All, Chanel. **Page 464:** Perry Ellis sweater and wool steamer coat. Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 465:** *Left:* Perry Ellis silk/wool turtleneck. Neiman-Marcus. Belt, about $6500. Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. *Right:* Wool sweater from Paul Stuart, NYC. **Page 466:** *Inset left:* Shirt, Chloé. *Right:* Man's clothes, DeNoyer, NYC. **Pages 468-469: 1.** Yves Saint Laurent for Alixandre leather/Kalgan lamb fur. To order at I. Magnin. Zoran cashmere top and silk lamé pants. Henri Bendel; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Alex & Lee's one-of-a-kind earrings. For stores see #2. Scarf at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, and Houston. Watch at Fred Joaillier, Houston and Beverly Hills. . . . **2.** Earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Hattie; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . **3.** Bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman; Lesa West New Orleans LA; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. . . . **4.** Perry Ellis silk taffeta top and shorts. Mid-November at Bloomingdale's. Hermès handbag available at Hermès Boutiques New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour Chicago, and Beverly Hills. Tights, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Shoes, Joan and David Too. . . . **5.** Belt at Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . **6.** Yves Saint Laurent for Alixandre natural Russian sable duffle coat. To order at I. Magnin. André van Pier suède pants. Lord & Taylor; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Necklace at Henri Bendel. Boots, Joan and David Couture. Ann Taylor. . . . **7.** Perry Ellis sweater. Bracelet at Barney's, NYC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Ultimo, Chicago; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . **8.** Kansai Yamamoto Couture rayon jacket. Henri Bendel; Pompian, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Zoran cashmere sweatshirt. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Macy's, Herald Square. Scarf at Henri Bendel; Davison's, Atlanta GA. Watch at Fred Joaillier, Houston and Beverly Hills. Man's clothes, DeNoyer, NYC. . . . **9.** Natural Canadian fisher tunic, Geoffrey Beene at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings from Patricia Locke Designer Collections. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet Mikal-Jon. Bergdorf Goodman. Envelope bag at Bergdorf Goodman. Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. . . . **10.** Lisandro Sarasola suède top and pants. Earrings, Karen Reed for Bergère. Lord & Taylor. Ken Begun bracelets. Henri Bendel. Belt at Martha; Hattie; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Obiko, San Francisco. . . . **11.** Redwall satchel. Vittorio Ricci, NYC. Bob Lee for Hunting World totebag. Hunting World, NYC. Bottega Veneta tote bag. Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. Socks, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Manolo Blahnik shoes. Hermès dog leash. . . . **12.** André van Pier silk/Lurex sweater. Lord & Taylor; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. L'Zinger Studios suède pants. Bergdorf Goodman. Duffle bag, Mandarina Duck, a division of Burlington Handbags. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bullock's; I. Magnin. Sneakers by Keds. . . . **13.** Handbag at Lord & Taylor. Boots, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Josephs Shoes, Chicago; I. Magnin. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE. **Pages 470–471: 1.** Perry Ellis for Alixandre natural Emba mink coat. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin, Chicago. Cashmere sweater. AMG Imports for Pringle of Scotland. Bergdorf Goodman; Frederick & Nelson. Arthur Koby one-of-a-kind necklace. Arthur Koby Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Sakowitz. . . . **2.** Cuff, Macy's, Herald Square; Robinson's, California. . . . **3.** Coat, Geoffrey Beene for HBA Furs, see page 429. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's. Scarf at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Balliet's; Frost Bros.; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Beverly Hills. . . . **5.** Fernando Sanchez Merino wool robe. Henri Bendel. Enamel, pearl, and sapphire 18K-gold necklace, $3800. Amethyst and aquamarine 14K-gold chain necklace, $575. Garnet, amethyst and aquamarine 14K-gold chain necklace, $950. 18k-gold and enamel antique chain necklace, $1650. Fortunoff NYC, Westbury, Paramus Park. Man's clothes, DeNoyer, NYC. . . . **6.** White shawl at Bergdorf Goodman; Robyn's, San Francisco. Pinstriped muffler at Bergdorf Goodman (men's dept.); Nan Duskin. . . . **7.** Bonwillum Designs cuff at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jordan Marsh, Florida. . . . **8.** Earrings at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **9.** Perry Ellis silk/wool sweater. Late November at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Lesa West, New Orleans; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Cuff at Henri Bendel; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. . . . **10.** Coat, Perry Ellis for Alixandre, see information # 1. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals, Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Muffler at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Grace Jones; Salado TX; Jona, Studio City CA. **11.** Bag at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; The Avenue, Omaha NE; Marie Leavell, Dallas. . . . **12.** Scarf at Lord & Taylor. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE. **Page 472:** Zoran cashmere turtleneck sweater. Arthur Chapnik wool flannel trousers. Hat, Madcaps for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Fort Lauderdale; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, San Francisco. **Page 473:** Nancy Heller cashmere sweatpants at Barney's, NYC. Whittall & Javits hat. Bloomingdale's. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC; Lesa West, New Orleans. Rolex watch available at Tourneau, New York and Bal Harbour. **Page 474:** Morris Moskowitz belt. Belle McIntyre for LaCrasia gloves. **Page 475:** Chanel pants. Earrings, Joanne Cooper for Ciner. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Snooty Hooty, Atlanta GA. Evan-Picone panty stockings. Pancaldi shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue. **Page 476:** Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. **Page 477:** Chanel wool flannel pant. Hat, Whittall & Javits. Marshall Field's. Baume & Mercier watch. Calvin Klein belt. **Page 478:** Yves Saint Laurent earrings. Burlington Hosiery. **Page 479:** Norma Kamali dress. OMO Norma Kamali pants. Socks, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Bloomingdale's. **Page 482:** California Spring Lamb coat from the Perry Ellis Collection by Sawyer of Napa. About $550. Mid-November at The Tannery West of Georgetown, Washington DC. Skirt, Gloria Sachs. Gloves, Donna Williams for Kombi. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Stephane Kélian for Vittorio Ricci. Vittorio Ricci, NYC. **Page 488:** Inset above: Merona Sport cotton shirt and shorts. Shirt about $24. Shorts about $21. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Pappagallo Shop/Harper Sloane, Miami.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pp. 426–427

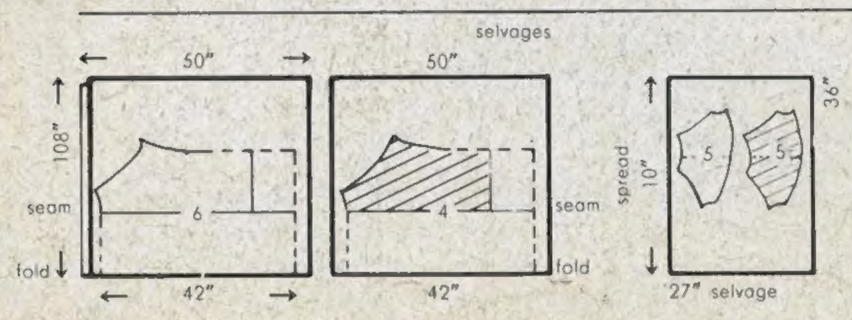
3809

2837

Voile dress. Vogue Pattern #2837. Sizes 6–16. Size 10: 5 yards 44/45″ fabric. $7.50. Canada, $9.10.
Poplin dress. Butterick Pattern 3809. Sizes 8–18. Size 10: 9¼ yards 36″ fabric. $1.19. Canada, $1.53.

SEWING TIPS

Voile dress. Make pattern one size larger than normal size for fullness. Add 8″ to dress length to allow for horizontal pleating. To form two horizontal pleats: measure the distance from your waist to knee. Draw a horizontal line the same distance away from the printed waistline marking on the front and back pattern pieces for the body of the dress. Draw another horizontal line 2″ below; a third line 5″ below the second; a fourth horizontal 2″ below the third. Transfer these markings to the corresponding fabric pieces. To sew pleats: pin first and second lines together, stitching through the double thickness, wrong sides together. Form the second pleat bringing the third and fourth lines together and stitching. Pleats wil be 6″ apart. Press toward the hem.



Poplin dress. See sketch. For body of dress, cut six pieces of fabric 50″ long and 36″ wide. Sew two sets of three pieces together length-wise forming two seams. Fold both pieces of fabric in half (each measures 108″ wide by 50″ long). Cut front and back pattern according to sketch. For sleeves, cut two pieces of fabric 27″ long and 36″ wide. Slice sleeve pattern piece down the center, and spread pieces 10″ apart on fabric. Use elastic in hem of sleeve and neckline. Allow 1½″ for finished hem.

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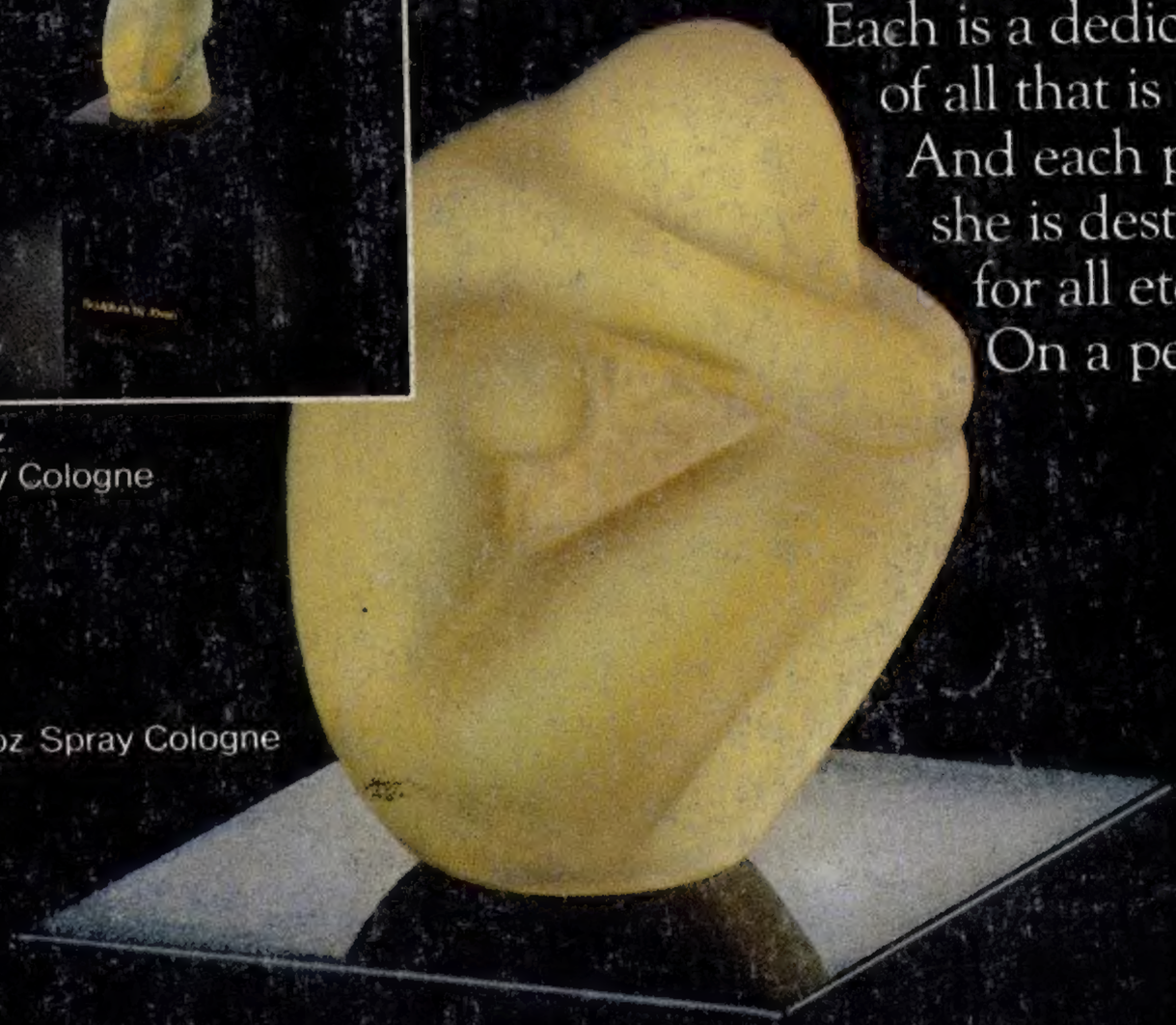

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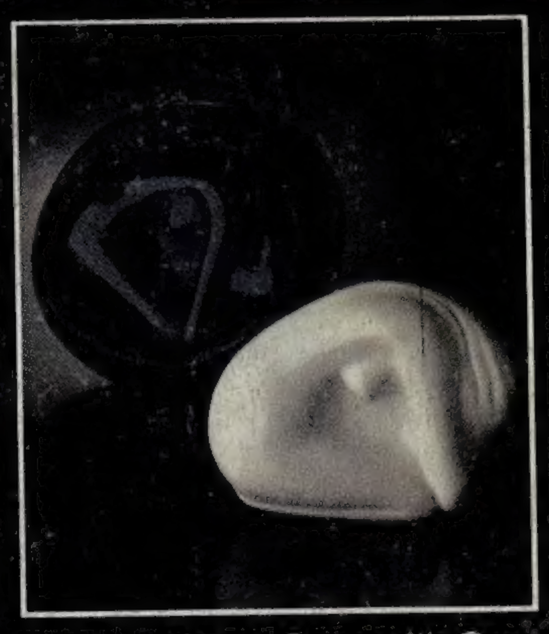

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